








pp. 272 and 273.



PRISCILLA,

OR

TRIALS

FOR

The Truth.

W. BAKER-SMITH-ANDREWS

PRISCILLA;

OR,

TRIALS FOR THE TRUTH.

AN HISTORIC TALE OF

THE PURITANS AND THE BAPTISTS.

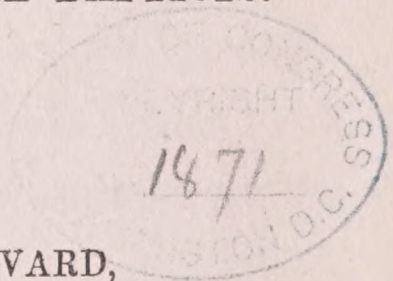
BY

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PREFACE.

PRINCIPLES which are as familiar to us as "household words" were not understood two centuries ago. The progressive development of some of these was marked by great social convulsions, attended with much personal suffering. This was evinced in working out the great idea of religious liberty. In our enjoyment of this inestimable boon, we should not forget the sacrifices that it cost. We should frequently contemplate them, both to enliven our gratitude for the blessings we possess, and to learn lessons of wisdom from the errors or misfortunes of others.

The past is filled with waymarks for the guidance of the present and the future. And

though these waymarks be in some instances stained with blood, or charred with fire, that fact only makes it the more important for us to learn the relations which they sustain to human freedom. It is not wise to ignore the errors of former ages. We should profit from their experience. The rocks on which others have struck should serve us as beacons. Only a few years have elapsed since, even in Massachusetts, the sword of state was wielded for the defence of religious opinions. The church was under the protection of the civil power. Practically, religious liberty was unknown. Those who presumed to differ in their ecclesiastical views and practices from the "powers that be," were exposed to various penalties. This, however, was the error of the age, and therefore not peculiar to the Puritans.

In the present volume we have avoided all unjust aspersions upon the early planters of New England. We have indulged in no

anathemas. We cheerfully acknowledge our reverence for their earnest, though austere piety, and our high appreciation of the results of their sufferings and their toils. Still they were not perfect. In some respects their principles were erroneous and their measures severe. No valid reason exists why this fact should be concealed. On the contrary, its contemplation, in the proper spirit, may be productive of good.

This work is not one of mere fiction. Though a vein of imagination pervades it, it is only like a silken thread, on which are strung golden beads of truth. In our account of the important events connected with the treatment of Puritans by the Episcopal hierarchy of England, and of the Baptists by the Puritans of New England, we have conformed to the authentic records of that period. Our information was derived, in part, from the narratives of the sufferers themselves, and partly from the general histories of that age. Since that time

the world has made progress. The descendants of those who then administered, in this commonwealth, the civil and ecclesiastical power, have outgrown the idea that the union of church and state is the best form of human government, or even essential to the best interests of religion. Whilst the descendants of those who then suffered even unto blood, for conscience sake, are far from cherishing any animosity towards the present generation for those errors of a by-gone age.

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CHAPTER I.

THE PURSUIT.

“ WELL, we shall get off to-morrow, wife, if the Lord will.”

“ Right glad be I to hear that, Abel. This being hunted and worried, like partridges upon the mountains, and all for our love of truth, is dreadful.”

“ True, true, wife ; but let us try to be patient, for this is a part of the inheritance bequeathed to us by our great Head, when he said that those who follow him ‘ should receive, now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions.’ ”

“ Yes, Abel, and the other part of that verse furnishes solid comfort, which saith, ‘ And in the world to come eternal life.’ I have read it a hundred times since the unrighteous laws were passed against us, and have derived from it precious consolation. O, how true it is, that ‘ if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable ! ’ But there is another

life, when those who have suffered for Him here will reign with Him there."

"O mother, mother," exclaimed a little girl, who suddenly entered the room, with her face crimson with excitement, and panting for breath; "there is a great crowd down the street, and they have got a man, and are taking him off to prison. His wife and children are following him, crying dreadfully."

"What has he done?"

"I don't know; only I heard some people say it was good enough for him, for he would not *conform*. I don't know what they meant."

But her parents did. They belonged to a branch of the Christian Church who had been stigmatized as Puritans, and who, because they refused to conform to the church of England, and observe its useless, and what they deemed Popish and sinful, ceremonies, had been fined, imprisoned, and, by the confiscation of their property, reduced to poverty.

"O, is it not terrible, Abel, that because that man will not do what he believes is a sin against God, he must be torn from his family, and shut up in prison to suffer, and, perhaps, to die?"

Mr. Eaton, who had been thus addressed by his wife, did not immediately answer. His

head fell upon his breast, and his eyes were fixed vacantly upon the floor. After being lost in thought for some time, during which the little girl left the room, he pensively said, "True, true; and I have been thinking, wife, suppose I should be taken, what would become of you and Priscilla?"

"But do you think there is any danger?" asked Mrs. Eaton, in tones which indicated no small degree of fear.

"And why not? for this man whom Priscilla saw apprehended is, I dare say, one of those who were to have embarked with us for America. The government has probably heard of our plan to leave the country secretly; and they have sent magistrates down to defeat us. They have discovered one of the party, and may possibly find me; for you know I am not particularly prudent about concealing myself."

"I know it; but I hope, in future, that, for my sake and Priscilla's, you will be more cautious."

"That's a motive that will have more influence with me than any other earthly consideration. I care not for myself, but I feel for you."

"And Priscilla, Abel! O, it seems to me,

at times, as if my heart was fixed too strongly upon that dear child. She is so amiable, so affectionate, so obedient, I fear I have made her an idol. We have never, as you know, had to correct her, and scarcely ever to speak sternly to her. She cannot help us much yet; still she cheerfully does all she can. So benevolent too! Why, if I should gratify her wishes, I should give away half of her clothes to the poor children of the neighborhood. It was only yesterday that she came home without any thing on her head; and when I asked her where her bonnet was, she said she gave it to a poor little girl whom she saw in the street without any, and who was crying with the headache; and she said she came straight home to ask me if I had any objections; for if she had done wrong, she would go back, and bring the little girl here, and then she knew I would give it to her willingly."

Priscilla now reëntered the room, more flushed and excited than she was before. "O father, the street is full of people. The crowd have divided—some are going with the man to prison, and some are coming this way. O, I am so frightened!"

"Frightened at what?"

"Why, I thought perhaps they are coming

for father. I saw a man point at me, and say, 'That's his girl;' and when I turned away, they followed me."

A woman now rushed into the house, exclaiming, in great agitation, "Flee, flee, Mr. Eaton; the magistrates are after you. They just stopped me, and asked where you lived. I told them they would probably find you at the shop; and they have gone there."

"And why did you tell that which was false?" said the stern Puritan.

"I did not know that you were not there; and I thought that whilst they were examining the shop I could give you the alarm."

"It is no time to argue," said Mrs. Eaton. "The shop is but a step off, and they will be here in a moment. Abel, you must conceal yourself instantly," said his terrified wife.

"That is easier said than done," rejoined Mr. Eaton, calmly. "Where shall I go?"

A half dozen impracticable things were proposed in less time than half the same number of minutes. The house which they occupied was small, and contained only four rooms, all of which were empty, except the one in which they now were, which contained a small table, a bed, and two or three chairs, with a barrel in one corner partly packed with things. As they

had expected to sail on the morrow, all the rest of their furniture was on board the vessel; and in the evening they intended to remove the remainder, under the friendly protection of the darkness.

There was every chance for detection, but slight hope of concealment. The garret, the cellar, the closets, and the bed were all suggested; but a moment's reflection was sufficient to show their insecurity. "The chimney!" said the woman who had given the alarm.

"That will not do," said Mr. Eaton. "The smoke would produce a cough, and that would expose me; their heads would be in the fireplace the first thing."

The voices of the crowd were now heard in the street. They were evidently near the house.

"O God, send deliverance," ejaculated Mrs. Eaton, and then immediately added, "I have it; I have it." As quick as a flash, the contents of the barrel were emptied confusedly upon the table. "Now, Abel, kneel or sit down on the floor, and let me cover you with the barrel. It's the only thing that can be done," said Mrs. Eaton, with great rapidity.

"I despise it," said the bold, indignant Puri-

tan — “this cowardly skulking out of sight like a frightened rat.”

“But for my sake, Abel, — for my sake and Priscilla’s, — O, stoop ——”

This was an appeal which he could not resist. Sitting down, he allowed himself to be covered with the barrel. Within a few moments, the ingenious plan of the good woman was completed. The barrel was covered with a neat white table cloth, which had been emptied, with other things, upon the table. Three cups and saucers were placed upon it, with milk and sugar cups, a loaf of bread, and the teapot. She then set three chairs around, telling Priscilla and the woman to take a seat, as if they were at their tea. “When they come, let me do all the talking,” said Mrs. Eaton.

She had scarcely completed her arrangements before the crowd were at the door. Presently a loud rapping was heard. Mrs. Eaton went to the door, which the woman had locked when she entered to give warning. She feared more on account of the crowd than the officers. If a multitude of rude men should enter who sympathized with the magistrates, she knew that it would be much more likely that the barrel would be moved than though the officers entered alone. It was her policy,

therefore, to have the officers only admitted. "What's wanting?" said she, with forced calmness.

"We wish to enter," replied a voice outside.

"But I do not wish such a crowd in my house."

"No one shall pass the threshold, my good woman, but two gentlemen."

"In that case," said Mrs. Eaton, "you can come in."

The door was opened, and the magistrates, after forbidding the crowd to follow, entered.

"Well, my nice little girl," said one of the officers, to Priscilla, in a very affectionate tone of voice, "where is your father?" He thought to throw the child off her guard, and obtain a correct answer. He knew that the Puritans inculcated veracity as an important duty, and severely punished falsehood. As Priscilla remained silent, he asked again, but shaping the question so that she must disclose her knowledge of her father's concealment, or else tell a falsehood. "Do you not know, my dear, where your father is?"

"Mother," said Priscilla, "where is father?"

"O, if *you* can't tell, we will question your mother," replied the interrogator.

"We have come, woman, with a warrant to apprehend Mr. Eaton."

"You had better, then, go where he is," interrupted Mrs. Eaton.

"We believe he is in this house, and our duty is to search it."

"Proceed, then, to your duty. Mrs. Brown, help yourself to more tea."

The house was now thoroughly examined by the officers. All the rooms, closets, and chimneys were searched. They looked under the bed, and into it, and threw the things from the table, to see if he was covered by them. Mrs. Brown and Priscilla, in the mean time, were busily taking their tea—in appearance; for not a leaf of tea nor a drop of water had been put in the pot.

The ruse succeeded admirably. The officers of the law were put upon a false scent, and left the house without making any discovery.

After the crowd had dispersed, Mrs. Eaton broke forth into ejaculatory thanksgiving, the tears streaming from her eyes. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who hath rescued my soul from their destructions, my darling from the lions."

When the barrel was removed, and Mr. Eaton could breathe freely, the first words that

fell from his lips were, "Let us return thanks to God for this gracious deliverance."

Kneeling down, he offered a fervent prayer, mingled with devout thanksgiving, that he had been so signally rescued from the hands of the destroyer.

"Ah, how true it is," said his wife, at the conclusion of this religious service, "that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them!"

"Verily; but our redemption is not yet complete. I shall not feel entirely safe until I find myself tossed upon the billows of the friendly deep."

Every thing was now put in a condition to be removed at a moment's warning. In the evening, they were secretly taken on board the Griffin, which, for greater safety, had hauled out in the offing.

CHAPTER II.

A CHILD MISSED.

AFTER seeing the goods safely on board the small boat, Mr. Eaton returned for his family. He found his wife at home alone, as Priscilla, with her permission, had gone to bid her cousins farewell, who resided in a neighboring street. "I told her," said the wife, "that when she returned, if she did not find me here, to come immediately to the wharf."

"She will no doubt do so, as she knows the way well; and as the captain wants to get off as soon as possible, we had better go down to the boat; besides, those officers may be after us again. If Priscilla is not there in a few minutes, I will return for her."

The two Puritans now passed cautiously along the streets to the water. When they reached there, the company generally had arrived. There were husbands and wives, parents and children, about to enter upon a long and dangerous voyage across the Atlantic, to

settle in a new world, in the midst of barbarous tribes, because a tyrannical government at home would not allow them the enjoyment of their own religious sentiments.

After waiting a few minutes, Mr. Eaton went back after Priscilla. But not finding her at the house, he went hastily to the cousins of whom Priscilla had gone to take her leave. They told him she had left but a few moments before. He went back to the house, and, not finding her, he hastened to the wharf. Two boats were there, one of which was full of emigrants, and had pushed off from the wharf. The other was still fast to the dock, and was being filled with passengers. It being dark, he could not see; he therefore raised his voice, and hallooed, "Is Priscilla here?"

"Yes, here she is, all safe," replied a voice on board the barge, which was filled, and was disappearing in the darkness. "Don't be alarmed; I will take good care of her."

His fears concerning his daughter being allayed, Mr. Eaton turned his attention to his wife. He attempted to hand her down the narrow stairway to the boat, but found it impossible, in consequence of the numbers who were there. He stepped back, to allow the

others to enter the boat first. Whilst standing as if he were a mere spectator, a gentleman approached him, and, in a low voice, asked him if Mr. Abel Eaton was there. His voice had been heard too recently not to be at once recognized by Mr. Eaton. It was one of the magistrates who had searched his house, with a warrant for his apprehension.

"He was here a few minutes ago," replied Eaton, in a low, confidential tone, as if to intimate to the stranger that he sympathized with him.

"Do you know that he is not here now?" continued the stranger.

"No, I do not know that, for it is hard telling where these wandering Puritans are at any time. They are as rapid and slimy as eels; in one place to-day, and in another to-morrow; packed like herrings in a barrel at one time, and at another bearding the lion in his den."

"You are right, friend. I went, this afternoon, to Eaton's house, where a man told me he saw him enter but a moment before, and, though I searched the house, high and low, he could not be found. Do you think he is on board this boat, which, by the light of the lamp, I see is nearly full of passengers?"

"I could easily tell if I was only a little nearer."

"If you will ascertain that he is there, neighbor, before the boat pushes off, I will give thee twenty pounds. It is a matter of great consequence to me."

"I will step down the passage way, and see, and perhaps inquire. They will suspect nothing from me, as I am well known."

"Do, do," said the stranger, impatiently; "and go into the boat, if you please, to *make it sure*."

"Ay, ay," was the reply.

"Woman, shall I hand you to the boat?" said Mr. Eaton to his wife, as though she were a stranger. She took his arm, and they descended the narrow stairway together. *To make it sure*, but in a very different sense from what the stranger intended, Mr. Eaton entered the boat. All of the passengers being on board, it pushed off from the wharf, and soon nothing was seen but a lamp dancing upon the water.

"I am bitten now," said the officer to himself. "That fellow was no doubt a cursed Puritan—perhaps Eaton himself. If I knew where the vessel was, I would board her to-night." After pausing and thinking a moment,

he suddenly said, "I can follow their light, and reach her in that manner." He looked up to see the light rising and falling with the waves, but it had disappeared. There was nothing there but dense darkness.

CHAPTER III.

THE DARK PASSAGE.

WHEN the party left the wharf, it was with suppressed sighs, silent tears, and aching hearts. They were crowded together—men, women, and children—so closely that some were obliged to sit in the laps of the others, and a few to dispose themselves between the seats, upon the bottom of the boat, in such positions as they were able to, which, at the best, were far from being comfortable. All were silent. Each one was too much engrossed in his own thoughts and feelings to indulge in conversation. Nought was heard, save the noise of the oars, as they dipped into the water, or slipped between the pins, and the breaking of the waves upon the boat, as she cut her way gallantly through them. After proceeding a short distance in this manner, the silence was broken by Mr. Eaton saying, —

“‘Bless the Lord for his goodness;’ for we have had a narrow escape from ‘the paw of the lion, and from the paw of the bear.’ Like

hounds who can follow, through all their windings, the course of the hunted deer, until they take to the water, and make their escape, so those government officers have scented and followed us down to our very embarkation."

"Do you think they are aware of our departure?" asked his wife, whom he was endeavoring to screen from the damp wind of the night.

"Indeed they do, wife. One of them was on the dock at our departure, who very anxiously asked me if Mr. Abel Eaton was on board; and at his request I entered the boat, to *make sure* whether he was there or not; and I have not returned to make my report," continued he, with a slight laugh.

"That increases our danger," said another. "He will suspect that you are here, and will come out to the ship with his warrant to seize you, and, very likely, some of the others."

"O, how the sea wets me!" said a timid female in the bow of the boat.

"So it does me," replied another, who sat on the windward side of the boat. "I am almost drenched through."

An attempt was made to change their places; but as soon as they rose, one of the boatmen cried out, in a rough, coarse tone of authority, "Down in the bow! don't you see the water's

to our gunwale now? The slightest motion may send us all to old Davy's locker; and then the magistrate and the devil too would be puzzled to find you." The wet passengers instantly resumed their seats.

"That is a most comforting passage," said an old man to the females, after they had taken their uncomfortable places, with the salt spray blowing upon them, "which saith, in Isaiah, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

"In truth it is; and I have been thinking that the very darkness is an evidence of his presence, for we read that 'clouds and darkness are round about him,' and that 'darkness is his pavilion.'"

With these and various other passages of Scripture did they endeavor to strengthen their confidence in the protecting care of their heavenly Father.

Whilst this conversation was going on in the bow of the boat, another was in progress in the stern, where the Eatons were.

"If the magistrates should attempt to board us to-night, they would find it a difficult job in the dark."

“Not while that telltale lamp is burning,” interrupted the same rough voice which had just before addressed the wet females.

“True enough,” said Mr. Eaton, “they could follow it straight to the vessel; put it out.”

It was at once extinguished. It was just after this that the magistrate on the dock raised his eyes to see the direction of the boat, and was met by nothing but darkness.

After hard rowing of more than an hour, with the wind rising and the waves increasing, so that every few minutes they broke over the boat, drenching the passengers, they finally reached the Griffin. All was now confusion. Those on board assembled to the side of the vessel to welcome the new comers, whilst those in the boat rose to their feet to prepare for the ascent to the ship. Lights were brought. The men kept the boat as steady as possible, by clinging to the ship, and the passengers were passed up, with many cautions to hold on tight, and with help from below and above, until they were all safely on deck.

“Is Priscilla on board?” asked Mr. Eaton. “She is,” replied the same person who had answered him when he asked the same question from the wharf. “And she was so fatigued that she fell asleep in my arms before we

arrived. I have laid her in my berth, where she may remain quietly till morning."

This intelligence being satisfactory to the parents, their anxiety concerning her was removed.

As all the passengers and merchandise were now safely on board, and nothing hindered the departure of the vessel but the darkness, Mr. Eaton, with a number of the other Puritans, informed the captain that the officers of government were aware of their embarkation, and might, possibly, come on board during the night if they continued at anchor; and as they did not wish, after all the harassing trials they had experienced, to be apprehended and thrown into prison for conscience' sake, they earnestly requested him to weigh anchor and proceed on the voyage immediately.

"That I will, friends, right gladly. The wind is fair; the lights in the harbor and on the islands can be distinctly seen, so that I can find my way to sea as easily as if there were guideboards the whole distance."

"With twelve hours' start they will not easily overtake us."

"They will not attempt it. If they should, I will give them one run. I don't pretend to have any great cargo of religion on board my

own craft," said the captain, striking his breast; "but this privateering after religious people, as if they were so many pirates, because they happen to sail under another flag, isn't the thing. My old mother used to tell me that 'Jack ought to do as he would be done by,' and if a sailor, who don't see the inside of a church from one year's end to another, ought to act on that principle, I don't see why those who profess to be so very godly should be released from it. If religion teaches one sect of Christians to hunt, imprison, and execute another sect, the less we have of it the better."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, captain; but we've no time to lose."

"True, true, the government barge may be in your wake already. Mr. Snell," continued the captain, addressing his chief mate, "get the ship under weigh immediately, and give her as much sail as she will bear."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a few minutes a bustling was heard upon deck among the crew; the sails were unfurled; the anchor weighed, and, ere long, the Griffin was rapidly ploughing her way through the deep, dark water, with a fair, stiff breeze, for the open sea. There being no moon, and the sky being overcast with thick clouds, the dark-

ness was total. Nought could be seen save the lighthouse, shining in the distance like a single lamp, and the illuminated wake of the Griffin, as if she were sailing through a sea of embers, and leaving behind her a path of fire. With the permission of the captain, religious services were held in the cabin.

Mr. Eaton, taking from his pocket a small Bible, turned to the forty-sixth Psalm, and said he would read Luther's favorite psalm in time of trial. After announcing its title, "The church's confidence in God," he read, in slow and measured tones, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

After finishing the psalm, he offered some remarks, to show its appropriateness to their present condition; and then one of the others engaged in a long and earnest prayer, the prominent characteristics of which were its abundance of scriptural quotations, and the

spiritual application of Old Testament history and of Solomon's Songs.

During the night, the wind increased to almost a gale. But as it was in the right quarter, it drove the vessel onward with greater rapidity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISCOVERY.

THE sun had long been above the horizon before any of the passengers came upon deck. Fatigue, the motion of the vessel, and seasickness, with all its accompanying inconveniences, served to keep them below.

All of these combined were sufficient to keep Mrs. Eaton confined to her berth. Yet, when she awoke, her first thoughts were upon Priscilla. She had not seen her since she left to bid her cousin farewell on the preceding afternoon. She condemned herself for not having looked upon her in the evening, as she was sleeping in another berth, and seeing, with her own eyes, that she was comfortably provided for. The confusion on board at that time, her own fatigue, and the confidence she placed in her daughter's protector, did not now seem a sufficient justification for the omission. "I must see her now," whispered she to herself. "Abel," said she, to her husband, who was bracing himself between a chair and a large

sea trunk, to keep himself from pitching off — “Abel, bring me Priscilla.” “Impossible, wife. We are now out to sea; she is sleeping in another part of the vessel; to attempt to bring her across the deck, when the ship is pitching so violently, would be to risk her life. Be patient till the wind subsides, and then I will get her.”

“O dear! shall I ever see my daughter, my darling, again?” And she burst into tears. “Abel, do bring her here. I had a strange dream last night, and though it was not much, I cannot banish it from my mind. I know not why it is, yet it worries me, and you know God sometimes speaks to his children in dreams and in visions of the night.”

“What was your dream?”

“I dreamt that you gave me a lamb, the most perfect and beautiful creature I ever saw; so playful, so gentle, it would run and leap around me like a little child, and eat out of my hands without the least fear. O, how I loved it! how carefully I watched over it, that no harm might befall it! ‘it lay in my bosom, and was unto me as a daughter.’ Well, I thought it was playing in the fields, in the afternoon, with other little lambs, when a thunder storm suddenly gathered, and the rain poured down in torrents. I ran

out, seized it, and brought it home. It behaved strangely, as if it had never seen me. In the morning a neighbor came in, and said the lamb was not mine; it belonged to him, and he would have it. As he tore it from me, I awoke, and found myself crying. Perhaps it's weakness in me, but I can't help my tears;" and she brushed her eyelids with the ends of her fingers.

"Be not superstitious, wife. We have never dealt in sheep; what meaning, then, can there be in your dream?"

"Do we not possess a lamb? O, let me see Priscilla, and I shall be satisfied."

"Calm yourself, and be patient. The exciting scenes through which you have recently passed have made you nervous."

"I'm a mother!" she exclaimed, in impassioned tones, raising herself from her pillow, with an unnatural wildness in her appearance. "No one can feel as a mother does. O, bring me my child!"

"I will, wife, so soon as I can go into the other cabin with safety. Lie down, and keep quiet, and you shall have your lamb before long."

Mrs. Eaton resumed her pillow, and in a few minutes was in a doze. Although her husband was not superstitious, and could account for

her unpleasant dream on perfectly natural principles, it cannot be denied that a painful impression was made upon his own mind. He therefore asked one of the ship's officers, who was upon his "sea legs," and could walk the deck with but little difficulty, to inquire in the other cabin (which was a part of the hold of the vessel, temporarily fitted up for passengers, and which contained the largest part of the company) how Priscilla was getting along. He did so, and returned a favorable report. She had slept well during the night, but was a little seasick then.

Her mother continued in a disturbed sleep, occasionally speaking in her dreams, for some two or three hours.

"Where is my bird?" said she, as she opened her eyes, and stared wildly around the cabin. "I thought I had a dear little bird, that would sit on my shoulder, eat from my mouth, and sing most sweetly. I was about putting it in its cage, and now it's gone."

"It was only a dream, wife."

"I know it, Abel; but if I could see Priscilla, I shouldn't have such dreams."

"I have just learned, by inquiry of one of the ship's officers, that she slept well last night,

but is a little sick, from the motion of the vessel, this morning."

"Why have you not seen her?" replied she, in tones of reproof. "If I were a man, I would go to her, though the vessel pitched as badly as did Noah's ark upon the waters of the deluge. Abel, I cannot endure her absence any longer. See her I will, if I have to cross the unsteady deck myself."

This was said with great emphasis, accompanied with an effort to leave her berth. Mr. Eaton, seeing no other way of pacifying his wife, promised to send for his daughter immediately. He groped his way to the cabin door, by supporting himself upon the different permanent objects which were within his reach, and asked Mr. Snell, the first mate, to fetch Priscilla into his cabin. He then returned to his seat.

In a few moments the kind-hearted sailor returned, saying, in playful tones, "Here comes Priscilla."

Mrs. Eaton raised herself in her berth, and reached forth her hands, to receive from her husband her idolized daughter. But the moment the child was brought into the cabin, Mrs. Eaton exclaimed, in tones expressive of the deepest disappointment and anguish, —

"That is not my daughter! that is not Priscilla!"

"Yes, I am Priscilla; and there is no other here," answered the little light-complexioned, auburn-haired girl.

The whole truth now flashed upon the minds of the parents in an instant. The mother uttered a loud, heart-piercing shriek, and fell back senseless upon her pillow. The father raised his hands to heaven, and passionately exclaimed, "My daughter! where's my daughter? O God, save my daughter!"

All was now confusion and consternation on board the vessel.

In a few moments the whole story was known to all the passengers—that Priscilla Eaton was left behind; that when Mr. Eaton inquired at the wharf, and upon his arrival at the ship, whether Priscilla was safe, and received answers in the affirmative, neither he nor the person who replied had the remotest idea that there were two of the same name in the party. The question had reference to one Priscilla, and the answer referred to another. This led to the fatal mistake. If Mr. Eaton had added the surname of his daughter, when he inquired for her, all misunderstanding would have been prevented. But this he did not do.

All thoughts were now directed to the missing child. Mr. Eaton, with the other passengers, entreated the captain to return, that he might obtain his daughter. This he was unwilling to do.

“The wind is dead ahead to return, but fair to proceed. To go back, we should lose at least three days; this would be doing great injustice to my owners. Besides, the government officers have probably heard that the girl has been unfortunately left behind, and they will use her as bait to catch those who should return for her. They will have writs for every one of you, and will serve them upon whoever goes ashore, and perhaps come on board the ship, and carry you all to prison. It would be madness to return. The girl will no doubt be provided for, and can easily be sent over in some other vessel. I'm sorry for the accident, but cannot go back.”

All arguments, persuasions, and offers of pay were unavailing. The captain adhered to his resolution not to return.

“Don't tease me,” said he, with some degree of petulance, as Mr. Eaton was pressing his appeals. “I'm not like that flag overhead, changing with every wind that blows. My

determination is fixed; the vessel must proceed on."

Finding all efforts fruitless, Mr. Eaton raised his eyes to heaven, and, with a bursting heart, and quivering lips, said, in tones which indicated the intense anguish of his spirit,—“O God! teach me to say, ‘Thy will be done.’”

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE.

It was a long time before Mrs. Eaton recovered from the shock. Every attention was bestowed upon her by those of her companions who were able to keep out of the berth themselves. When she opened her eyes, she stared vacantly around the cabin, and asked, "Did he bring the lamb back?"

"Poor woman; the blow was too much for her," said a friend who was bathing her head with vinegar. "I fear her reason has left her."

The afflicted mother closed her eyes, and fell again into an unquiet sleep. A heavy lurch of the vessel aroused her. She raised her head, and, with a smile upon her face, which contrasted strangely with the wildness of her tear-wet eyes, she said, at the same time holding up her fore finger, "Come, my little bird, and sing;" and then, as if lost between her dream and reality, she fell back upon her pillow, saying, in a whisper, "I thought my bird had come again."

When Mrs. Eaton had recovered sufficiently to be reasoned with, every consideration was presented to her which was adapted to relieve, to comfort, and to sustain her. And, although her maternal feelings ceased not to be strong and active, yet, through the power of faith in the overruling providence of a wise and gracious God, she was enabled calmly to submit. Being assured by her friends on board that every effort should be made to have Priscilla brought over at the earliest opportunity, she endeavored to feel as if the child had merely gone on a visit, and would return in due time.

On board the crowded vessel were three ministers, — Messrs. Thomas Hooker, Samuel Stone, and John Cotton, — who had been obliged to leave their fields of labor in consequence of the persecuting edicts of that cruel and despotic prelate, Archbishop Laud. Cotton, who had, like some of the others, come on board very secretly, kept himself concealed for several days, for fear he might be carried back, and delivered into the hands of the merciless and bloodthirsty pursuivants. After the Griffin had pursued her voyage sufficiently far for him to reveal himself with safety, he threw off his concealment, and mingled with the other passengers.

Being now far from the reach of their tyrannical government, they gratefully availed themselves of their liberty to hold religious meetings, which, in the popular parlance of the day, would have been stigmatized as conventicles. Generally, during the whole voyage, public services were held, not only every day, but three times a day. Mr. Cotton preached in the morning, Mr. Hooker in the afternoon, and Mr. Stone in the evening. Many of these were precious seasons. Nothing unusual occurred during the voyage, except the interesting advent of an infant, which Mrs. Cotton presented her husband, who was highly delighted with the gift, having been denied such blessings for the long period of twenty years. In allusion to the place of his birth, the little stranger was christened Sea-born Cotton.

After being tossed upon the ocean for seven weeks, experiencing the usual vicissitudes of a voyage across the Atlantic, the passengers were greeted from the mast head with the cheering cry of "Land! land!" "Land! land!" was repeated below, and immediately all the party who were convalescent were upon the deck, straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the new world.

A long, gray streak was seen in the west,

like a cloud resting upon the surface of the ocean. It required an experienced eye to tell whether it was fog or land.

"That's Gosnold's fishing ground," said the captain. "Because he caught plenty of codfish there he gave it the odd name of Cape Cod."

"Has it any other name?"

"Not now. Captain Henry Hudson was here in 1609, and, under the impression that it was an island, he called it New Holland. The French call it Cap Blanc, or White Cape, because, as you will soon see, it is covered with hills of white sand."

In a few hours the cape, with its glistening sand hills, was passed. The sail through the islands of Boston Harbor was delightful. They were covered with trees. Upon some were small huts, and drawn up on the shore were some native canoes. No lighthouses, standing like sentinels, with white uniforms and glass caps, to guard the harbor, were then seen; neither were there conspicuous buoys, and other artificial signals or landmarks, to guide the mariner into the deepest water. All the features were Nature's own. Presently the town hove in sight. It was a village of rude houses, of various shapes and sizes, at the base of three hills, with a few huts scattered upon their sides,

as if they had left home in order to make a visit, or were wandering off from the town, in search of adventures.

A crowd had assembled upon the shore, to welcome their brethren and friends from home, and in the course of a few hours, they were all temporarily provided for by the residents of the town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

To return to Priscilla: After she had taken leave of her cousins, to whom she promised to send some Indian curiosities from the new world, she returned to the house, missing her father, who, through another street, was at the same time going to her cousins' for her. Finding no one at the house, she started, as her mother had bidden her, for the wharf. It being dark, and meeting some drunken sailors, she became frightened. She therefore changed her course, and attempted to reach the wharf by passing through other streets. In so doing, she became confused, lost her way, and could not find the place of embarkation until after the last boat had left. She saw its light, as it rose and fell with the waves; but it was impossible for her to reach it, or make those on board hear. Soon the light disappeared, and she gave up all hope.

Whilst crying, in the bitterness of her grief, a gentleman addressed her in a kind manner,

and asked her why she cried. He soon learned all the facts. "Good! good!" said he to himself. "I'll have him now. The slimy Puritan who slipped through my fingers like an eel shall find that I have other bait for him, and a hook that will hold."

"Never mind, my little girl; stop your crying, and to-morrow morning I will send for your father to come for you."

"Can't you send me aboard the vessel?"

"Why so, my dear?"

"Because I don't think father will want to come ashore again. The officers are after him; they came to our house this afternoon, and searched it for him."

"And why didn't they find him?"

"Because mother saw them coming, and she put him under a barrel, and then set the things for tea on the barrel's head; so they did not look under it."

"Ay, ay; that was the way she barrelled him, like a herring, was it?" thought he. "It was too bad to be within the width of a stave of him, and yet lose him. And then his insolence in referring to that interview on the wharf, as if I were a lion, and he were bearding me. It is too much for human nature to bear."

However, he said nothing of the kind.

“Well, my little girl, you had better go home with me to-night, and in the morning I will either send for your father, or take you on board.”

As both of these measures were prevented by the speedy departure of the vessel, the little girl could not be used as a decoy.

As, however, she had no relatives who could provide for her, the officer took her to London, and placed her in a family of strong Episcopalians, in order to withdraw her entirely from Puritan influence. Here the poor child experienced but little sympathy, except from one of the children of the family, with whom, when not engaged at work, she was always a welcome playmate. It was the youngest son, whose name was Stephen Williamson. Yet there was something in Priscilla's appearance that uniformly attracted the attention of strangers.

She was tall for one of her years, with shoulders which gradually tapered to a delicate neck; a slender waist, though not from artificial means; limbs delicately rounded; a nose slightly Grecian; dark, full, speaking eyes; black hair, which could be easily made to fall straight or in flowing, raven ringlets; and a healthful, dark complexion, tending to the brunette.

There was an archness and winning pleasantness in her manners that always secured for her the favorable opinions of others at first sight.

In disposition she was affectionate, frank, and benevolent. She was not perfect. She was at times high spirited and firm, even to obstinacy. When occasion required it, she could exhibit both physical and moral courage to a high degree. She was old enough to understand the reasons of her parents' trials, and why they had been obliged to flee from England. So frequently had she listened to accounts of the persecutions of the Puritans by the tyrannical Laud, that, child as she was, she had come to hate the Establishment with a perfect hatred, and to believe that the Puritans were the true people of God. Her mother had taken great pains to instil into her mind the truths of the Bible, so that, from a child, she might know the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make her wise unto salvation. It was her parents' desire that, like Priscilla of old, (after whom, according to the custom of the Puritans to adopt Scripture names in their families, she had been called,) she might, as opportunity offered, be able to teach others the way of the Lord more perfectly.

After she was placed in the family of the Williamsons, such was her aversion to all Episcopal forms and ceremonies, and especially to the use of the prayer book, that she never would attend church, unless compelled so to do by the threats of her mistress. And when there, she obstinately refused to read the prayers. She so managed as never to be able to keep the place; and sometimes, when the book was held by her and Mrs. Williamson, she would contrive to let a few leaves slip over, so as to lose the place, and thus subject her mistress to the inconvenience of finding it again; Priscilla, in the mean time, secretly enjoying the embarrassment she had produced.

To encourage her to study the principles of the church, Mrs. Williamson one day told her if she would commit the Thirty-nine Articles of the church to memory, she would give her a beautiful present.

"I can't do it," said Priscilla; "it would take me thirty-nine years."

"Well, then, if you will go to church all through Lent, you shall have it."

"I don't want to go," said Priscilla; "but if it is something really beautiful, and I can't have it without, I will go."

"It is," said her mistress; "and there is gold about it too."

Through fog, and mud, and rain, and crowds of dirty people, and dripping umberllas, with an occasional Godsend of a fair day, Priscilla attended church all through Lent, thinking all the time what the beautiful present would be. "Perhaps it will be a dear little workbox, or a beautiful cloak with gold clasps, or — or — what can it be?"

After her irksome task of church attendance was completed, Mrs. Williamson entered the kitchen, and told her she had been a good girl, and she had brought her the present, at the same time reaching forth a little package. Priscilla, with a cheerful countenance, and her eyes glistening with joy, received it with an embarrassed "Thank you." But so soon as she had opened it, and saw what it was, she threw it from her, and burst into tears. The poor girl was grievously disappointed.

"Why, Priscilla, I'm astonished," said her mistress.

"I thought it was to be something beautiful, and it's only a prayer book, and I don't want a prayer book."

"But it has gold upon it, Priscilla."

"It is nothing but a gilt cross upon the cover, and my father always said that a cross was a sign of Popery. He despised it."

"But your father was a rank Puritan."

"My father is a good man," said the spirited little girl, whose disappointment and anger were increased by this insinuation of her mistress; "and what if he is a Puritan; he never put people in prison because they differed from him, nor made parents run away and leave their children to strangers because they would not perform ceremonies which they believed were wicked."

"But Puritans are heretics, and deserve to be punished," said Mrs. Williamson.

"Well, then, I'm a Puritan, and I mean to be a Puritan," replied Priscilla, with her anger rising. "I'll have my father's religion."

"You little heretic, pick up that prayer book, or I'll have you punished."

The conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of Stephen, who seated himself by the table, and leaned his hand upon his head, as if he were ill.

CHAPTER VII.

A DREADFUL SCENE.

“WHAT’S the matter, Stephen? You look as though you would faint away.”

“I feel so, mother, for I have seen a sight enough to make us all faint,” replied he, drawing, at the same time, a deep sigh.

“What was that, my son?”

“I have been to Westminster, and have seen Dr. Leighton abused and mangled as though he were a worthless dog.”

“But you know, my son, he is a heretic, and has written a book against our learned and godly prelates. He merits punishment.”

“But not such punishment, for they treated him as if they were savages. They first severely whipped him. O, how the blows sounded, as they fell upon his back and cut into his flesh! Then they set him in the pillory, and a great, coarse, brutal man, who looked like a pirate, came and cut off one of his ears, and gashed a slit in his nose. After this, and while his face and back were all covered with blood, a red-hot

iron was brought, which they pressed against his cheek, until the smoke of his burning flesh rose above his head. A man in the crowd said they were burning the letters S. S. into his cheek, to signify ‘Sower of Sedition.’”

“Then he might let the prelacy alone, and not slander our bishops by calling them ‘men of blood.’”

“If that was a slander before, I’m sure it is not now. By their cruelty to him they have proved that they are ‘men of blood.’ And they have not done with him yet, for to-day seven-night he is to be carried to Cheapside, and there have the same cruelties repeated — his other nostril will be slit, his other ear cut off, and his other cheek branded. They say that when this horrible sentence was passed upon him in court, Bishop Laud was so well pleased that he took off his cap and gave God thanks for it. Don’t you believe, mother, that he is a man of blood?”*

“Then let the culprit leave off writing wicked books against the church, and attend to other business,” replied the mother, with cool indifference.

But Stephen was not convinced. Possessing as he did, in a high degree, a natural sense

* Neal’s History of the Puritans.

of justice, for one sect of Christians to persecute, in this cruel manner, another sect, for a mere difference of opinion, was to him abhorrent.

"If religion approves of all this," said he, "it seems to me that the more a man has of it the worse he is."

Priscilla, who had reluctantly picked up the obnoxious prayer book and laid it on the table, had listened with deep interest to Stephen's relation, and was thinking of what would probably have been the sufferings of her father if he had been taken by the officers of government.

She was aroused from her revery by Mrs. Williamson saying to her in a petulant tone of voice, "As you don't like my present, miss, you need not keep it." She then took the book, and left the kitchen.

The two children being left together, Priscilla related to Stephen her disappointment, and the conversation she had just had with his mother.

He told her to never mind, and he would get her a present himself. The truth was, his sympathies were with her, and he could not help condemning his mother's craft and severity towards her.

Priscilla, as she thought of her parents far

away, and how differently she was treated here from what she had been at home, could not refrain from weeping. Her tears brought tears in the eyes of Stephen. They wept together.

A few days after this, Stephen slipped in Priscilla's hand a little package, with her name written upon it, saying, "Don't let mother see it." She hastened to her room, opened the package, and found it to be a beautiful needle book, containing needles, scissors, stiletto, and bodkin. On the outside of it was a small plate of silver, on which was engraved "S. to P." As she unrolled it, and one article after another presented themselves to view, she soliloquized, "How thoughtful! just what I wanted. O, how good he is." After looking at it many times, and kissing it again and again, she laid it away in her trunk.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.

PRISCILLA remained in the family of Mrs. Williamson several years, doing the hardest work, and subjected to various kinds of annoyances on account of her puritanical preferences. Nothing could induce her to express satisfaction with the Episcopal forms of church service.

She thought much of her parents, but all her efforts to hear from them proved abortive. When they left England, they had not decided in what part of the new world to settle, and therefore she knew not how to direct to them a letter. She could derive no assistance from Mr. or Mrs. Williamson, as it was their policy, and to their interest, to keep her ignorant of her parents' place of residence.

One day, when in her little attic chamber, busily engaged with her needle, as she raised her eyes and saw a vessel slowly sailing down the Thames, she wondered whether it was going to America; and then, whether, if she

had written a letter to her parents, it might not have taken it direct to them. These led to other thoughts, until she startled herself with the suggestion, "Is it not possible for *me* to go to America?" This thought, once definitely formed, haunted her incessantly. When about her work, or at church, or upon her pillow, she was pondering upon this all-important project, and endeavoring to devise some method for its accomplishment. At last she deliberately formed the resolution that if any means presented themselves by which it could be effected, she would go, and trust to Providence about finding her parents after her arrival.

Not only were her Puritan tendencies known to Mrs. Williamson and all who visited the family, but also to a few others in the city possessing similar tendencies. She had managed to become acquainted with a few Puritans, from whom she occasionally received scraps of interesting information, and by whom her *dissenting* inclinations were kept alive.

"Well, Priscilla, can I trust you with a secret?" said Mrs. Hope Mitchel, one of these friends, to her, one day, when she had run in to chat for a few moments.

"If it's puritanic, you can; I never divulge them."

"It is all puritanic, and if it should be revealed, our whole scheme might be defeated."

"You may trust me, then; I shall never disclose it."

"Well, then, Priscilla, we are going to America."

"Going to America!" exclaimed she, with surprise, and with some degree of hope; "when?"

"We expect to get off to-night."

"In what vessel?"

"In the Reindeer, which lies at Gould's Wharf, at the bottom of Thames Street. We have been some weeks secretly getting ready, and to-day we shall have all our things taken on board."

Priscilla burst into tears. "O, why did you not let me know it before?" said she.

"Because we were charged to keep it strictly confidential. Besides, I did not know that it would make the least difference to you."

"I might have contrived to go, too."

"If I had thought there was the least probability of that, I would have let you know from the very first. I am truly sorry that it is now too late."

"Are there others going?"

"Yes; some forty or more, all told."

Priscilla's determination was instantly formed.

After further conversation, in which she told Mrs. Mitchel to make diligent inquiries after her parents, and if she ever found them to tell them her condition, and that a letter addressed to her, to the care of John Williamson, London, would reach her, she bade her an affectionate farewell, and left, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

That night, the Reindeer dropped down the Thames, and in a few hours was out to sea. All of the passengers were Puritans, and were fleeing from the persecutions of Laud to a land where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, without the fear of either secular or ecclesiastical power. They were seeking religious liberty. The party consisted of individuals of various dispositions and peculiarities. Some were wholly occupied with themselves, some with their children, and a few were busily employed in seeking after the general good of the company. Amongst the latter was an old lady of the name of Strangger, about sixty years of age, small, thin, somewhat bent, but active, talkative, and affectionately curious to know the history of the different individuals of the company, which was composed of different groups

of Puritans, who were previously unknown to each other. The way the old lady managed to obtain her information was to inquire of one about the others. She seldom drew out from individuals their own history, but by ingenious questioning she obtained from them all they knew about the others; so that, although the company was composed of different sets or parties, she contrived to become pretty well acquainted with the most of them in a few days. She was also very observant of their conduct.

"Who is that person looking over the side of the vessel?" said she to a lady by the side of whom she had taken her seat one clear day.

"I do not know."

"It's very strange," said the old woman, musingly. "I have asked nearly every lady on board, and they all make the same answer. Nobody seems to know her. I have watched her closely for the last two days, and she behaves so strangely I do not know what to make of her."

"I dare say she feels badly at leaving her native home."

"So do I, and so, I suppose, do you, but we don't act as she does. She seems to care for nobody, and nobody cares for her. I have

watched her for the last three days, and haven't seen her speak to a single person on board. She keeps her face covered up the most of the time with a thick veil. She hasn't been to the table once since she has been on board. Where she sleeps I can't tell, for I know who occupy all the ladies' berths. I've made up my mind she is a mystery."

The person to whom this conversation had reference was a young woman some eighteen years of age, dressed in a dark gown, a thick, coarse cloth cloak, and bonnet, with a thick green veil. As she turned her face from the water, and looked towards the speakers, they were surprised.

"She is really beautiful," said the lady. "What full, liquid eyes, and smooth, black hair!"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Strangger; "but beauty is dangerous. It is often a fatal snare."

"I think she looks very pensive," said the lady; "she has been weeping."

"Perhaps she has been doing something for which she ought to weep. It wouldn't be the first beautiful girl that had done so."

"O, I hope not, and I can't think so," said the lady; "there is something in that countenance which deeply interests me."

Mrs. Mitchel now came on deck, and the unknown covered her face and turned her head away.

"Do you know that person?" said Mrs. Strangger to Mrs. Mitchel.

"I do not. I have tried a number of times to see her face, but have been unsuccessful. I feel my heart drawn towards her, for she seems very lonely. Why not speak to her?"

"I have tried that," replied Mrs. Strangger, "several times; but she seems impatient. She acts as though she did not want to be spoken to."

"See! she is writing."

"She can't write much on that slip of paper."

The unknown changed her position, and removed to a place near the cabin door, keeping her face so thickly veiled that her features could not be seen.

As Mrs. Mitchel approached the cabin to descend, the mysterious lady arose, and in a manner that escaped the detection of the others, she slipped into her hand the piece of paper on which she had been writing, and immediately passed on.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

As soon as Mrs. Mitchel had entered the cabin, she opened the paper, and read, —

“Dear Mrs. Mitchel, will you favor me with an interview this evening, at nine o’clock, on the quarter deck.”

“What does this mean?” said she to herself. “She knows me, and writes as though she was somewhat familiar with me; and yet she neither signs her name, nor shows me her face. There is something dark about this. However, I’ll grant her the interview, and have the mystery solved.”

At nine o’clock, Mrs. Mitchel left the cabin, and ascended to the quarter deck. It was a beautiful, serene evening; the rays of the full moon fell upon the waves of the ocean, tipping them all with silver. The ship was sailing steadily through the water, before a gentle breeze, with its shadow by its side, as though it were an inseparable companion. A few of the passengers were lingering about different

parts of the vessel, enjoying the pleasant quiet and refreshing coolness of the night.

Presently the unknown came from the other side of the ship, where, for a long time, she had been impatiently waiting for the appointed hour to arrive, and all the while in painful suspense, not knowing whether her request would be complied with or not. She took a seat by Mrs. Mitchel, and convulsively seized her hand, saying, in trembling tones, and with a mixture of indescribable emotions, "O Mrs. Mitchel, I am here!" at the same time drawing aside her veil, and revealing the familiar features of Priscilla Eaton.

"Why, Priscilla! is it you?"

The poor girl was overcome. Her long-stifled feelings now found vent. She burst into tears, fell upon her friend's neck, and sobbed like a child.

After she became sufficiently composed, and had answered a few general inquiries, she gave her friend the following narrative: —

"When, in our last interview, you told me that you expected to set sail that night, I instantly made up my mind to go with you, if I could possibly get away, let the consequence be what it might. I had endured the tyranny of the Williamsons long enough; and I have

always believed that if I could only get to America, I should find my parents. O, how much my dear mother must have suffered since she lost me!" Her sobs choked her utterance. In a few moments she resumed. "Well, as soon as I left you, I went to my trunk, took some money which I had been a long time saving, purchased this cloak and veil, as much to disguise myself as for any other reason, and also a quantity of crackers and cheese. I then went home, selected a few articles which I thought would be indispensable on the voyage, and tied them up into as small a bundle as possible. When I had gotten all ready, I went about the house, and attended to my duties with as much apparent cheerfulness as usual, to prevent all suspicion. About nine o'clock, I took my bundle from my room, went down stairs as silently as possible, left the house through the back door, and hastened down Thames Street to Gould's Wharf. There I was at a loss to know which was the Reindeer. I did not dare to speak, for fear of being misdirected, insulted, or detected. So I waited, in great trepidation, with my bundle under my cloak, for about half an hour, during which several small parties passed by me silently, and entered on board one of the vessels, which appeared to be nearly

ready to sail. That, I thought, was the Reindeer; but still I was not certain. Finally, I heard a voice which I thought I recognized. I listened attentively, and satisfied myself that it was yours. O, how my heart throbbed! As soon as you had passed by where I stood concealed by the shadow of a pile of merchandise, I followed; and you may depend I kept as close to you as I could, without being perceived. As there were quite a number of passengers on board, I managed to pass around amongst them unnoticed, each one supposing I belonged to some other party, with whom they were not acquainted. O, how glad was I when the vessel left the wharf! Till then I thought I might possibly return. But after that I felt greatly relieved. Still, I have been in a state of painful suspense till the present time. I have paid no passage. I have not been registered among the passengers. I have smuggled myself on board. And what will be the result when the captain discovers it, I know not. I determined to keep myself concealed until we were so far on the voyage that there was no probability of the captain's returning with me, and that then I would make a confidant of you."

"But how have you lived all this time, Priscilla? for I have not seen you at the table once."

"I brought crackers and cheese enough in my bundle to last me till now, and you know we have plenty of water on board to drink. But" — and she wept again — "I ate my last cracker to-day."

"Where have you slept?"

"As to that, I have had no difficulty. I have waited till all the passengers had retired for the night, and then I have disposed of myself upon the chairs, trunks, or other articles in the cabin, where I have remained, wrapped in my cloak, which I bought for that very purpose, till morning. If I did not get as much sleep during the night as I needed, I made it up the next day, as I had nothing else to do."

The conversation was here interrupted by the captain and mate coming upon the quarter deck, and walking to and fro before them.

"There is some dishonest craft here," said the captain, sufficiently loud to be heard by the two women. "These cursed hypocritical Puritans would skin your teeth for you. They will always tell the truth when a lie won't answer their purpose just as well. But they will find themselves mistaken if they attempt to get around me."

"Are you sure that you have detected them?" asked the mate.

"Certainly. A passage was negotiated for twenty-four men, nineteen women, and seven children, all of whose names have been given me; and now I find there are twenty women on board."

Priscilla squeezed the hand of her friend, which she still held, to direct attention to the conversation of the two men.

"To-morrow," said the captain, angrily, "I'll find out who it is that they've smuggled here, if I have to pitch them all overboard."

The two women trembled as they heard this threat. They knew that the captain was a profane, high-tempered, ungodly man, destitute of all respect for their principles, and who had been secretly induced to bring them over by a large bonus. They knew not what he might do when he should discover who was the guilty person.

"I don't blame Laud for dealing with these fanatical hypocrites with a high hand. It's the only way to manage them. I'm glad that the Star Chamber and High Commission have them in tow. They'll find that they will have to pay such high duties on their cargoes of sanctified wickedness as will make it poor freight for them. To-morrow I'll fix them."

"O Mrs. Mitchel! what shall I do? To-

morrow will be a dreadful day to me! But there!" added she, as if she had suddenly recalled a forgotten truth, "I knew before I started that I should be discovered on the voyage, and I made up my mind to meet the detection with calmness; but I determined to avoid it until there was no danger of being returned; but I can't be concealed after to-morrow."

Her first impulse was to throw herself upon her knees before the captain, tell the whole truth, and cast herself upon his mercy. But she was deterred by hearing his remarks, and seeing his angry spirit. She feared that he might not possess mercy, and then she would be throwing herself into the power of the lion. She preferred to wait for the natural issue of an event on which she had calculated, but which she had made no provisions to surmount.

CHAPTER X.

AN ACCUSATION.

THE two women remained a long time on deck. As they went below, Mrs. Mitchel told Priscilla to fix herself as tidily as possible on the morrow; to leave off her veil, and go around among the passengers, and walk upon the deck, as though she had not the least objection to being seen. "I think it will operate a great deal better for you when you are discovered."

The truth is, from her knowledge of human nature, she believed that if Priscilla should become a little known, the beauty of her personal appearance, combined with her benevolent disposition, would operate favorably upon the captain and upon the passengers.

As they parted for the night, — Mrs. Mitchel to her berth, and Priscilla to find a resting-place where she could, — the former whispered, "Put thy trust in God, Priscilla, and he will deliver thee." It was a word of consolation.

That night the poor girl was a stranger to sleep. Excited, nervous, unhappy, how could

she sleep? She thought of her past history — her early home, her beloved parents, her painful separation from them. She thought of her trials among the Williamsons, and of the manner of her departure from them. She thought of her temerity in doing what she had done, and of the peculiarities and perils of her present condition. She thought of Stephen, and wondered how he felt about her leaving — whether he had shed a tear for her; whether he had been to her room and taken any little thing therefrom as a token of remembrance; and then she put her hand into her pocket to see if his present to her was there; for she was determined not to part with that until the last extremity. And then the threatening language of the captain occurred to her mind. “O,” said she, “what will be on the morrow?” A flood of tears was the only answer. She had no plan formed, no story to tell, no bribe to offer. She felt as if she were a feather upon the billows, and knew not where the next wave would toss her. At this time Priscilla was not a Christian. She yielded an intellectual assent to the doctrines of grace, but she had never submitted to their power. She was not, therefore, sustained by religious consolations. Neither did she exercise Christian resignation. When

she anticipated what she knew would be the inevitable disclosure of the morrow, it was with a spirit of natural firmness and determination to go through it with fortitude. She fully appreciated the difficulty of her position. She knew the suspicions which would fall upon those who had negotiated for the passage of the company, and the readiness of the captain to charge upon them deliberate fraud; but she resolved to exonerate them entirely at any hazard to herself. "Their characters, dearer to them than life, shall not suffer on my account," said she. That which afforded the most relief was the improbability of the captain's returning with her. They were now so far from home, she did not believe he could be induced to return on any account.

The morning arrived. It was cloudy, but mild and calm. According to the suggestion of Mrs. Mitchel, Priscilla was attired as neatly as her scanty wardrobe would allow. Her veil was thrown aside; a neat collar was worn over her dark dress; her hair was arranged plainly, but in good taste; and her bonnet, whose trimming she had improved before the other passengers were awake, was put on as carefully as though she were going to make a ceremonious call.

Her appearance on deck, attracted the attention of the sailors. "By George! that's a beauty," said one of the hands to another, on the forward deck.

"You are right; what a graceful form!"

"Yes; and that face too. Did you ever see such rich eyes?"

"Ay, ay, Bill, I think your true love will have to yield the palm to her."

"She looks pensive withal."

"So she does; but then she walks like a queen."

"Too much so to be the wife of any of these drawling, whining fanatics on board."

At a later period in the forenoon, as she was walking arm in arm with an invalid lady, she was observed by the captain. He was so favorably impressed with her appearance that he approached, and entered into conversation with her. Priscilla was fully alive to the importance of getting into his "good graces." She managed, therefore, to give such a turn to the conversation, and to demean herself in such a manner, as to make the most desirable impression upon his mind. She ingeniously labored to secure his good opinion and sympathies, without, however, relating her history. The longer the captain conversed with her, the

more deeply was he interested. She exhibited such native good sense, amiableness of manner, winning address, and pensive tenderness, combined with such great beauty of person, that he was for a season chained to her side. "If I were not a married man," said he to himself, "I couldn't be proof against charms like hers. She is the jewel of the company."

As the passengers began to congregate upon the deck, the captain pleasantly said to her, "Excuse me; I have some unpleasant business to attend to now, but shall be happy to resume conversation with you another time." Priscilla knew more about the unpleasant business than the captain himself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DETECTION.

PRESENTLY the mate brought a small table on deck, with ink, pens, and paper.

“Now,” said the captain, we must attend to business. I want all the passengers called on deck, old and young, male and female.” The order was carried below, and in a few minutes the whole number were before him.

“My agreement was, to carry twenty-four men, nineteen women, and seven children. I am afraid,” said he, “there has been some confounded” — he would have added “fraud;” but at that instant his eye fell upon Priscilla, whose forlorn appearance made such an impression upon him that he substituted “mistake, or something worse.”

After looking upon the paper a moment, he raised his eyes, and said, with an unusual degree of sternness, “I contracted to carry over nineteen women, and I find twenty are here. There is an attempt to steal a passage, to smuggle across; and I want to find out who it is.”

The passengers were now all excited. One of the men declared it couldn't be. They intended to be strictly fair and honest, and he indignantly repudiated the idea of deception.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the captain. "I will call over the names of the women, and as I call them they will step over to the starboard side of the ship," at the same time motioning with his hand the spot designated. "Make room for them, for I want the guilty one to be fairly exposed; and I want you to understand, before I begin, that as soon as I have found out who this woman smuggler is, I shall arrest the progress of the vessel, and not sail another inch; and if her passage isn't paid instantly, I shall return, and deliver her up to the proper officers, and let the law take its course."

At this announcement, Priscilla turned pale, and nearly fainted away. It was with difficulty that she retained her position. She knew that the crisis was reached; and in a moment more she recovered, and nerved herself to meet it.

"Now then," said the captain, "pass as your names are called."

All was silent as the grave, save the noise of the water, as it broke against the ship.

"Mrs. Experience Strangger." The little, bent, talkative old lady crossed to the starboard side.

“Mrs. Hope Mitchel;” and Priscilla’s friend went over and took her place. Thus the whole were called.

“That’s nineteen, the whole number of women whom I engaged to carry; and now, who’s the twentieth — the one for whom you have tried to steal a passage?”

The captain raised his eyes, and was both surprised and grieved to find that it was Priscilla. There she stood, with a mingled expression of pensiveness, courage, and fortitude clearly depicted upon her countenance. The passengers and the crew gathered around, to obtain a clearer view of their self-invited guest. The modesty of her deportment, the beauty of her countenance, the peculiar, grief-like firmness which was imprinted upon her features awakened for her a general interest among the passengers. There were a few exceptions. Some of the men were highly indignant. They called her an “Achan in the camp,” “a troubler of Israel,” “a Jezebel;” and became very earnest to convince the captain that her presence on board was not with their connivance. Each party had presumed that she belonged to one of the others; and for that reason none of them had their suspicions awakened, unless it was the talkative little woman.

"I always suspected her," said the loquacious Mrs. Strangger. "I could find out nothing about her, although I inquired of all the passengers. All were strangers to her."

Various remarks were made by the different persons on board; but as no question was addressed directly to Priscilla, she remained silent.

The captain now regretted that he had committed himself to a certain course of procedure in case he detected the offender; but, having done so, he felt bound, if for no other reasons, by his own views of self-respect, to make some demonstration that his previous determination should be carried into effect. He therefore gave directions to his mate to arrest the progress of the Reindeer.

In a few minutes the vessel was brought round, head to the wind. During all this time the intention of the captain was to get over the difficulty as easily as possible. It was his policy to *appear determined* to go back, unless the passage money for her was paid at once; but, at the same time, to abandon that determination, if it could be done with a good grace. He sympathized with his unfortunate passenger, and had a secret impression that she would not have placed herself in this peculiar situation without some extremely urgent reason.



He sincerely hoped that something would occur which would afford him the opportunity of an honorable retreat from the position he had assumed.

When the progress of the vessel had been checked, the captain addressed the passengers, in a stern voice, as though he were destitute of all feeling and interest in the matter.

"You know what to expect. My decision has already been announced. I shall not sail another knot until this matter is settled. Plank down the money for that girl's passage, or expect to be carried back to London. I say, girl, what's your name?"

"Priscilla Eaton, sir."

"Who smuggled you on board the vessel?"

This was just the question that Priscilla wanted to hear, as it gave her an opportunity of speaking, and exonerating the other passengers. Yet, even up to this time, she had no plans laid, and was entirely at a loss what proposal to make. She was determined, however, to be frank, truthful, and dependent. She therefore answered the captain, at the same time looking him calmly in the face, —

"No one, sir."

"Have you any money to pay your passage?"

"No, sir."

"You are in a bad fix, unless the others will pay for you. My owner does not allow me to carry passengers gratuitously."

"Who is your owner?" inquired one of the others.

"Mr. John Williamson; and a snug man he is, too."

The moment Priscilla heard this familiar name, her heart sunk within her; but, after a moment's reflection, it furnished her the brightest gleam of hope that she had experienced since she left the wharf. She thought she now discovered a method by which she could be delivered from her present painful embarrassment.

"How much can you pay towards your passage?" asked the captain.

"A few shillings are all the money I possess in the world," answered Priscilla.

"How much can you raise among the passengers? This business must be attended to immediately. I must be sailing one way or the other."

The passengers, being generally poor, were not disposed nor able to contribute much towards an unwelcome interloper, as they regarded her, although they could not help having their sensibilities moved in her behalf.

"Five pounds ten shillings are all that can be raised; and this we contribute more to prevent you from going back, than because we would justify this girl, who seems to have erred and strayed like a lost sheep."

"How do you know that?" said the captain, indignantly. "Cast no unnecessary aspersions upon her. She may be as pure as the best of you, although she does not whine in canting Scripture phrase so much."

"We have not heard her account of herself," said the inquisitive, little, bent Mrs. Stranger. "I should like to know what brought her here, to interrupt our voyage, and bring us into all this trouble."

"Very true, old woman," replied the captain. "It may be that the young woman's story will put a new phase upon things. Come, miss, I should be glad to have you tell us who you are, and why you are here."

Priscilla came forward a couple of steps, where all could see her. The neatness of her dress, the beauty of her form, her calm and regular countenance, with its grief-like expression, — all these, combined with the peculiarity of her condition, served to create favorable prepossessions for her in the minds of the spectators. She was glad of the opportunity of

speaking in her own defence. She regarded the dreaded crisis as now fully reached.

In a clear and musical tone of voice, that harmonized finely with her appearance, she gave a brief statement of her past history; — that her father was a conscientious, upright man; that both he and her mother were firm Puritans; that, because of their religious opinions, they had been severely persecuted, and driven from place to place, until, as a last resort, they had fled to America.

“And why, young woman, did they leave you behind?” asked the captain.

Priscilla related the circumstances of their unfortunate separation — her visit to her cousin, her meeting the intoxicated sailors, her losing her way, getting late to the wharf, her screaming after the last boat, the disappearance of the light, her utter loneliness and disappointment, the discovery of a kind man, who took her home with him, the disappearance of the vessel the next morning, her being brought to London, and put in the family of those who cherished a deep hatred of her father's religion, and had but little sympathy for her. She spoke of her love for her mother, her anxiety to see her, her determination to cross the Atlantic at the first opportunity, her providential discovery of

Mrs. Mitchel's leaving, and the sailing of the Reindeer, her instant determination to secrete herself on board, and allow no living soul to know it, and then to trust to a kind Providence for a successful issue. "Perhaps," said she, with deep emotion, "I have done wrong; and if so, may God forgive me. But as for these friends," pointing to the other passengers, "they had nothing to do with my coming on board. I exonerate them entirely; the whole responsibility rests upon myself. If there is guilt, I am guilty, not they, for not one of them knew any thing of my intention. And now, sir," said she, addressing the captain, "I throw myself entirely upon your mercy. I ask, I beseech, I implore you not to return. O, sir, go on! Let me cross the Atlantic; let me see my mother! I will live on a cracker a day. I will do any thing in my power, proper for me to do, on board the vessel. I will attend the table; I will assist the cook; I will take care of the children; I will do any thing I am able to that can be reasonably asked of me; but O, sir! abandon the thought of going back. I could not endure that."

All this was said with so much sincerity, pathos, and tender earnestness, and with such evident suppression of intense emotion, that

the whole company became deeply interested for her. The captain, too, was not proof against the appeal. He turned his head, and brushed from his weather-beaten face a tear. Still, his high notions of what he termed consistency and self-respect would not allow him to appear in too much haste to alter his decision.

"But, my young friend," said he, with all the kindness of a father, "have you not presumed upon good nature too far? How can a compliance with your request be reconciled with my duties to my owner? He is a tight man, and does not wish to lose a dollar."

"I think you said your owner was Mr. John Williamson," replied Priscilla.

"I did."

"Of that I was not before aware; but am glad to learn it now, for I regard Mr. Williamson as indebted to me."

"Indeed!" says the captain, with great readiness, as though he was anxious to seize upon any thing that would apologize for her conduct, and allow him to proceed on his voyage.

"Indeed! that entirely alters the case. If Mr. Williamson owes you, then he can charge you for this passage, and in that way, perhaps, can balance accounts. To what amount is he indebted to you?"

"I can't tell, sir. The circumstances are

these: I was put into his family four years ago, and have remained there ever since. I have had to work hard, and have received no regular wages. I have been furnished with clothes that were both plain and coarse, but not half as many as very moderate wages would have purchased; and even these I left behind, except a very few, which I tied in a bundle, for this voyage. I think, sir, that four years' unpaid services are sufficient to balance at least the price of a passage to America."

"So do I," said the captain; "but all this is your own assertion. I have no doubt that it is true; still, I require other evidence, in addition to your own statement. If you can prove all this to me, the vessel shall not be checked another minute, but I will proceed at once on our outward voyage."

At Priscilla's request, Mrs. Mitchel was now called, who corroborated all her statements.

"That's sufficient," said the captain. "All that remains to be done is, that the statement of all the facts be put upon record, and attested to, so that I may show them to my owner, when I return; but, as that can be done as well when the vessel is under headway as when she is lying still, we need delay our voyage no longer. I am glad this unpleasant business has reached so favorable a termination."

CHAPTER XII.

A HAPPY MEETING.

THE ship was soon under weigh, after which the necessary papers were drawn up and signed with all due formality. Priscilla was now admitted to the table with the other passengers, and by her amiable spirit, and benevolent attentions to the children and the sick, she soon became a favorite to all on board.

In a few weeks they reached the coast of America. The first land they saw was the Island of Nantucket. They were on their way to Boston, where Priscilla was in hopes of learning something of her parents; but a violent gale sprang up, which continued several days. It drove them so far south, and injured the vessel so badly, that they were all glad to put into the nearest harbor, which proved to be New Haven, then called by the Indians *Quinnipiac*. Having been so long at sea, the company rejoiced greatly to land. They were received with a hearty welcome by the settlers, although it was with difficulty that accommo-

dations could be found for them. But few houses had been erected, scarcely enough to meet the wants of the colony, and these were small and rough. Some were made of turf, others of logs, and others appeared to be booths of the branches of trees, stuck in the ground and filled in with smaller twigs and leaves. On the inside, coverlets and other cloths were hung up to keep out the wind. These were not the permanent dwellings of the settlers, but temporary cabins, hastily thrown up for their reception, until larger and better ones could be completed, on which the men were busily at work. The unexpected arrival of such a number of emigrants threw the little colony into confusion. As, however, the captain was willing to remain there some time for the accommodation of his passengers, they industriously set themselves to work, and in a few days had huts as good as their neighbors.

Priscilla's first care was to inquire for her parents. Believing that the minister of the place would be most likely to be acquainted with their place of residence, she sought an interview with him. The pastor of the colony at this time was Rev. John Davenport. He had been a famous minister in London, and

was a man of learning and piety. Like the others, he had come to America in order to escape the tyrannical oppressions of the government at home. He sought a place where there was freedom to worship God without the dictation of "the powers that be." He was, however, too well acquainted with the depraved nature of man to expect that escape from persecution would be attended with an entire deliverance from temptation. Hence, on the first Sabbath after the arrival of his company at New Haven, when they were all assembled under the spreading branches of a large old oak, he delivered to them a sermon from Matthew iv. 1, "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." In this discourse he showed what were the temptations of the wilderness, pointed out the best means of resisting them, and urged a variety of motives to resistance. It was an appropriate, timely sermon.

On him Priscilla called, and inquired if he knew any thing about her father, Mr. Abel Eaton.

"I do not, my young friend, but perhaps I can aid you in learning something of him. One of the leading men of our colony is named Eaton, and, like your father, he is named after

one of the good old saints of the Bible, Samuel."

"Good, good," said the earnest girl, with tears of joy standing in her eyes. "Where is he? Can I see him now?"

"Yes, I can show him to you from this small window."

Priscilla rose, and looked out of a small, square hole between the logs of the cabin.

"That is he, with a red flannel shirt, felling that ash tree," said the minister, as he pointed out a woodman, hard at work within a few rods of the house.

"Thank you," exclaimed the excited girl, and away she flew, like a young gazelle.

"That's he, that's he," said she to herself, as she approached the man, who, having seen a strange young woman hastily advancing towards him, had left his axe sticking in the tree after the last blow, and had raised himself erect to wait for her message.

"O uncle Samuel, it's me, it's me," exclaimed Priscilla, half wild with joy. "I am so glad to find somebody I know, in this strange, new world;" and she clasped him, and sobbed aloud.

"Why, Priscilla, is it you? Have you risen from the grave, or dropped down from heaven?"

This seems like a dream. We thought that you were dead. Your parents wrote to me again and again, entreating me, in the most earnest manner, to seek you and send you over. I did seek. I inquired, and wrote, and travelled, wherever I thought there was the least prospect of hearing of you; but all in vain. The only information I ever obtained was, that after your parents left the wharf, you came down, too late to go with them, and, whilst crying bitterly, some kind man took you away; but who he was, or where he went, I never could learn. We had given up all thoughts of ever seeing you."

The greetings of the uncle, though more reserved, were as sincere and as deep-felt as those of the niece.

"Come, let us go to the minister's, and return thanks to Almighty God for this blessed, unexpected meeting." The good pastor, who had watched all their movements from the little square window of his log cabin, where Priscilla had left him, was well pleased to see them coming towards him. He went to the door to welcome them. "Pastor, this is my brother's daughter, from whom he has been separated some four or five years, without hearing a word from her until we had given

her up as dead. She has just arrived in the Reindeer, and God has providentially brought us together. It is meet that we should return thanks."

They entered the cabin, and, after a few more words of explanation, the good pastor said it was a special providence, and the whole company of planters ought to be called together to unite with them in thanksgiving.

This was accordingly done. When the whole colony had assembled together, Mr. Davenport related the circumstances, and then offered earnest thanksgiving to God for his mercy in bringing these relatives together after so long a separation.

The whole company listened with devout attention whilst these expressions of fervent gratitude were poured out, that the lost was found, and she who was the same as dead was restored to life, love, and friends. He also added fervent prayer that she might so acknowledge the Lord that he would direct her steps unto her parents, and thus fill their hearts with joy. It was a most interesting scene. There was Priscilla, standing between her uncle and aunt; around were grouped the men and women of the colony, just as they had come from their work; mingled among

them were a few Indians and squaws, half dressed in embroidered skins, with beads around their necks, and showy feathers in their hair. The cabin being too small for their accommodation, they were in the open air, under the shadows of the trees, through which a few rays of the sun managed to find their way, and ornament the grass with fleckered spots, which (as the breeze from the bay gently stirred the leaves) changed their shape, and moved about as though they were ornaments of silver. And whilst the good pastor was engaged in his act of devotion, strange birds of various plumage were flitting overhead, and mingling their melodious notes with his voice, as though, in sympathy with him and the occasion, they were executing a thanksgiving anthem.

“Well, I do declare,” said the talkative, crooked little Mrs. Strangger, “who’d have thought, that after all the trouble her mysterious conduct gave us at the first of our voyage, it would have come out like this?”

“True enough,” replied Mrs. Mitchel, to whom the question was addressed. “Yet I always believed it would come out right, for I knew Priscilla intended nothing wrong.”

“And what a prayer!” interrupted the little woman; “so rich and edifying; why, it was as

nourishing and strengthening to the soul as roast beef is to the body."

"It was certainly very earnest and spiritual. He is a godly man, and knoweth well how to get hold of the horns of the altar."

"Yes, yes, he's a man to storm heaven, and take it by violence," continued Mrs. Strangger. "Did you notice Priscilla during the prayer? Although the tears were falling from her eyes, her countenance was so calm, benevolent, and beautiful, she reminded me of an angel who had lost her wings by coming in contact with the earth."

Various other remarks were made by different members of the company, all of which, however, indicated a special interest in the heroine of our story, which was increased in proportion as they became acquainted with her character.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SINGULAR PRESENT.

MR. SAMUEL EATON, the uncle of Priscilla, with whom she so unexpectedly met, was formerly a merchant in London, and had amassed a handsome fortune. He had also occupied official positions of great responsibility, having been deputy governor of the East India Company, and ambassador from the government of England to the King of Denmark. For three years he had resided in the East Indies. He was a man of varied experience, great talents for business, and of sterling integrity. It was a most favorable providence that Priscilla was so early thrown under his care, upon her arrival in a land of strangers.

From him she received the most gratifying intelligence that her parents were in Boston, and were in the enjoyment of health, though they had mourned solely on account of her loss.

“I must go to them immediately,” said she ;

"I feel as though I could not wait another moment."

"You could not find the way there, my child," replied her uncle; "it would be dangerous to attempt to cross the country even with an escort of Indians, and communication by water is of rare occurrence."

"But cannot something be done, uncle? Could you not in some way get word to my parents of my safe arrival. Perhaps father would come for me."

"I have thought of that, Priscilla, and in a few days an arrangement of that kind, I think, can be made."

"O, how impatient I am! Those few days will seem like so many years; and then," added she, in a desponding tone, "I shall have to wait longer for their return."

At her uncle's suggestion Priscilla immediately commenced a letter to her parents, in which she gave a minute account of her whole history since their separation, and of her deep and poignant grief that she had been unable to hold correspondence with them, because of the impossibility of learning where they were. It abounded, also, with expressions of ardent love, hope, and thanksgiving that she had discovered

her uncle, and from him had learned their place of residence.

In the course of a fortnight an Indian messenger was sent to Boston, to whom Mr. Eaton committed a package of letters, amongst which was Priscilla's.

No one thing made Priscilla so sensible that she was in a new world, as the dusky forms, the uncouth language, and the gay, fantastic drapery of the wild sons of the forest. Indians, both male and female, frequently came to the settlement to beg and to barter.

One day they were visited by a distinguished chief from a great distance. They could neither learn the name of his tribe, his place of residence, nor the object of his visit, because of their ignorance of his language—and they could obtain no interpreter. The most that they could make out was, that his name was Omao. As wise policy dictated, they treated him with courtesy and kindness, but in the exuberance of their hospitality they treated him too frequently to potations of *aqua vitæ*, as they strangely miscalled spirits, until he became partially intoxicated. When he arose to leave them, he found that it was with difficulty that he could keep his feet. He stag-

gered from side to side like a man attempting to walk the deck of a vessel in a storm at sea. He knew that something strange had happened to him, but what it was he did not understand. But when he saw the men laughing at his unsuccessful attempts to maintain an upright position, his anger was aroused; he suspected that they had been playing some trick upon him, and he was determined to be revenged. Taking an arrow from the quiver which hung over his shoulder, he balanced himself as well as he could, and fired, as he thought, directly into the midst of them; but his arrow went far above their heads, as though he had aimed at a bird in the air. This increased their mirthfulness and his rage; he made various violent, angry gesticulations, and then turned and staggered away.

Priscilla, who had witnessed all this from the window of her uncle's house, saw the Indian approaching. Her benevolent feelings were aroused. She thought he had not been treated properly, and if he were to wander away in this half-intoxicated condition, he might fall from some precipice, or into some pond or river, and be lost. "I will endeavor to take care of him," said she to herself, "until the effects of the liquor have passed off." She

stepped from the door, extended towards Omao her hand, and beckoned him to go into the shed which adjoined the house. The first impulse of the chief was to slay her, as his failure to injure any of the men had only increased their laughter. But perceiving every thing — rocks, trees, and hills — to be apparently moving around him, and the ground heaving beneath his feet as though it were tossed by an earthquake, he changed his purpose. Following her into the shed to which she invited him, he sat down upon a block of wood until Priscilla had spread out one or two old skins for him. By this time he found it difficult to maintain even an upright sitting posture. She pointed to the rude bed she had prepared for him, and left him. In a few moments he managed to get from the block on which he had been resting, to the spread skins. On these he cast himself, and was soon lost in a profound drunken sleep.

By the next morning he was tolerably well recovered. When the men came to see him, he treated them with rudeness. He manifested a desire to have nothing to do with them; so they soon left him, and went to their work. Priscilla brought him out a plate of bread and meat and a pitcher of water, upon which he made a hearty breakfast. When he arose to

go, he took from his neck a string of ornaments, consisting of wampum, made of small pieces of shell, to which was attached the rude representation of a frog, and a small skin purse, and gave them to Priscilla as an expression of his thanks for her kind treatment of him. Soon after this, he left the settlement, and was seen there no more. The present which he gave Priscilla made considerable sport among her friends.

"Laugh as you may," said she, "it shows that these people, whom you call savages, are not destitute of all sensibility. Although this is worthless to me, he may have deemed it of great value. I, therefore, ought to prize it according to his estimate, and not yours."

"You are right," said her uncle. "This was evidently his mystery, or medicine bag, which he carried with him as a charm to ward off all dangers. He doubtless gave it to you as the most valuable thing in his possession."

"What does it contain?"

Mr. Eaton opened the little skin pouch, and emptied its contents on the table. They consisted of the dried leg of a frog, two or three dried lizards, a tooth, and the fragments of a beetle.

"Superstition," said one.

"I would not keep the repulsive thing," said another.

"It may entail upon us all kinds of evils," said a third.

"I do not think so," said Priscilla; "if his belief in its virtues was superstitious, I should think that your belief in its ability to bring evils was equally so. For my part, I look upon it not as a very desirable present, but certainly as a harmless one, and I shall keep it both as a curiosity and as a token of his gratitude. Besides, there may be a providence in it. We ought to conciliate these rude creatures by kind and generous treatment. At any rate, I shall keep this singular necklace, and if I ever see this Indian again, I will show it to him, to let him know that I valued it."

After all had examined it, Priscilla rolled it in a piece of paper, and put it in the pocket of her dress. She had a vague impression that, possibly at some future time, it might be of service to her.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN AWAKENING CONVERSATION.

DURING the time that Priscilla was at New Haven, she endeavored to make herself useful by the use of her needle, and by rendering any assistance to the family in her power. She was also a frequent visitor to the sick, by whom she was always received with pleasure. Her benevolent smile, her pleasant tones of voice, her timely inquiries and suggestions, and her delicate attentions to their physical comfort, rendered her visits agreeable and useful.

Next to her uncle, no one felt so deep an interest in Priscilla as the good pastor. He was a careful observer of all her ways, and whilst he saw nothing in her conduct to which he could take exceptions, he at the same time feared that something might be wanting.

"Why is it," said he to himself, that she never comes to see me now? And, when I call at her uncle's, she is always so busy that she cannot spare time for conversation. I fear she is not in a state of grace, and for that

reason avoids me. I have, then, a duty to perform. I must learn her condition, and counsel her accordingly."

Priscilla, like unconverted persons generally, felt embarrassed in the presence of a minister. She feared that he would converse with her personally upon religion, and this she did not desire. She knew she was not a Christian, and was, therefore, liable to reproofs and warnings whenever an opportunity for them was offered. She determined that these opportunities should occur but seldom.

The pastor, therefore, suspected the true reason of her inaccessibleness.

There may be great natural amiableness and benevolence of disposition, with a strong aversion to true godliness. There may be decided preferences for certain forms of worship, and for doctrinal creeds, and an absence of the spirit of devotion. Priscilla cherished an outward regard for religion. She was always present at meeting on the Sabbath, and at family prayers. She was, as we have seen, decidedly opposed to prelacy, and favorable to Puritanism. This was the effect of early parental influence, and of subsequent experience. How could she love a religion, the adherents of which had subjected her and her parents to

so much suffering, because of their difference of opinion? And yet she made no pretensions to experimental piety. She had been accustomed every night to say the prayers her mother taught her, yet she had never sincerely and heartily prayed. Her external deportment was in all respects exemplary, but her heart was at enmity with God.

As Mr. Davenport found it difficult to obtain an interview with her, because she exhibited so much adroitness in shunning him, he finally sent word that he wished to see her at his house.

"I wonder what he wants," said Priscilla to herself. "I hope he is not going to urge religion upon me."

Accustomed as she was to yield a cheerful compliance with the wishes of others, she could not decline the request of so important a personage as the minister. She therefore went to see him.

She was received with what appeared to her formal cordiality. The good pastor appeared as if he had some official business to transact with her, and was at a loss how to give it an easy introduction. However, after a number of general inquiries and unimportant remarks, he inquired,—

"Miss Eaton, are you a member of the church?"

"I am not, sir."

"Sorry am I to hear that. And have you never given your heart to God?"

It is coming now, thought Priscilla. I wish uncle would send for me. O, how irksome to hear religious talk! She was silent.

"Have you never felt conviction for sin?"

"I know I'm a sinner."

"That may be, and yet you may have had no genuine conviction."

"I have always done what I thought was right."

She had scarcely uttered this, before the query rose in her mind, "Was it right for me to practise deception, in order to cross the Atlantic?" and she felt condemned for the remark.

"You may, perhaps, think so, but if you were carefully to examine your past life, and the motives of your conduct, you would discover many things which were not right, and which you never thought was right. Your heart is like a cage of unclean birds; it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The word of God declares that the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart are evil only, and that continually, and that it is fully set in men to

do evil; and what evidence is there that yours is an exception? Why, my young friend, the mere fact that you have lived so long without placing your affections upon things above, furnishes abundant evidence that your heart is most deeply depraved.

“For a moment dwell upon it. Although God is the most holy, benevolent, and gracious being, yet you do not love him. Although he is the most powerful being, and has all things under his control; though he is the almighty God, who drowned the old world with the waters of the deluge; consumed Sodom and Gomorrah with fire sent down from heaven, and overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, so that they sunk like lead in the mighty waters, yet you do not fear him. Though he is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; though from him have come all the blessings of your past life, yet you have never rendered him a tribute of sincere gratitude. How unfeeling, how worldly, how thoughtless, how selfish your heart must be!”

To all this Priscilla impatiently listened, but made no reply. No tears were streaming from her eyes, no penitential sorrow was awakened in her breast. She felt indignant rather than contrite. She did not believe that this was

her character, though she could not prove the contrary.

"My duty requires me to say, Miss Eaton," continued the stern pastor, "that you are a transgressor of the infinite law of God. Because of your transgressions you are exposed to the infinite penalty of that law. You are now under condemnation, as the culprit is under condemnation after his crime is detected, and he has been sentenced to die. My friend, the wrath of God abideth upon you; the wrath of God abideth upon you, and, except you repent, you must forever perish." This was said in so solemn and impressive a manner, that Priscilla quailed before him, and trembled, as if in sympathy with the leaves quivering upon the trees at the door.

The conversation was now interrupted by one of the men coming in with a request to the pastor to meet with several others, and assist in deciding upon the location of the meeting house.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INQUIRER.

PRISCILLA returned home, but with very different emotions from those with which she left it. An important truth had been fixed in her conscience, which rankled there like a barbed arrow. "The wrath of God abideth upon me! the wrath of God abideth upon me!" was constantly sounding in her ears, or falling in whispers from her lips. She looked over her past life; it seemed to her all defiled with sin. She could think upon no act which she had ever performed without perceiving its defects. Selfishness appeared to her the predominant element of her character. She had never done any thing with a view to glorify God. She acknowledged the truth of the accusation that she had never offered to God her thanksgiving for his past mercies, and especially for his great goodness in bringing her safely across the dangerous deep, and guiding her to the residence of her uncle, and to the knowledge of her parents' home. She felt deeply her sinfulness,

and the justice of her condemnation. "O, how ungrateful, how wicked I have been! If I should be forever banished from my heavenly Father's presence, it would be no more than I deserve. Against thee, and thee only, have I sinned, that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest. What must I do to be saved?"

For several days she was in a state of great dejection, frequently uttering, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

O, how she longed for her uncle to speak to her upon the important subject which now entirely engrossed her mind! But he was so exclusively absorbed in the affairs of the infant colony that he did not notice the change in her appearance, nor address to her any remarks that were adapted to afford her relief.

Her desire was gratified from another source.

"What is the matter, Priscilla?" asked Mrs. Mitchel. "I have noticed that for several days you have been unusually pensive. I hope no new affliction has befallen you."

A flood of tears and a convulsive grasp of her friend's hand were her answer. After recovering from her first gush of feeling, she mournfully said, —

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

“Very true, Priscilla; and if yours is of a nature proper to be confided to a friend, tell me, and I will sympathize with you with all the tenderness of a sister.”

“O Mrs. Mitchel, I’m a sinner!” said she, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. “I’m a great sinner; and I fear I shall be lost forever.”

“I bless the Lord that you are sensible of it, Priscilla. It is a great thing to be brought under concernment for our sins. We are all of us guilty, but all do not feel it. Relate to me how you discovered your sinful state, and what have been your feelings since.”

In compliance with her request, Priscilla gave an account of her interview with Mr. Davenport, what he said, and how she had been affected since. She told her experience, and then asked, “What shall I do?”

“I think, my child, you had better go and see the good pastor again; he is the best able to give you that instruction which you at present need. I will most cheerfully accompany you.”

The masculine sternness of the Puritan divine was not particularly attractive to Priscilla, and she hesitated; but after considerable urging, she complied.

So soon as the minister was in possession of her feelings, he told her that, however deep her convictions of sin were, she still came far short of a full realization of her guilt. "In order to form a complete estimate of the demerit of sin, we must be able to comprehend fully the immaculate holiness and the vast extent of the divine law. To do this, we must be able to form adequate conceptions of the greatness of its Author. But God is incomprehensible. How strong and bold is the language of Job! 'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? 'Tis high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? the measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.' As now you cannot comprehend the greatness of God, neither can you comprehend the greatness of his law. It is exceeding broad; it embraceth all worlds, and taketh cognizance of the thoughts, the purposes, and the motives—yea, of all the workings of the inmost soul of every rational creature. And as you cannot form full conceptions of the law, you cannot, of course, form adequate conceptions of the vileness of sin, which is its violation. You are therefore far more guilty than you imagine or feel yourself to be. If your

sins were set in order before you, as they are before the eye of Him against whom they have been directed, if they appeared to you as vile as they do to Him, you would be overwhelmed with despair."

This train of remark was not indulged in without design. The pastor was aiming to accomplish a specific object, for which these thoughts were specially adapted. In his view, it was important that a decided, genuine conversion should be preceded by a deep preparatory "law work" — a keen sense of personal guilt and just condemnation. Instead, therefore, of endeavoring to impart immediate comfort, he labored rather to give intensity to her convictions; to make her sensible of her utter sinfulness and hopelessness; to cut her off entirely from the least dependence upon herself, in consequence of any natural goodness which she might suppose she possessed, and convince her that she was entirely at the disposal of that just and infinite Being whose law she had violated, and whose anger she had incurred.

"What now can you do?" continued the faithful pastor. "God gave you a law which was a perfect transcript of his own character, 'holy, just, and good;' to this law he annexed

the penalty of eternal death, endless banishment from his presence into outer darkness and sorrow. As now you have violated this law so frequently that you can give an affirmative answer to the question of Eliphaz the Temanite to Job, when he asked, 'Is not thy wickedness great? and thine iniquities infinite?' and as Jehovah, whom you have offended, is a God of righteousness and truth, and hateth iniquity with a perfect hatred, — what hope have you of escape? Your condemnation by the law is just; this you say you feel."

"I do."

"Well, then, as God is just, and, therefore, is disposed to execute justice, how can you escape without justice being set at nought — disregarded — treated as of no account?"

"It is that which troubles me. I know that I'm justly condemned, and I can see no way in which a just God can save me. All is dark."

"Has your present anxiety been produced in any way by any special sin, or by the neglect of some known positive duty?"

"Not that I am sensible of. My whole life appears sinful. I have never loved God. I have never designedly tried to please him. I have seldom thought of him. I have always been seeking my own ways."

“The reason I ask the question is, because the accusations of natural conscience are sometimes mistaken for the convictions of the Spirit. A person who has committed some particular sin, of more than usual criminality, may possess a deep sense of his guiltiness, and be overwhelmed with sorrow, without being in any degree under the special influences of the Holy Ghost. The anguish of Judas Iscariot can be accounted for without any reference to the convicting power of the Spirit.”

“My sorrow,” said Priscilla, “does not arise from any one sin which I have committed, nor from any recent acts of transgression. It was occasioned by your last conversation. That passage of Scripture which you used — ‘the wrath of God abideth upon you’ — has been continually following me, and sounding in my ears like a death knell.”

“It is your death knell,” replied the minister, in slow, measured, and solemn tones, which made his inquirer tremble; “and if you repent not, it will be your bitter experience during the endless ages of eternity. You are standing on slippery places, and the flames of hell wait to receive you. If you were to die in your present condition, you would, like the rich man, lift up your eyes, being in torments. There is

nothing before you but a fearful looking for of judgment, and of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries; and were you to be forever banished into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, your own conscience, and all the angels of heaven would approve your sentence. Your condition is a fearful one. You have no time to lose. What you intend to do to secure the salvation of your soul, you must do quickly. Time flies; death hastens, and hell opens wide its mouth to receive you."

The poor girl obtained no comfort from this interview. She returned home more unhappy than ever. It seemed to her as if the minister was unnecessarily stern, harsh, and even cruel.

"I thought," said she, "that he would pour balm on my bleeding heart; but instead of that, he has probed my wounds, opened them deeper, and made them more painful. My condition seems more hopeless than ever. Instead of addressing to me a single promise, he has dwelt altogether on the terrors of the Lord."

"Be not grieved, Priscilla, with his treatment; he has had much experience, and knows how to deal skilfully with inquiring souls. All that he said was true," replied her aunt.

Although the minister was apparently harsh

in his language, yet his soul was full of tenderness for her. He had indulged in this strain of solemn and awakening truth from a sense of pastoral fidelity, and because he desired that the spiritual work in progress within her might be radical and thorough. But after she had retired, he knelt upon the floor of his hut, and poured out a most earnest and affectionate prayer in her behalf, pleading with deep feeling and pathos, as a man pleadeth with his friend, that the good work which he believed had been begun within her might be carried on to perfect completion, that after having clear views of her great sinfulness and entire helplessness, she might be made willing, in the day of his power, to submit herself unconditionally to the divine disposal, and might thus find peace.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENLIGHTENING THE INQUIRER.

THE conversation resulted in imparting to Priscilla more intelligent and enlarged views of her sinfulness. She thought more of the greatness of God; of her relation to him as a subject; of the holiness and strictness of the law which she had violated; of the moral necessity there was for the execution of the penalty. She looked at herself as a member of the vast universe. She thought upon the relation which her sins sustained to other members of the great family of God, and wondered what the effect upon them would be, if her sins were to escape the threatened penalty. It seemed to her that whatever course God pursued in the treatment of any of his creatures, it must be such as to secure the approbation and the admiration of all holy beings. Then the question came to her, "How would my deliverance from deserved punishment be regarded by holy beings? Could they approve it? I know they

would approve my condemnation; how, then, could they approve my salvation?"

Of one thing she felt convinced, and that was, that God could not treat her as if she were isolated from the rest of the universe, but that he must have regard to his own honor and glory among them; and as she could see no way in which he could forgive and save her, consistently with his own glory, she felt as if there were no hope for her. "O that I could see my mother, and relate to her my feelings! Her conversation and prayers might, perhaps, bring relief."

She wandered around like a half-distracted person for a number of days. When she read the Bible, it seemed to be filled with threatenings against her. She had frequently heard her religious friends tell how some unexpected passage of Scripture, to which they had undesignedly opened, had suddenly illumined their minds and comforted their hearts, in times of perplexity and trouble. "Perhaps it will be so with me," said she to herself; "there will be no harm in trying; I will, therefore, open the Bible, and read the first passage that presents itself, and will regard it as addressed personally to me. If it should be a promise, I will receive it as a good omen." She sat down upon a moss-

covered rock, under the shadow of a large and beautiful elm, and took from her bosom a small Bible, which she carried constantly with her. She held it closed in her hands a few moments, and then slowly opened it. At the same instant, a small fleck of light fell through the leaves of the trees, upon about the middle of the left page of her book. "Light!" said she to herself; "just what I want. I will read the verse which it fell upon, and perhaps it will enlighten and comfort my mind."

The verse happened to be Psalm ix. 17. She read it aloud. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." She closed the book, and burst into tears.

"No comfort, no hope for me; all is darkness and condemnation. What must I do to be saved? O God, teach me how to escape from the wrath to come."

Her meditations were interrupted by the approach of one of the men. At first she knew not who it was; but as he came nearer, and more of his form could be seen amid the trees of the wood, Priscilla was glad to discover that it was the pastor. She arose from her moss-covered seat, and went a few steps towards him. As Mr. Davenport was on his way to the village, Priscilla accompanied him. After the usual

salutations of the day were over, the good minister inquired how her soul prospered. Priscilla related to him fully her various exercises of mind—her inner life, her increased sense of guilt, and her clearer perceptions of the justness of her condemnation, since her last interview with him.

“And I can see no gleam of hope, no way of escape. God has said the wicked shall be turned into hell: if, now, he is a God of truth, how can I escape, without his violating his own word?”

“That, my young friend, is truly the great question. The divine Lawgiver says, ‘The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The wages of sin is death. The wicked shall not go unpunished.’ His own justice and veracity are pledged for its execution. By violating that law, you are exposed to its dreadful penalty; it is, therefore, an important question in what way, or on what principle, you can escape, consistently with divine justice. How can God be true to himself, and yet deliver you from the punishment with which he has threatened you?”

“It is that which troubles me. I know that Jesus came into the world as our Saviour; I know I must believe in him; yet every thing

seems so vague, so indefinite and difficult, that I understand nothing."

After a somewhat close examination of his inquirer, the pastor was convinced that what he termed a "good law work" had been performed within her; that she had clear, deep, and intelligent convictions of her true character and condition before God, and that, therefore, it would be appropriate to unfold to her the provisions of the gospel, and explain to her on what principles God could be just, and yet pardon a justly condemned sinner. This important duty he endeavored to perform whilst returning slowly with her to the settlement. He told her, among many other things, that all our knowledge of the way of salvation was derived entirely from the Bible. Nowhere else, but from the law and the testimony, could we obtain any authoritative, satisfactory information upon this all-absorbing theme. The main question, therefore, was, What do the Scriptures teach upon this subject? Ascertain that, and we have learned all that it is necessary for us to know.

"One thing," continued he, "is very evident; and that is, that it is far beyond the ability of man to deliver himself from the condemned and wretched state in which his sins have

plunged him. Unless aid from a higher source is extended to him, his condition is utterly hopeless. This aid has been provided; for we read that "He hath laid help upon one who is mighty;" and who can this mighty one be, but the Lord Messiah, to whom Isaiah refers, as the one who "speaks in righteousness, mighty to save."

"I believe all that, and yet I do not see how the divine justice is guarded, or the honor of God preserved, in the forgiveness of one who is justly condemned. If you could explain this, you would relieve me of my chief difficulty."

"The reason why you do not see how the divine justice is protected, is because you fail of appreciating the grand principle of substitution, which is a prominent element in the government of God. Let me read to you a few verses upon this subject. Taking the little Bible from her hand, he paused for a few moments in his walk, and read as follows: 'I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures.' 'We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and

honor; that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.' 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace.' 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.' 'The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' 'He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' 'The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.' From these and many other passages of like import, it is evident that Christ, the Son of God, came into the world, assumed human nature, lived a holy life, so as to fulfil and thereby approve the law, and then voluntarily died in the stead of and for the benefit of the human family. He came to make propitiation for them, by offering himself a sacrifice in their behalf. And God is willing to accept of this sacrifice as a substitute for the execution of the penalty upon the sinner, provided the sinner will believe in Christ. As, now, Jesus Christ is a being of such an exalted and divine nature, as he was perfectly holy, the substitution of his death in the place of the execution of the

real penalty upon the actual transgressor was a clear and very strong expression of God's abhorrence of sin. It also developed his determination to maintain the authority of his own law."

CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT CHANGE.

A SHORT distance before these two interlocutors, and directly in their path, upon a large, flat rock, which was level with the surface of the ground, lay a repulsive serpent, coiled up, either asleep or else warming himself in the rays of the sun. So closely engaged were Priscilla and the pastor in conversation that they did not perceive him until they were nearly upon him. But so soon as it was discovered, the pastor raised his cane, and, with one blow, disabled it, so that it could not "drag its slow length along." He then stamped upon its head with the thick heel of his boot, and killed it.

"A very timely providence," said he. "It reminds us of the first promise given to man, after the introduction of sin into the world, which was, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent; by which I understand that the promised Messiah would destroy the works and the power of the devil."

Leaving the dead reptile, they passed on. "It is a mysterious arrangement," continued the minister, "in the plan of salvation, that the Son of God, 'through death, was to destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.' "

"But is there not," inquired Priscilla, anxious to resume the conversation where it was broken off, by the incident which we have just related,—"is there not something extremely cruel in obliging an innocent person to suffer instead of the guilty?"

"There is; but that question is not appropriate to this subject. For God did not *oblige* his Son to suffer in man's stead. It was entirely voluntary on the part of Christ. He entered cheerfully upon this work; as it was written of him, 'I delight to do thy will, O God.' It was an arrangement into which he cordially entered, out of regard to his great love for the ruined children of men. This feature relieves it entirely from all cruelty or injustice. If Christ had been arbitrarily compelled to suffer and die, against his own will, the whole subject of redemption would assume a very different character from what now belongs to it."

"But if, as one of the passages which you

read says, 'Christ tasted death for every man,' why is not every man saved?"

"Because the benefits of Christ's death to man are made to depend upon the exercise of faith; for Paul says, 'God hath set forth Christ Jesus to be a propitiation through *faith* in his blood,' 'that he might be just, and the justifier of him which *believeth*.' In another place he says, 'Being justified by *faith*, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' And Christ himself said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' So that, although he has made ample provision for the salvation of all men by his own atoning death, yet saving benefits from this provision will be received by those only who exercise penitence for their sins, and faith in him. Permit me now, before I part from you," continued the pastor, as they approached within sight of the humble dwellings of the colonists, "to be more personal, and to make an application of these truths to your own case, for I have felt a tender and paternal interest in you, and should rejoice if, in the providence of God, you should become my first convert in this wilderness of the new world. You are a justly condemned sinner. You are under, that is, exposed to, the penalty

of the law, which is eternal death. But Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has entered the world, and died upon the cross, for you. He has made propitiation for your sins. He has met the demands of the law against you so far, that if you will now abandon your sins, accept of Christ as your Saviour, and sincerely devote yourself to his cause, you will be forgiven and saved. God will be as truly honored by your salvation, through faith in Christ, as he will be in your condemnation if you reject Christ. Divine justice will be as really regarded and maintained by your forgiveness through the atoning death of Christ, as it would have been by the execution of the penalty upon you if Christ had not died in your behalf. All that is wanting is, that you should feel, as I believe you do, a deep sense of guilt; that you should justify both the law and its divine Lawgiver by acknowledging the justice of your condemnation; that you should possess a truly penitent and contrite heart, and that you should make an entire and unreserved surrender of yourself to Christ, relying wholly upon his atoning death for your acceptance with God. Do this, and your anxieties will disappear, your burden will be removed, and you will be filled with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'"

They now reached the village. Priscilla's uncle came out to meet them, and, with a smile on his countenance, told her he expected that, by to-morrow night, the messenger would return, bringing letters from her father, or, perhaps, her father himself.

"I think it most likely that he will come himself," replied Priscilla.

"I hope so," added the pastor, "for I should rejoice to hear how Zion prospers among our friends there."

That night Priscilla scarcely closed her eyes. Her religious exercises, her conversation with the minister, and her earnest desire to see her father, served to banish all tendency to sleep.

She earnestly desired to obtain peace of mind before her father's arrival, because she knew it would be to him such grateful news.

From the Indians, who frequently visited New Haven, the settlers learned what kinds of plants in their vicinity were used for food. It was the custom of Priscilla to go out in the morning, gather a quantity of these, and then prepare them for her uncle's table. They assisted in giving variety to the articles of diet used by the family.

On the morning after her conversation with Mr. Davenport, she took a basket and went

out, professedly for that purpose. She wore a light straw bonnet, and over her neck was carelessly thrown a small brown handkerchief, or shawl. Her Bible was in her bosom. Her real object was to seek some place of retirement in the depths of the forest, where she could read and pray aloud without being overheard by others — where she could give free vent to her feelings without the least embarrassment from the presence of others.

Being absorbed with her own thoughts, she wandered away much farther than she was aware of, until, at a point some three miles from the settlement, she found, on the borders of a pond, a high, precipitous rock, at the base of which was a little natural grove, so secluded and protected by thick shrubbery as effectually to prevent any one who might be passing from seeing those who sought concealment within its shadow.

“This shall be my sanctuary,” said Priscilla.
“Here will I seek God with all my heart.”

After hanging her bonnet upon the branches, she sat down, took the Bible from her bosom, and read aloud, with frequent ejaculations of her own interspersed, the fifty-first Psalm, the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, as these had been particularly

recommended to her attention by the pastor. Whilst engaged in reading, she was startled by a repulsive-looking snake, which slowly crawled by her. As she changed her position, the reptile raised its head, and, with a hissing sound, thrust out its forked tongue, and then slipped into the bushes. Priscilla soon recovered her composure, and continued reading. Presently a large black spider darted from its silken, funnel-shaped hole in the decayed stump of an old tree, and seized a fly. The captive made considerable struggling, but, in a few moments, was mastered by its deceitful enemy, and carried hopelessly to the bottom of the den.

“If I were superstitious,” said Priscilla, “I should regard these as bad omens, and hastily return. And yet how suggestive were they! That old serpent, the devil, goeth about like a lion, seeking whom he may devour. He leadeth the wicked captive at his will. In his concealed snares he entraps unwary souls to their own ruin. O God, break his power over me! Permit me to enjoy the liberty of thy children.”

She threw herself upon her knees on the grass, and, for a long time, was engaged in earnest, wrestling prayer. She not only confessed her great sinfulness in general, but speci-

fied various particular offences, which, though she had not been in the habit of regarding them as specially sinful, now lay with weight upon her mind. She prayed for light, for peace, for pardon, for salvation.

She justified God in her condemnation. "O Father, so numerous are my transgressions, and so aggravated my guilt, that if thou wert to banish me forever from all the joys of heaven, there would be no injustice in my doom. In my inmost soul I feel that it would be all right. Unworthy am I of the smallest favor from thy hand. Yet, Father, hast thou not promised to pardon the penitent? Hast thou not sent Jesus, thy Son, to make propitiation? Has he not been slain as the atoning Lamb? Did he not say that he came into the world to save sinners? O, for his sake, have mercy upon me. I plead with thee by his tears, his groans, his crown of thorns, and bloody sweat. I plead with thee by his cruel mockings, scourging, and condemnation; by his wounded hands, his pierced side, his earnest prayers, and his agonizing death, have compassion upon me, and cast me not away from thy presence. O Lord, I believe in thee. I trust in the righteousness and death of thy Son. I throw myself at thy feet. I would

now — O help me to do it sincerely — I would now, most merciful Saviour, cast myself, without reserve, into thine arms. I would now give myself entirely to thee. From this hour, O blessed Saviour, I consecrate myself, my time, my gifts, my influence, all that I have, and all that I am, entirely to thee. I would be thine for time and thine for eternity. In thy death would I trust for pardon, and thy character would I take for my example. O, lift upon me the light of thy countenance, and cause old things to pass away, and all things to become new.”

She paused. A glow of unusual peace passed over her mind, like sunshine passing over, illuminating, and beautifying a landscape. As she opened her eyes, they fell upon the silken trap of the spider. A trembling of the web indicated a struggle, in the deceitful funnel, between the two insects; presently the fly came to the edge of the nest, and flew away. “Good! the captive is delivered. Is it the emblem of my deliverance? for I feel like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler. My burden is gone. My tears are dried up. I see now how it is. Believing in Christ, trusting in Christ, how simple! how easy! I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine. Why was

it so dark before? But no matter; all is light now. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. I must hasten to my faithful pastor, and tell him I have found the pearl of great price—the one thing needful. Henceforth I will serve the Lord.”

She took her bonnet from the bushes, put it on, seized her pail, and left her leafy tabernacle to return to the settlement, singing as she went, —

“The Lord hath opened wide mine eyes
To look beyond the threatening skies;
The God-Man Saviour, now I see,
Did shed his crimson blood for me.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSING GIRL.

ABOUT an hour after Priscilla had left the house, in the morning, with her basket, as narrated in the preceding chapter, the Indian messenger who had been sent to Boston, and whom Priscilla's uncle told her he expected by night, returned. There was something of a stir among the settlers when it was known that Priscilla's father was with him. All sympathized in the joy of the occasion, for all of them were anxious that the girl in whom they had become so deeply interested should find her father and her home.

"Where is my daughter?" said Mr. Abel Eaton, as, without ceremony, he entered the house which had been pointed out to him as his brother's; "where is Priscilla, my long-lost child? O, relieve my suspense, and bring me to her at once."

"She is in the fields, gathering a few plants to boil with our dinner," replied a woman who was at work in the kitchen.

“In what direction? Tell me, and I will go to her at once.”

Presently the family and friends, who had heard of his arrival, assembled in the house, and dissuaded him from going in pursuit of Priscilla, as it was very uncertain where she was, and she would doubtless return in a short time.

So, taking a seat in their midst, he endeavored to make the time appear to pass rapidly, by giving some account of the state of things in Boston. Many questions were asked and answered.

“We are not, at present, sailing through the smoothest water there. The Familists are coming in to destroy, like the locusts of Egypt, every green thing; and heretics of other kinds, like the caterpillar and canker worm, are there to help them. Our godly magistrates, however, are determined to deal towards them with an iron rod.”

An hour passed away, and there were no signs of Priscilla's return. Her father expressed some anxiety for her; but his fears were allayed when they told him that she was accustomed to going off alone, and to take her own time to return, and therefore he had no reason to be alarmed on account of her delay.

Conversation was kept up, with unflagging interest until the hour of dinner.

"Has not Priscilla returned yet?" said her father; "if she went to gather greens for dinner, she certainly would have come home by this time, unless something unusual had detained her. Has she ever remained away from her meals, when she has gone out in this manner?"

"No; she is always at the table," replied her uncle.

"Then something has happened," said her father, with deep emotion, at the same time rising from his seat; "I will not touch another mouthful till I know the worst." Seizing his hat, he went to the door, and asked what direction she took. Being informed where she was seen last, he, with several others, started off in pursuit of her. They wandered all the afternoon, exploring every valley, and ascending every hill from which they could take a wide survey of the surrounding country, but without success. They called her name aloud many times, but no reply was heard, save the echo of their own voices. As the shadows of the evening approached, they returned, hoping that they should find her at home upon their arrival. They were disappointed! No one

had seen or heard from her since morning. The news soon spread through all the little settlement that Priscilla was missing, creating intense excitement. Various opinions were expressed respecting the cause of her absence ; but the general impression was, that she had gone too far from the village, and was lost. Her father, poor man, was overwhelmed with distress, and would not be comforted. They entreated him to eat, for they knew he must be faint. But he declined. He regarded himself as bound by his previous declaration that he would not eat again till he knew the worst. He said he would spend the night in looking for her, and passionately entreated others to do the same. Several parties were immediately formed, who took with them lighted torches, and went forth in various directions. The whole night was spent in search. The country for miles around was examined. Every where that the different parties went, they shouted aloud her name. At one time, one of them thought he heard her reply ; but upon listening more carefully, it proved to be the growl of some wild animal. The morning came : the exploring parties all met at Mr. Eaton's, but not one of them could furnish a single gleam of hope.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ANXIOUS SEARCH.

DEEP gloom now settled upon all. They feared the worst, yet they could not relinquish the idea of farther search.

As it was known that the Indians were skilful in following the trail of their enemies through the woods and fields, it was proposed that one of them be obtained for this purpose. A messenger was despatched for a neighboring brave, the translation of whose name was Lightfoot, and who could speak a little English. Upon his arrival, the Indian was informed of their object, and was asked if he would undertake the search. He signified his acquiescence, and then asked what the girl had in her hand, and whether she wore any shoes, and if so, what size? All the facts were communicated to him — that she went to get some young plants for the table, that she had a basket, and that she wore shoes of the size of a pair of hers which were shown him. He then inquired where she was last seen. Being in-

formed that the last time any of the family saw her, she was upon a little rising piece of land, north of the house, and that they supposed she went in that direction, he said he was ready to start.

“Before setting out, let us,” said Priscilla’s uncle, “implore the blessing of God. He has commanded us to acknowledge him in all our ways, and he would direct our paths. We need his direction now, if ever; and let us seek it.”

A long and earnest prayer was offered for success to crown their efforts — that father and child, after so long a separation, might be permitted once more to meet and rejoice together.

The two Eatons, with one or two others, carrying food, started off — the Indian, as guide, taking the lead. They soon reached the top of the little rising knoll where Priscilla was last seen. Lightfoot here requested his companions to stand still for a few moments. He carefully examined the grass, and then, beckoning them to follow, started towards a forest. In some places the grass was quite high. Here the guide had no difficulty in tracking her. The leaning spears were like so many indexes, pointing out the course she

had taken. In other spots the grass was low and thin. Here more caution was required. Lightfoot generally crossed directly over these thin spots, in a straight line with the course he had come, and after a little examination, would find, without much difficulty, the trail in the higher grass beyond. At one time, before reaching the woods, he lost her trail entirely. Beckoning to his followers to stand still, so that he might not become confused with their footprints, he carefully examined the ground in every direction for some distance. After a few minutes, he told them to follow on.

"I wonder," said Mr. Samuel Eaton, "how these savages are able to track a person with so much certainty; for instance, how did he now find her lost trail?"

"Suppose you ask him. Perhaps he is not so taciturn but that he will give you a reply."

"Lightfoot, how do you know you are on the right track?"

The Indian stopped, and then turned back to the spot where he was when he told them to "come on."

"You see dat?" said he, pointing to the ground.

"I see nothing unusual," was Mr. Eaton's reply. The little party all gathered round, and looked, but said they saw no footprints.

"No, no footprint; but what dis?" said the Indian, as he pushed away the thin grass, and showed a plant which had been fresh cut. They all looked at the cut plant."

"You tell she had basket; me say she had knife, too. She stop here and cut greens."

"That seems very reasonable." The lower radicle leaves of the plant were left, which showed it to be a species which they used for food.

"Now look here. See dese little flowers all lean in dis way — de same dare — and dare," pointing to other spots about a foot or so apart. "Dem where her feet were — her trail. She went in dis 'rection," continued the Indian, pointing obliquely towards the woods.

"He's right," said Mr. Eaton; "I see it all, now that he has explained it; but I should not have discovered it myself."

"Perhaps not; but this is a part of an Indian's education. He has frequent occasion to track, in this manner, his enemies, and his experience makes him skilful."

Pressing on with as much speed as they could, without danger of losing the trail, they

came, after a while, to a brook. Lightfoot scanned the opposite shore for a few moments, and then pointed to an indentation in the soft soil, which he said was her footprint.

"Perhaps some one else has gone this way," said her father.

"Lem me see," replied the guide. He then took one of the shoes, which was shown him at the house as hers, and which he had brought with him, and stepping across the brook, he placed it carefully over the print.

"See dare ; nice fit," said Lightfoot. By a careful inspection, the party were satisfied that the impression was made by a shoe of precisely the same size as the one which the Indian had brought with him. They had no doubt of its being Priscilla's.

These discoveries increased the excitement of the pursuit, and their admiration at the skill of the guide. At times he seemed to be endowed with some sense of which his companions were destitute, for he would pass on without any hesitancy, where they could not see the least indication of Priscilla or any one else having preceded them. They expected, when they entered the woods, that the Indian would be perplexed. But he was not. He proceeded very cautiously, and occasionally

would point out to them the marks by which he was guided.

"Dat be her work," said he, as he pointed to a small twig which was hanging from its parent branch by its thin bark.

"Perhaps some animal has done it," said Mr. Eaton.

"No, no," replied Lightfoot; "look; it be a sharp, clean cut through de leaf into de stem."

Upon a close inspection, he was found to be correct. The knife had cut through the leaf, and nearly severed the stem from its branch. It was retained by the thin fibres of the bark.

"No animal do dat — woman swing her knife so," said he, at the same time imitating her motion, "and cut de leaf."

Keeping on her trail, they by and by came to a clear flowing spring. After a few moments' examination, Lightfoot told them she had stopped there to rest.

"How do you know that?" asked her father.

"Look dare," replied he, pointing to a large stone; "she sat down on dat — see dese two marks," — he pointed to the impression made by two feet at the side of a stone; — "she put her feet dare, and her basket dare," — pointing to a spot where the ground, being soft, had received the impression of a portion of the bottom of a basket.

"Nothing can be plainer," said her uncle.

"Very true," replied his brother; "but it's strange that she should come here for table plants. They do not grow in such shaded land."

"Perhaps she rambled about from the novelty and pleasure of the thing."

"No, no; there must have been some other motive," said her father.

After refreshing themselves with a draught of clear and cool water from the spring, they resumed their pursuit. By and by they approached a high, precipitous rock. The trail led round the base of it to the opposite side from where they were. It was upon the verge of a large pond. "Ugh!" uttered Lightfoot, indicating that he discovered something more than the signs of a single trail. He put his finger on his lips to indicate silence, and then cautiously and noiselessly reconnoitred the spot. He found an opening into some bushes at the base of the high rock, through which he entered. Again did he make a low, guttural "Ugh!" He had found the very spot which Priscilla had chosen as her sanctuary! The marks of the recent presence of some one were very apparent on the broken leaves and the trampled grass.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RESULT.

LIGHTFOOT examined the ground very carefully with Indian sagacity, and then said, "She be here some time. She do so here," at the same time throwing himself upon his knees.

"The posture of prayer," said Mr. Eaton.

"Yes, she probably chose this as a suitable place for devotion; but where is she now?" said her father. "O my God! am I to be disappointed again? Shall I never see my daughter?" His anguish was great. He sat down in the same spot where Priscilla had sat to read her Bible, and wept like a child.

"Be not discouraged too soon," said his brother. "We have not lost her trail yet, and may still succeed in finding her."

"What is that?" asked one of the company, as he pointed at an object some distance from them, near the water.

"It appears something like a light-colored stone." As all eyes were directed towards it, a

sudden gust of wind blew, and rolled it along the shore."

"A basket!" "A basket!" exclaimed two or three voices simultaneously. They all hastened to the spot, and found it was Priscilla's basket, with a few greens in it. It was examined with painful interest.

This discovery served to increase the apprehensions of the company. They all had their fears, and yet were unwilling to express them.

"O that I knew the worst," groaned the father. "I fear some evil thing has happened to my child, and I shall never see her again."

As that was the feeling of the whole party, no one made reply. They stood for some moments without uttering a word. The silence was broken by the guide giving one of his mysterious "Ugh's," at the same time pointing to an object floating upon the water. It had no resemblance to a branch, or any thing else that belonged to the neighborhood of the pond. It had a round appearance, like a small basket. The guide threw off his skin robe and buskins, plunged in, swam to the object, and brought it to the shore. To their amazement, it proved to be Priscilla's bonnet! The father seized it like a man distracted. The tears fell in streams

from his eyes. "This is more than I can bear. O Priscilla! Priscilla! why hast thou left us without once more beholding thy parents? O God! thou hast written me childless. What shall I do? where shall I go?"—and he buried his face in his hands.

Various opinions were now expressed by the party, with none of which were they fully satisfied. One was, that perhaps she had waded into the pond to refresh herself, and had suddenly come to deep water, and accidentally drowned. Another was, that the trials through which she had passed, her anxieties of mind, and the excitement of her feelings in the near prospect of meeting her father, had dethroned reason, and under the influence of insanity, she had committed suicide. A third opinion was, that she had been suddenly frightened by wild beasts, or by Indians, and had immediately fled, leaving her things behind her, and had become lost in the woods; whilst a fourth opinion, which, however, seemed the most unlikely of all, was, that she had been seized and carried off by some of the natives.

Though the father was bowed down with grief, he was not unmanned. He looked in every nook; he shouted aloud her name, and seemed unwilling to yield to the opinion that he never

should see her again. "Is it certain," said he, "that she can be tracked no farther?"

"Lightfoot," said his brother, "can you follow her trail any farther?"

A slight smile came over the Indian's face, as he replied, —

"Me can no more see trail in water than me can in air."

"Very true. Water retains no impression; but are you sure that she went in the water?"

Lightfoot went back a few steps, and showed an impression of one foot with its toes towards the pond, and so near that the next step must have been in the water.

"Me no doubt she went in here." There were other marks which his keen eyes saw, but which he did not point out. He had his own opinions, too, concerning the fate of the girl; but as they were not asked, he, with Indian taciturnity, kept them to himself.

After some further search, the afflicted company returned with heavy hearts to the village, taking with them the basket and bonnet, as memorials of the fatal tragedy.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARENTAL EXPERIENCE.

It being the general impression, after all the facts were heard, that she was in the water, and probably not far from the shore, the men turned out the next day, and dragged the pond in every direction, but without success. They were obliged to give her up as lost.

The disappointed father became now an object of general interest and sympathy. The minister, Mr. Davenport, was especially concerned for him, and informed him of Priscilla's awakening and conviction, and of his belief that she had passed from death unto life. The passengers too, who came over with her from England, related all the circumstances connected with her passage, her amiable and benevolent behavior, and the universal love which all cherished for her. He had many questions to ask, which they cheerfully answered. But the more information he obtained concerning her, the heavier appeared his trial.

“To think that after a separation of years, without once hearing from her, or even knowing she was alive; to receive in one letter a long account of her history, and an earnest request to come and take her home; and then to get here on the very day of her disappearance, — is almost too much to bear. But let me not complain; I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

The whole colony were affected. Gloom settled upon all their features, and it was with difficulty that they attended to their accustomed work.

On the following Sabbath the pastor preached an appropriate and impressive discourse, from Jeremiah xv. 9. “She hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day.”

In a few days Priscilla’s father returned to Boston, with the mournful intelligence to his wife. During his absence, she had been busily engaged in preparing a room and bed for Priscilla. She looked for her return as one of the happiest events of her life. Her absence had been a constant source of affliction, which had embittered all enjoyments. The hope of her return filled her with unspeakable gladness.

"My cup of joy," said the excited mother, "will be full. I shall have nothing more to ask. O, how good is God! My lamb is to be returned to my bosom; and it seems to me as if I should never again permit her to leave my sight."

When, therefore, the father returned, without the lamb, and communicated the mournful tidings to the joyous mother, the disappointment was so severe, the transition of feeling was so sudden and great, as to be too much for her delicate and nervous constitution. She gave one loud, piercing shriek, and fell insensible into the arms of her husband!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ELOPEMENT.

"I WONDER why Priscilla is so late this morning with breakfast," said Mrs. Williamson to her husband, on the morning after the sailing of the Reindeer. "She ought to have rung the second bell long ago, and I have not yet heard the first."

"Perhaps she has overslept her usual time," replied her husband.

"If she has, she ought to be trounced for it; for she knew that I intended to go out and make some early calls, and this delay will put me back all day." This was uttered in a petulant tone, for Mrs. Williamson was angry.

"Perhaps you had better see, wife. It was so late when I came home last night, after the sailing of our ship, that I have slept myself longer than I ought. I must hurry, or I shall be late to the store."

Mrs. Williamson hastily made her toilet, and descended to the kitchen, all prepared to pour out upon Priscilla a stream of burning vitu-

peration. When she reached the kitchen, and found every thing just as it was left in the evening, her anger knew no bounds.

"Well, this is fine! not even a fire kindled, when it is high time that breakfast was all over. That lazy, obstinate little hussy shall pay for this."

She stepped to the bottom of the stairs, and called in a loud, shrill tone of voice, "Priscilla! Priscilla!" but there came back no reply.

"Confound the little sluggard, I'll wake her with a cold bath," said the passionate woman.

Mrs. Williamson seized a pitcher of water, and with hurried steps ascended to Priscilla's room, with the intention of throwing it in her face, as she lay sleeping upon her pillow. "I'll let her know that she shan't impose upon me."

And yet, with all this unnecessary excitement of bad feeling, there mingled occasional thoughts of an opposite kind, like these: "Perhaps she is sick. She is a good girl, after all. I'm afraid I have been too severe with her. Poor thing; she is to be pitied; being torn away as she was from her parents, of whom she seems always to be thinking."

When Mrs. Williamson entered the chamber, and perceived that the bed had not been disturbed, that Priscilla was not there, but that a

number of her garments were scattered carelessly about the room, as though she had left in haste, she was more surprised than ever. She knew not what to think.

She immediately called her husband, showed him the condition of the room, and asked his opinion of such conduct.

"It was a good home to the obstinate little Puritan, and I don't know why she should want to leave us," said the woman. "It's too bad to be treated in this manner, after all the care I have taken of her. I have treated her as though she was my own daughter."

Her husband did not contradict her, although he thought, if a daughter of his was subjected to all that he knew Priscilla had experienced there, he would soon change her situation.

Stephen was now called, to tell if he knew any thing of Priscilla's movements. But he knew nothing. Priscilla had made a confidant of no one.

"We must make inquiries," said Mr. Williamson, "and if we cannot find her, she must look out for herself. Her going away in this secret manner is her own act, and for the consequences she will have no one to blame but herself."

After an ill-prepared breakfast, eaten in a

worse humor, all of the family commenced their inquiries. But nothing could be heard of Priscilla. No one had seen her — no one knew where she had gone.

It was acknowledged that she had managed her elopement very adroitly, though some surprise was expressed that she had not taken more of her clothing.

In a few days the affair became an old story, and was nearly forgotten by all the family except one — that was Stephen. He knew not why it was, but his thoughts were almost constantly upon Priscilla. He called to recollection many instances of her kindness to him, and many of the remarks which she made to him when they were alone. No one missed her as much as he.

“I wonder,” thought he, “if she thinks of me as much as I do of her. I wonder if she would like to see me, or if she will ever write to me. O that I knew where she was gone! I would try to have an interview with her, if it was only for a moment.”

For a number of weeks Stephen appeared unusually depressed. He frequently spoke of Priscilla, but never in such a manner as to awaken in his parents' mind the thought that he had for her any special regard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

ABOUT six months after Priscilla's departure, as Mr. Williamson entered his house, one day at noon, he astonished his wife by the sudden announcement, "Well, wife, I have learned all about Priscilla. She's gone to America!"

"Gone to America!" exclaimed the lady, in great surprise; "gone to America! How did she get money to pay her passage?"

"Perhaps she didn't pay," replied her husband, smiling.

"The artful jade didn't adopt men's clothes, and work her passage, did she?" asked the lady.

"Not exactly. She smuggled herself aboard, and kept out of the way until the vessel was so far off, that the captain thought it best not to return."

"What a cunning trollop! What did she say when she was finally discovered?"

Mr. Williamson related all the circumstances as they were communicated by the captain of

the Reindeer, who had just arrived, and who corroborated his statement by the documents signed by the passengers.

"The best joke of all," said the owner, "is, she said that she had lived with me four years without pay, and she thinks that ought to be an offset for the price of her passage."

"That's a pretty character to give us," replied the indignant woman. "Who took her in when her own parents had abandoned her? and who has supported her for the last four years? Work without pay!" continued she, in a peculiarly sneering manner. "I should like to know at what price she holds her services. But there, I'm glad we've heard from her; and so long as she has run away, I am not sorry she is gone where it is not likely she will ever return."

The recent intelligence from Priscilla was the absorbing topic of the dinner table. No one was more deeply interested than Stephen. He said little himself, but eagerly listened to all the remarks which were made by others.

He had now arrived at an age when it was desirable to commence acquiring a knowledge of some kind of business. He was accordingly taken by his father into his counting room. Mr. Williamson was concerned in a number

of vessels, which trafficked to different parts of the world; and the business was of such a nature as to give employment to a number of clerks. It was not difficult, therefore, to find a berth for Stephen. He was accordingly installed in a subordinate capacity. But he could not forget Priscilla. He secretly resolved that if ever an opportunity occurred, he would go to America and try to find her.

It was not long before such an opportunity presented itself. The Reindeer was going back there. Mr. Williamson, (ignorant of the feelings of his son towards Priscilla,) believing that it would be to his own advantage, and at the same time highly improving to Stephen, asked him how he should like to go out, as supercargo, to America. No proposition could have been more agreeable to him. Since he first heard the Reindeer was going there, he had been contriving some measures to go with her. He replied to the question of his father, "I should like to go very much, and if you have no objection, I should be pleased to remain in America a short time, and see if I could not obtain a good situation."

"No objection at all. If a favorable opening presents itself, I should be glad to assist you in getting into business there. In the

course of time, we might be able to consign our goods to you, and get you to purchase merchandise for us as our agent. Look around when you arrive there, and let me know minutely all the facts concerning any prospects that open before you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TWO SERMONS.

FOR several months Stephen had been more than usually interested in the duties of religion. Although many of the preachers in the established church, during the administration of Laud, were very tame, both in respect to the matter and manner of their sermons, yet there were some exceptions. Amongst these was the Rev. Mr. Carter, a man who exemplified in his own life all the Christian virtues, and who, as a minister, labored assiduously for the conversion of men from the error of their ways to the wisdom of the just. In his sentiments he was highly evangelical, and in his preaching plain, direct, and pungent. Wherever he went he was always listened to with interest by the religious portion of the congregation, but was generally unpopular with worldly and formal professors, on account of his severe rebukes and solemn admonitions.

He supplied the pulpit one Sabbath in the church which Mr. Williamson's family were

accustomed to attend. His text in the morning was Gen. iv. 10 — “What hast thou done?” In answering this question, he showed the sinful, the condemned, and the helpless condition of men. He portrayed vividly the great guilt and danger of transgressors, and showed the utter hopelessness of their state, if left to themselves. This was intended as introductory to the afternoon discourse, which was from Acts ii. 37 — “What shall we do?” — and in which he opened the plan of salvation so plainly, that a person of the weakest comprehension might have understood it. He illustrated in a clear and forcible manner, now that propitiation had been effected between God and men by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, that all that was wanting on the part of the transgressor was repentance of sin and faith in the Lord Jesus. “This do, and thou shalt live.”

Mrs. Williamson was not at all interested. She said she thought he would make a good ranting Methodist. Her husband imagined that he discovered in him strong tendencies to Puritanism. But on Stephen the effect was widely different. He said but little, for he knew that he should meet with no sympathy at home. The two texts were much in his thoughts; and he felt that the description of

character which was given in the morning discourse was true in its application to himself. Though his convictions were not deep, they were enough so to induce him to confess that he was a sinner against the Supreme Being, and as such was justly under the condemnatory sentence of the divine law. "It is perfectly reasonable that I should confess my sins and accept of the divine clemency which is offered me in the gospel. I will do so; I will repent of my sins, will trust in the atoning death of Christ for pardon, and will devote myself sincerely to the promotion of his cause." He experienced no great joy when he formed this resolution. It was the result of calm deliberation. He saw that it was his duty, and for that reason was determined to perform it.

Whilst it cannot be denied that every conversion is effected by the influences of the Holy Spirit, and hence that there is in them all unity in respect to their efficient cause, yet the emotions — the mental characteristics which are experienced at such times — are greatly diversified. In the case of Stephen there was nothing particularly prominent. No pungent distress; no ecstatic joy. Indeed, he could never tell when the great change was experienced. The most satisfactory evidence of

piety which he ever had consisted in the real interest which he cherished for the promotion of religion. He was not driven by the fear of punishment, nor drawn by the hope of reward. Mere emotion constituted but a slight element in his conversion. He entered upon a religious life because it seemed to him to be right, and he was determined to do right. He was no fanatic — no enthusiast. Being habitually actuated by settled convictions of what was duty, he was not dependent upon the ever-changing impulses of his nature to move him to action. His change was not particularly perceptible in his external conduct, owing to the fact that in all his deportment he was previously upright, conscientious, and discreet. To a casual observer, there seemed to be no alteration whatever. But there was an alteration. It was evinced in his daily perusal of the Scriptures; in his constant observance of secret prayer; in the sincerity and solemnity of his services in the house of God; and in his efforts to advance, as opportunity offered, the interests of religion.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFFECTING NARRATIVES.

It was shortly after this important change that Stephen entered upon the discharge of his duties as supercargo of the Reindeer. Not having much to do on shipboard after the voyage had commenced, he spent the most of his time in reading religious books, of which he had furnished himself with a good variety, and by means of which he became well acquainted with evangelical sentiments, and the arguments by which they are supported.

Although Mr. Williamson disliked the Puritans, and approved the stringent measures which were adopted to suppress them, or to compel them to conform, yet he was not unwilling to aid their escape from the country, even against law, provided he got well paid for his assistance.

"Puritan pounds," said he, "are current, though Puritan piety is at a discount. The rogues will get to America some way, and I may as well reap the benefit of their emigra-

tion as others. Besides, as long as I shall be helping to put them out of the way, why should the government complain? By removing the cause, I shall be assisting to allay the agitation of the public."

How gracefully a man can dupe himself by false reasoning, when it favors his own interest! So long as Mr. Williamson's false logic reasoned money into his pocket, it easily satisfied his judgment and his conscience. He could enter into secret negotiations with the Puritans to furnish them a passage to America, provided they would compensate him handsomely for the risk he incurred of detection and punishment by the government. On terms highly favorable to himself, he had granted passages for a company of thirteen, amongst whom were two ministers. These, however, were not individuals who had separated themselves entirely from the established church of England, but persons who, whilst they cherished an ardent affection for the doctrines and the ceremonies of that church, whilst they loved its liturgy and revered its bishops, were yet strongly opposed to the innovations which had been introduced by Archbishop Laud—men who, if novel, and what they deemed Popish rites and customs had not been introduced into the ritual, and

made obligatory upon all, would have lived and died in the bosom of the establishment. They loved the church, but mourned over its corruptions.

From these passengers Stephen learned more of the character of Laud's administration than he knew before. He ascertained the practical working of his novel measures, and learned particularly why it was that they were so unwelcome to a large portion of the people. Whilst to some it seemed a small affair whether, according to the requirements of Laud, they bowed at the name of Christ, when it was uttered in the services by the clergyman, or not; whether they regarded the Lord's supper as a real sacrifice, and the bread as the real body of Christ, or as only a commemorative ordinance, and the bread as a mere symbol; whether the communion table was placed in the centre of the chancel, or at the east side of the chancel, and there made in the form of an altar, having two or three steps for its ascent, and enclosed with a railing — whilst some viewed all these as matters of indifference, yet others regarded them as highly important; made them subjects of conscience, and would not on any account yield to the enjoined innovation. Their refusal to conform to these requirements of the arch-

bishop subjected them to all kinds of annoyances. Men who were sound in the belief of Christian doctrines, unexceptionable in their deportment, and laborious in the discharge of their pastoral duties, and who had occupied for many years the same field of labor, until they were surrounded by large congregations ardently attached to them, were, on account of their non-conformity in these non-essential particulars, fined, censured, and removed from their livings. Many of them were reduced to poverty and suffering. Their people, too, were subjected to similar cruelties. But such was their attachment to what they believed to be truth and duty, that they preferred to endure all this rather than violate their conscience.

Over two thousand ministers were, on these accounts, deprived of their livings, and prohibited the exercise of their ministerial functions. Many of them were subjected to fines and confiscations, which swept away all their property. Others were beaten, thrown into prison, and treated with the greatest inhumanity, which in some instances resulted in their death.

“I don't recognize the right of government to compel us to perform religious ceremonies contrary to the convictions of our own judgment and conscience,” said Rev. Mr. Blaisdell, when

in conversation with others upon the quarter deck.

“If it is right for government to oblige us to do some things against our conscience, it is right to oblige us to do many things; and then we might as well be destitute of conscience.”

“Very true,” replied Mr. Fairbanks. “Though it was a severe trial for me to tear myself away from the spot where I have lived and labored for the last twenty years, yet I have chosen to do it rather than remain there with a polluted conscience. But it was a heavy affliction. There was the garden on which I had bestowed immense pains and labor. During all these years, I have diligently cultivated it. I filled it with the rarest flowers; I planted it with the choicest fruit; I grafted all the trees. Every tree has a history — something peculiar to itself. In that parsonage all my children were born. In the village cemetery are the remains of two of them — one on each side of their mother. With the inmates of every house I was acquainted, and by large numbers I know I was beloved. It was my flock. They had grown up around me, and I felt a shepherd’s interest in them all.” The good man wept as he called to recollection those whom he had left.

“Still, with all my attachment for the place .

and the pulpit, I could not conform and remain with them with a good conscience. With just enough to pay my passage to America, I have left all those objects of interest, to commit myself to the uncertainties of the future, in a new world. I go to enjoy religious liberty — where I shall be permitted to cherish my own religious opinions, without being subjected to the persecuting edicts of the powers that be.”

“I never could see,” said Stephen, “what right the government had to dictate to the people their religious creeds.”

“There are many other things which the government does, of which I presume you do not see the rightfulness.”

“Very true ; but this has always seemed to me to be so far beyond the proper authority of government, that I wonder the people submit to it.”

“All the people do not submit. Our being on board this vessel to-day is the proof, and the consequence, that we will not submit. No man, whether priest, archbishop, or king, shall coerce my religious views.”

“But are you certain that the colonial government in America will not interfere with your theological views ?”

“How can they ? They know the evil of it.

Persecution has driven them from their own land. It would be the most palpable inconsistency for them to inflict upon others that from which they have fled themselves."

"So it seems to me," said Stephen. "They would be as bad as their persecutors, for they would be guilty of similar conduct."

The effect of the various conversations of Stephen with the passengers was, to awaken in his mind a deep sympathy in their behalf. Although he had been brought up under the influence of the established church, of which his parents were members, of the "straitest sect," who justified every measure of the government, he did not by any means partake of all their views. The laws which had been passed against the non-conformists in the church, and the dissenters who had separated from it, appeared to him both unjust and cruel. He could not, therefore, refrain from rejoicing that an asylum was offered them in the new world, where they would be free from this spiritual tyranny. Each of the company had a personal history of sufferings, arising from the iniquitous policy which had been pursued by Laud. As Stephen became sufficiently acquainted to converse with the different passengers, his astonishment was daily increased by

discovering the numerous ways in which the ecclesiastical laws of the kingdom were fatal to the happiness, not only of those who could not conscientiously comply with them, but to all such also as were in any wise dependent upon these — as wives, children, servants, or workmen. Consequently, his aversion to those laws was greatly increased.

Finding in him a sympathizing friend, the passengers disclosed to him fully the bitter experience through which they had passed, for not denying what they sincerely believed, or for refusing to perform what they considered was positively wrong. At times his eyes were filled with tears, and his blood boiled as he listened to their affecting and exciting narratives.

It was usual for the passengers to have daily devotions on board, and preaching, when the weather would permit. As these exercises received their coloring from the peculiar circumstances in which the Puritans were placed, their tendency was to lessen in the mind of Stephen his prejudices and opposition towards their views, and to create a dislike towards the ritual of the Episcopal church.

After a passage of moderate length, the Reindeer arrived at Boston. Stephen was now full of business. It was his place to see that

all articles of merchandise taken on board, and of which he had kept the account, were delivered or accounted for. This being over, he looked around for a boarding-place, and after considerable trouble, nearly all the houses being filled by the new arrivals, he succeeded in obtaining accommodations.

A small attic chamber, only large enough to contain his trunk and bed, with a small table, and a single chair, were all the conveniences that could be afforded him. With these he managed to make himself quite comfortable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUSPECTED HERETICS.

By means of letters which he had brought with him from England, Stephen was soon introduced to the most prominent families of the colony. The character and social position of his father, being well known, assisted in eliciting the interest of the people in his behalf. It was not long before he obtained a desirable situation in the store of Mr. Strongfaith Bates. This was a peculiar establishment. As a store, it furnished the colonists with such groceries, dry goods, and other articles for domestic purposes, as they were not supplied with from other sources. In addition to this, it was a place of exchange, or barter, where the productions of the English were exchanged for the furs, moccasins, game, and other articles brought into the settlement by the Indians. Being both the store and the "trucking house" of the colony, it was a place of public resort for the men — a kind of social exchange, where were picked up all the floating items of intelligence, and

where all the topics of the times were freely discussed. It was a place of so much importance in the infant settlement, that the dignitaries in the church and state did not think it unbecoming their position to visit it, and, as occasion required, to take part in conversation. At different times, principles of law, government, and religion were there fully canvassed. This furnished Stephen with the opportunity of learning more of the Puritan character and spirit than he could have acquired in any other position in the town.

One day, when several of them, according to their usual practice, had assembled there, among whom were Endicott, Pynchon, and Dudley, three leading men in the colony, the conversation turned upon a subject that had occasioned considerable excitement amongst the people.

"I am somewhat suspicious," said Endicott, in a low confidential tone of voice, "that our brother of the mill is tainted with this pestilent heresy."

"Indeed! what makes you think so?" asked Pynchon.

"I noticed," continued Endicott, "that last Sabbath, when our pastor was baptizing the child of brother Aldersey, he held his head

down, and refused to behold the edifying ordinance."

"We must keep our eye upon him, then, for the apostle, you know, commands us to 'mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them.'"

"And a wise command it is, too, Dudley; for unless we deal with these errorists with a strong hand, their heresy will spread as doth a pestilence."

"True, true," said Pynchon; "the surest way is to nip it in the bud—to crush the viper while it's young."

Stephen, who was at the desk, making an entry of some goods he had just sold, paused in his writing at hearing such language.

"I fear," said Endicott, "that we shall have more trouble with these errorists than some of us dream of. I learn that there are a number of them in different parts of the colony. We may rest assured that they will not keep quiet. Their past history, as well as that of the stiff-necked Familists, shows that they are not content with holding their opinions; but, as a matter of religious duty, they are active in making proselytes. Their heresy is like the leprosy, very spreading and contagious. And if I could

have my way, I would treat them as lepers were anciently treated — I would shut them up by themselves; or, if they ran loose, I would have their heads shaved, their lips covered, and oblige them, whenever any one approached them, to cry out, ‘I am unclean, unclean.’ They are like prolific weeds in the garden of the Lord. The sooner they are rooted up, the better will it be for Zion.”

“I hope,” said Pyncheon, “that the great Head of the church will give our godly ministers and magistrates the wisdom that cometh from above, and which is profitable to direct in every emergency.”

The impression made on the mind of Stephen by this conversation was painful. It seemed to him as if he detected the spirit of Laud in the remarks he had heard. If the principles which had been expressed were to be carried out, he thought they would lead to scenes similar to those which had been acted under the direction of the archbishop. He experienced special solicitude for the suspected heretic, although he knew not who it was.

“I think,” said Dudley, addressing himself to Endicott, “that you had better inform the minister of your suspicions immediately, and let him, as the priest did under the Jewish law,

examine the supposed leper; for you know that, under the law, if a man was suspected of having the leprosy, he was brought to the priest for examination, and if the hair of the flesh was turned white, and the plague in sight was deeper than the skin of his flesh, the priest declared it leprosy, and the man was treated as unclean.* In like manner our minister ought to have an interview with our mill brother, to see whether your suspicions are correct—whether the hair in the plague is turned white, and whether the sore is more than skin deep.”

“Well,” said Strongfaith, who had thus far been a silent, though, for special reasons, a deeply-interested listener, “suppose the sore proves to be not only skin deep, but heart and soul deep—what then?”

“What then!” echoed Endicott, with unusual warmth; “why, let our godly Cotton, who is a skilful physician in treating diseased souls, administer a spiritual medicine. By the application of a strong theological plaster he may heal the sore.”

“But suppose the application is unsuccessful; suppose the sore is irritated, and

* Lev. xiii. 3.

becomes inflamed by the treatment; what then?"

"What then!" repeated Endicott, with earnestness; "why, I would have him brought before the church and the magistrates, and treated as all heretics deserve."

A number of customers now entered the store, who interrupted the conversation, and the parties separated.

After they had left the store, as they were walking slowly through the street, Endicott, who was walking between the other two, said, in a low, measured tone of voice, "Do you know whether Strongfaith Bates is well established in the truth?"

"I know nothing to the contrary," replied Pyncheon. Dudley remained silent.

"I did not like," continued Endicott, "his questions, nor his manner of propounding them. Why is he so anxious to know how the mill brother would be treated if guilty of heresy, unless he have a little of the bad leaven himself?"

"True, true," said Dudley; "and why should he have indulged the supposition that the treatment of the minister would increase the difficulty, unless he was well convinced of the obstinacy of the case?"

"It would not be surprising if they had had private conferences upon the subject."

"And, as birds of a feather flock together, they probably sympathize with each other."

"We must endeavor to ascertain the facts," said Pyncheon, "for the question has crossed my mind, more than once, Why do those who are known to be tainted with this heresy frequent Bates's store. I should think that he had the custom of them from all the different settlements, for I have seen suspicious persons there from Weymouth, Swansea, and Lynn; and now I remember what I had forgotten — that last week I took up his Bible in the store, and upon opening it, found that the leaves were turned to several passages referring to the disputed subject."

"Indeed!" replied Endicott, "evidence thickens. We must be on our guard, or we shall find these errorists will increase like the locusts of Egypt."

"Yes, and like them they will destroy every green thing in the garden of the Lord," added Dudley. The evil must be prevented, and if it can be brought about in no other way, we must use an iron rod, as we did in the case of the heretical and blasphemous Gorton,

and his adherents." This was said with emphasis.

The parties now reached a corner of the street, or more properly road, where they separated; each going in a different direction homeward.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NAME EXPLAINED.

AFTER the customers had been waited upon, and all had left the store, Stephen asked his employer what heresy was alluded to, in the conversation he had just heard.

“They call it Anabaptism, and those who hold to it Anabaptists; but that, I think, is a term of reproach.”

“Anabaptists?” said Stephen, musingly; “and who are they?”

“They are persons who maintain that the doctrine of infant baptism is not taught in the Scriptures — that none only but those who have repented of sin, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, ought to be baptized, and that the ordinance can be properly administered only by immersion.”

“But why do they call them Anabaptists?” inquired Stephen, with a strong accent upon the first syllable of the word.

“As explained by our minister, in a sermon which he preached against this people a few

Sabbaths ago, the word *Anabaptism* means re-baptism, or baptism again ; and it is given to them because they baptize or immerse those who have received the ordinance in their infancy."

"That is," continued Stephen, "if a person who has been sprinkled in infancy is afterwards convinced that that was not baptism, and then, upon his own profession of repentance and faith, is baptized by immersion, him they call an Anabaptist."

"Yes, precisely." *

"Do you know any of these people?" asked Stephen.

Mr. Bates paused. He knew that these people were objects of dislike and hatred to the Puritans, and would probably be proceeded against ecclesiastically and legally, by the

* We have given, in the above conversation, the common opinion respecting the views of the Anabaptists. But recent researches into their history have shown that these popular opinions are incorrect. The Anabaptists were not, as a general thing, immersionists. Their history abounds with instances of their administering sprinkling. When they baptized by immersion, it was an exception to their general practice. They were called *Ana*-baptists because they denied the validity of the baptism of the Papal church, and re-sprinkled or baptized those who had received the ordinance at the hands of Romish priests. They were very far, therefore, from embracing the sentiments of the Baptists of the present day ; and cannot, with the least propriety, be identified with them.

church and the government, and he did not wish to be known as one of their confidential acquaintances, lest that fact should become public, and he be called upon to testify against them, and perhaps be officially censured himself. Although he knew that Stephen was not a member of any church, yet he was ignorant of his views upon the question at issue between that people and the standing order; he therefore carelessly remarked, in reply to his inquiry, —

“Some of them come in here occasionally.”

“Are they timid about expressing their sentiments?”

“Not at all. I have heard them argue here with some of our church, by the hour together.”

“What is their character?”

“They are honest, upright men; firm believers in the gospel of Jesus Christ; conscientious; fearless, but perhaps a little too forward in making known their dissent from the doctrine of infant baptism.”

“Are they in danger of persecution?”

“Why, as to that, you heard what was said here a few moments ago, by those three brethren, from which you may draw an inference.”

“My inference, then, is,” replied Stephen, instantly, “that if those three persons expressed the real spirit of the leading men of the colony,

these Anabaptists will soon find themselves in hot water. I thought I could detect in their manner and tones of voice the same persecuting hate which I frequently saw the Episcopalians in my father's house exhibit towards the non-conformists. O, how much cruelty was inflicted upon them because they would not, and could not with a good conscience, comply with the despotic laws of the kingdom concerning religious matters !”

“ I know all about it,” replied Mr. Strong-faith Bates, “ for I passed through the ordeal with my brethren, and to escape it we came to this uncivilized wilderness ; settled down amid savage beasts, and more savage men, that here we might enjoy our religious opinions unmolested by government.”

“ And yet,” said Stephen, “ you are about to pursue the same course against these unoffending Baptists that you so strongly condemn when directed against yourselves. Is this consistent ? ”

A slight smile lighted up the countenance of Strongfaith. He was pleased with the tenor and spirit of Stephen's remark and question, and to draw him into a more full commitment of himself, he replied, —

“ What do you think of it ? ”

"I think of it?" said he, with considerable animation; "I will tell you;" and then, speaking more deliberately, but with no less emphasis than before, he added, "If the Puritans persecute these people because of their difference of religious principle and practice, they ought forever to keep silent respecting the cruelties themselves received from the established church at home. Their own course will justify the persecuting measures of Archbishop Laud. They will develop a similar spirit, and be in like manner guilty of injustice and cruelty."

"Then you would have no sympathy with a church or government which should attempt to crush what they believed to be religious errors, by severe penal enactments?"

"No. I go for freedom of thought."

Mr. Bates was now relieved. He knew not but that Stephen was in sympathy with the rulers, and might become an informer, and in that case he was aware that in the course of time he would be able to make disclosures of a most important nature; as his store was the only common resort of these suspected citizens, who there expressed themselves freely. He therefore resolved to make a confidant of his clerk in religious as well as in commercial

affairs, and let him know exactly how he stood. Stephen would then perceive, he thought, the best course to pursue, when any of the church or the civil officers were in the store. It would make him more attentive to what was uttered by others, and more prudent in what he said himself. He accordingly replied, —

“ There are a considerable number amongst us who go for the same thing; individuals who are very free, not only to think for themselves, but also to give utterance to their thoughts. It is proper that you should know, Stephen, that these Baptists are scattered around in the different settlements, and almost all of them are my customers. They come here from Rehoboth, Swansea, and Lynn, and as I always express a tolerant spirit towards them, and manifest an interest in their welfare, they have made quite a confidant of me. Indeed, I have heard them argue so frequently upon the points at issue between them and us, that I am not so sure they are wrong. Still, I am not prepared to yield the ground. To own the truth, Stephen, I am examining the whole subject for myself. This I have never done before. My parents believed in the validity of infant baptism, and had it administered to all their children. The ministers under whose instructions

I have always sat repeatedly preached upon its importance. I have, therefore, taken it for granted, as correct. And this, I presume, is the case with many others. They believe in it as a scriptural ordinance, because their parents and pastors have so taught them. *They have never examined the subject for themselves.* I have heard so much upon this topic recently, that my faith in infant sprinkling is a little shaken, and I am determined to settle the matter by as thorough an examination of the whole ground as I am capable of giving it."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

THE conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of a customer. After he was waited upon, Stephen went home to tea, pondering with deep thoughtfulness upon the things that he had heard. His course led him near one of those brooks of which, at that day, there were a number which ran into the harbor. This was one of the widest and deepest. Over it was thrown a rough bridge of logs. As in flood tide the salt water of the ocean flowed into this stream, bearing with it, at different seasons of the year, a variety of the finny tribes, it was a great fishing-place for the boys. Sometimes with lines, at other times with nets, they might here be seen busily engaged in what was to them a profitable sport. As Stephen crossed the bridge, he noticed a small boy sitting astride the end of a log which projected a little distance over the side of the bridge. As the little fellow turned to look upon the passing stranger, it seemed to Stephen that his features

were familiar. "Surely," thought he to himself, "I have seen that face before, but where I cannot tell." He did not, however, stop to ask his name, but pressed on towards home. He had not gone far before his attention was arrested by a simultaneous loud cry from a number of the children. He turned to ascertain the cause. He saw that all the boys on the bridge were in confusion. Fishing was suspended. Two or three of the larger boys had commenced running up along the banks of the stream. The cries continued: the words "Help! help!" he could distinctly recognize. He immediately ran back with all speed. Before he arrived at the bridge, he learned the nature of the trouble. "A boy overboard! a boy drowning!" reached his ear. The group of children were filled with dismay.

"Where did he fall in?" asked Stephen, as rapidly as he could speak.

"Here; but the tide has carried him away."

The water was deep; the current was flowing strongly, and the boy was under the surface. There seemed no chance of saving him. Presently he was seen to rise some distance up the stream. "There he is," shouted a dozen voices at once.

Stephen started off towards the drowning

lad with the swiftness of the wind. Whilst running along the bank, he threw off his hat and coat, so as to be as little encumbered as possible. Seeing that the tide was sweeping the little fellow along, he concluded to get ahead of him, and then leap in the water, and seize him as he floated towards him. But whilst deciding upon the course to be adopted, the boy again disappeared. "He is gone." "I'm afraid we shan't get him." "O, how his mother will feel!" said the children, speaking to one another as they ran along the shore.

Stephen had passed on until he had gotten beyond where he supposed the boy had been carried by the current. Here the bank was elevated, and projected a short distance into the stream, forming a miniature cape. On this bank he paused, and looked down the stream to see if there were any indications of the child's approach. Presently he saw something dark under the water, being borne along by the strong current. Whether it was the boy he knew not. But believing that if he passed that point it would be impossible to save him, and thinking it unlikely that any other large object would be carried into the brook such a distance from the harbor, he resolved to solve his doubts.

"Isn't that he?" said a boy, pointing to the same object as it neared the bank.

"I'll see," said Stephen, and immediately plunged head foremost into the stream. He swam under the water, and in a few moments rose, with one hand firmly grasping the garments of the drowning child.

"He's got him, he's got him," said the children as they collected together on the bank.

Stephen had no idea of the strength of the current. It was with difficulty that he kept himself and the child above the water.

There was danger of their being swept by the little cape, and in that case, as the brook widened into quite a pond, the chance of saving the boy would be greatly diminished. Fully realizing all the circumstances of the case, and strongly excited by the occasion, Stephen put forth almost superhuman power. Holding the child with one hand, and swimming as well as he was able with the other, he succeeded in reaching the shore and laying the boy upon the grass.

The moment Stephen saw his features, he recognized them as those of the little boy whom he had seen sitting astride the log on the bridge. They appeared familiar. "I have surely seen this child before, but where or

when I know not." In an instant the truth flashed upon his mind. "O, can it be? I will know. Whose boy is it?" asked he.

"There is his father," said one of the children, as a man, who had just arrived, pressed his way through the crowd. Stephen looked at him earnestly, and had his hopes strengthened. "O, my son, my son! the Lord hath delivered thee from deep waters." The little boy, who was insensible when first brought to the shore, gradually came to. As he opened his dark eyes, after being rubbed by Stephen and his father, he faintly said, "Am I here? am I alive?"

"Yes, my son, God hath snatched thee from destruction, and to him be the glory."

"O, I thought," said the little boy, "when I first saw the light, that I was in heaven, in the midst of the angels, and that I saw the glory of God."

"No, Abel, that was illusion; thanks to the Lord, you are still with us."

"Abel, Abel!" thought Stephen; "that was her father's name! It would be strange if my suspicions should prove correct."

A number of men were now collected around, one of whom said, "Mr. *Eaton*, had we not better carry the boy to the house?"



Stephen needed no more. The whole mystery was now cleared up. He had never seen the boy before, but he had beheld similar features. There was a resemblance, also, in the countenance of the father. And if any doubt had existed in his mind, it was removed upon hearing their names.

After the boy had revived more fully, some of the neighbors offered assistance to carry him home.

"Not," said Mr. Eaton, "till I have rendered thanks to him whom the Lord used as the instrument of saving him. Where is he?"

They looked around, but Stephen was nowhere to be seen. So soon as he ascertained who the little boy was, he took advantage of the first favorable moment, when the attention of all was centred upon the child, and quietly slipped off. On his way home, he was filled with conflicting joyous emotions. "Another chain unites me to Priscilla. I have saved her brother from death. I have seen her father. I know the place of their residence. How strange that this should be the manner of my finding them. I wonder if Priscilla found them — if she is now with them. O that I knew!"

These, with thoughts of a similar nature, opened the fountains of his tears. Again and

again did he brush these proofs of intense emotion from his eye.

Not having heard from Priscilla since her arrival, except through the captain of the vessel that brought her over ; not knowing whether she had found her parents, and if she had not, being ignorant of their feelings towards his own parents and himself, Stephen felt great delicacy about revealing himself. He thought it best to slip away for the present, and let things take their natural course.

In a settlement so small as Boston was then, it was impossible for the clerk of any store not to be generally known ; so, that, although Stephen disappeared from the crowd, it was an easy matter for Mr. Eaton to learn from the children that he was the young man connected with Mr. Strongfaith Bates's store. " I will see him then soon, and let him know my gratitude for his heroic kindness. Can you tell me his name ? "

" Stephen Williamson," was the answer.

" Williamson, Williamson," thought Mr. Eaton ; " can it be one of the family to whom Priscilla was taken when she was so unfortunately left behind in England ? It may be so ; and if so, he may not be particularly pleased to

form our acquaintance. She certainly mentioned one of the name of Stephen in her letter, after her arrival. She expressed much interest in him too. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Truly, his ways are past finding out.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SINGULAR DISCOVERIES.

THE delivered boy was taken home, and all the circumstances related to his mother. After the little fellow was carefully placed in bed, the two parents knelt and offered devout and earnest thanksgiving to God for his delivering mercy. They prayed that, as Moses, after he was drawn from the waters of the Nile, became an eminent servant of God, so their son might, after this perilous adventure, devote himself to the service of the same holy Being, and become in some humble sense a leader of the hosts of Israel.

They remembered also his deliverer, and prayed that he might be under the special protection of Heaven.

A number of the neighbors, under the impulse of friendly interest, now came in to congratulate the Eatons upon the signal favor which they had received from divine Providence.

“The dear little boy,” said the talkative Mrs.

Strangger. "O, how I should have missed him. He stopped almost daily at my house, and was always so interesting! It seemed to me as if he knew every body in the colony." The truth was, Mrs. Strangger, in order to make a few pennies, had placed in the one window of her little hut, which opened on the road, some cakes, a few toys, and two or three gaudily painted Scripture pictures, to attract the attention of the children on their way to and from school. She had, also, a few bunches of different kinds of roots and herbs, which she sold to such of the colonists as were afflicted with the complaints for which the little bent old woman said they were a sovereign remedy. She kept an embryo store. When the children stepped in to spend a penny, which occasionally came into their possession, the inquisitive storekeeper would enter into conversation with them, and, in connection with all the floating news, and her sage comments upon them, she managed to introduce a variety of questions concerning the domestic affairs of their own and their neighbors' families. In this way she kept herself supplied with the latest information respecting not only the prominent, but also the minor events of the colony. It was a great mystery to some how she learned so much

about others. No boy was more communicative than little Abel Eaton. Being of an amiable disposition, he was a favorite with the colonists, and, mingling freely amongst them, he learned much concerning their respective family matters. Being unsuspicious and communicative, Mrs. Strangger was able to obtain more news from him, respecting the affairs of others, than from any other child that dropped into her store. She meant, therefore, all she said in the remark she had just made. She would have missed him greatly.

"How wonderful has been the mercy God has conferred upon you!" said one. "How great is your occasion for thanksgiving!"

"True, true," interrupted Mrs. Strangger; "and if they are not thankful, a great change has come over them; for Goodman Eaton has always been accustomed to lay a thank offering upon his domestic altar, whenever any special blessing has been conferred."

"I know not," said another, "why such an offering should not be placed upon the altar every day. For truly, to deliver a child from the water is not a greater blessing than to prevent a child from falling into the stream. Here some of us have children of various ages. They have been down to that bridge, and to other

exposed places, hundreds of times, and have never fallen in. Why should we not be as thankful for preventing mercy as our sister Eaton for delivering favor?"

"A good thought. We are prone to overlook our common blessings, and dwell with interest upon those only which are unusual. I have just come from sister Painter's, who, you know, is just recovering from a long and painful illness, which has followed her confinement. If she has reason for gratitude that her health is returning, how much greater reason have we, that ours has not left us! During these long and weary weeks that she has been suffering from her distressing malady, we have been free from pain. Should we not, then, be truly thankful?"

As Abel had now fallen into a gentle slumber, the company conversed in lower tones of voice, and soon after left the house.

After partaking of their frugal evening meal, and offering the usual evening prayer, in which there were again special allusions to the deliverance of their dear boy from a watery grave, Mr. Eaton went down to Mr. Bates's trucking house, to express his obligations to the young man who had saved his son. Fortunately, Stephen, who had had time to change his gar-

ments, take his tea, and return, was alone in the store. A favorable opportunity was thus afforded for uninterrupted conversation.

When Mr. Eaton entered the store, Stephen was reading the Bible. He raised his eyes from the book as he perceived some one entering, and when they beheld each other, they were both abashed. Each was strongly confident who the other was, whilst each believed himself unknown. Both thought that they had the advantage of the other, but were ignorant what would be the other's feelings if a disclosure should be made; and yet both were resolved that a disclosure should be made before they separated. They were both filled with anxiety and suspense, each hoping to derive from the other new information respecting the *same individual*, yet uncertain whether such information would be received. Priscilla was in the minds of both!

"I have come," said Mr. Eaton, with puritanic formality, "as in duty bound, to express to you the indebtedness of myself and wife for your deliverance, under God, of our only boy, and for aught we know, our only child, from a watery grave. To express the fulness of our feelings is impossible. We can only say that from our inmost souls we thank you, and pray

God that you may meet with an abundant reward."

"I have only done my duty," was the brief reply of the embarrassed young man.

"That does not lessen our obligations of gratitude," rejoined Mr. Eaton. "What may I call your name?" continued he, anxious to reach the denouement as soon as possible.

"Williamson — Stephen Williamson."

"It seems to me I have heard that name before."

"Very likely; for my father is a merchant engaged in the American colonial commerce, and his vessels often visit New England. But may I know whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Abel Eaton."

"I can say then, with you, sir, it seems to me as if I had heard that name before I came here."

"I know not how that can be, unless you were acquainted with my lost daughter."

Stephen's heart sank within him. "Is she then lost? Shall I never see her again?" thought he; but no time was left for revery. Recovering himself from the abstraction which this remark of Mr. Eaton occasioned, he asked, —

"What was your daughter's name?"

"Priscilla," answered the father.

"I knew a young girl of that name once. She lived in my father's family, until she came to this country in one of my father's vessels."

"What was the name of the vessel?" asked Mr. Eaton.

"The Reindeer," was the reply.

"Indeed; then you are the Stephen whom Priscilla wrote of in her letter."

"And you are Priscilla's father." They both, as with one impulse, grasped each other, and shook hands with as much warmth as though they were old, confidential friends, meeting after a long separation.

"Do you know the whereabouts of Priscilla now?" asked Stephen.

"That's the very question I was about to ask you."

When they learned, as they soon did, that they were equally ignorant of Priscilla's present condition, or of any evidence whether she was dead or alive, they then indulged in conversation upon their reminiscences of her. Stephen told all that he knew of her prior to her leaving England, not omitting the unkindness which she received because of her aversion to prelacy, though he endeavored to avoid indulging in

any censures of his parents. The manner in which he expressed himself, however, convinced Mr. Eaton that he had no sympathy, either with this unkindness, nor with the spirit of which it was the fruit; whilst, on the other hand, Stephen was soon convinced that Mr. Eaton had no unfriendly feelings towards him.

They each communicated to the other all that they knew of the missing girl. She was a link by means of which they became more strongly united.

After this, Stephen became an intimate friend with the Eatons. He was as free in his intercourse with the family as though it were his own. The more they saw of him, the more they discovered to respect and love. He and little Abel could not have been more attached if they had been brothers.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CLOUD GATHERING.

THE trio of stern Puritans, who, a few days before, had, in Mr. Bates's store, expressed their fears respecting the spread of the Baptists, were, by a kind of peculiar sympathy, frequently drawn together. At the close of service one lecture day, after Parson Cotton had preached a long and forcible sermon against the spread of heresy, they were attracted to each other, and walked away from the meeting house together.

“Our godly minister was graciously helped of the Spirit to-day,” said Endicott, commencing the conversation.

“Yes, he spake the truth with great boldness and power,” replied Dudley.

“I could not help thinking,” said Pyncheon, “when he was pouring out his burning anathemas upon heretics with so much edifying earnestness and eloquence, — I could not help thinking of the description of the Son of man which is given us in the first chapter of the

Revelation, and especially of that part which informeth us that out of his mouth goeth a sharp, two-edged sword; for verily the word of our parson to-day was quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword upon all errorists and schismatics."

"Did you notice the effect upon our brother of the mill?"

"No; he sits not within my view in the sanctuary; but I suppose he hung his head like a guilty criminal hearing his sentence pronounced."

"Far from it. His head was erect, and he continued looking with the greatest boldness ——"

"Impudence, I should say," interrupted one of the others —

"Into the minister's face, till he closed the sermon. No one would have suspected, from his appearance, that any thing said from the pulpit was in the least degree applicable to him."

"That's always the policy of heresy. Its companions are hypocrisy and effrontery."

"Let that be as it may," replied Dudley, "I have no doubt this heresy is spreading. Information has reached me that some whom we little imagine are becoming tainted with it. The obligation is becoming more and more impera-

tive for us to arrest it by wholesome laws ; and unless we erect a high and strong barrier, by stringent enactments, it will overflow the country like the waters of a deluge."

" 'Tis even so. The arm of the civil power must be extended for the protection of the interests of the church. Unless this theological miasma be arrested, it will poison our whole community, and defeat the object of our settlement in this waste howling wilderness."

" You are correct. With immense labor, expense, and self-sacrifice, we have crossed, at the hazard of our lives, the wide waste of three thousand miles of water, to establish a colony in the midst of uncleared forests and untamed savages, that we and our children might escape not only the sword of persecution, but, what is worse, the contaminating influence of pestilent heresies. Self-preservation and obligation to our families require us to deal with these errorists. If Baptists, Familists, and other errorists be tolerated in the midst of us, and allowed to diffuse their pernicious doctrines, it will not be long before 'Ichabod' will be written upon the fairest portions of Zion, for her glory will have departed."

" You think, then," said Pynchon, " we must suppress it by law ? "

“There is no other way,” replied Dudley. “If we resort to the wholesome discipline of fines, whippings, prisons, and banishments, we may purify ourselves from this contagion; but otherwise it will spread as doth a canker. To connive at it will be like conniving at the weeds in one’s garden. All they desire from the law is to be let alone; but to let them alone is to let them grow. Let a plague, a pestilence, a conflagration alone ——”

“Our danger is the more imminent,” interrupted Endicott, “from certain great names among us who greatly encourage them.”

“True; it is one of the mysteries of Providence that so good, and learned, and able a man as Dunster should have been seduced into any of these errors. If he had not allowed himself to be blinded in this matter, he might have continued at the head of the college, and made himself a bright and a burning light for years to come.”

“Verily thou speakest wisely; but his denial of the sacred ordinance of infant baptism showed, as the apostle saith, that ‘Satan had gotten the advantage of him.’ The plague spot was upon him, and it was unsafe to retain him in a position of so much influence. He might have infected the whole school.”

“Strange that the first president of Harvard College should have been tainted with this heresy.”

“And not only the first, but the second also; for you recollect that Chauncy has no faith in sprinkling, whether of the old or the young, but insists that dipping, or the immersion of the whole body in water, is essential to the ordinance. How absurd!”

“Absurd or not, as these are known to be learned men, — persons of note and standing among us, — they will have great influence in giving currency to these dangerous heresies, and beguiling unstable souls.”

“They have done so already. Their preaching and their private conversation have already led some astray. As for Dunster, prudent counsels have no effect upon him. He might have retained his office as president of the college, if he had only promised to *remain silent* upon his favorite error. This he refused. He preferred to relinquish that honorable and useful position, rather than remain quiet upon that obnoxious and mischief-making dogma. If he could control matters, never again would an infant be allowed to receive the sacred seal of the covenant.”

“If he had lived in the days of Moses,”

added Dudley, "I suppose he would have denied the rite of circumcision to children, though it would have secured his exclusion from the tribes of Israel. Chauncy has shown more wisdom. Though he insists that immersion only is valid baptism, and has administered it in that mode to both young and old, yet he was willing to comply with the conditions of his office, which require him to abstain from disseminating his sentiments on that subject. He consented to close his lips on doctrine, that he might have the opportunity of opening them for bread."

"Not entirely so, I trust. He doubtless regards his present position as head of the college eminently favorable for usefulness. He is, therefore, willing to be silent on one point, which he knows the ministry and the government regard erroneous, that he may have the privilege of teaching the youth of the church, branches in which we are all agreed."

"And there is Lady Moody, too, who is at Lynn. We must endeavor, if possible, to save her. She is an amiable, discreet, religious woman; highly thought of by those who know her. But her conscience is inveigled into an approbation of the spreading heresy to so great a degree, that, like Dunster, she rejects infant

baptism entirely. She is doing much injury to the Lord's heritage there; but if she could be reclaimed, and all this bad leaven eradicated from her, she might become a useful mother in Israel."

Dudley, with a long sigh, expressed the fear that that was hopeless. Error and fanaticism were nearly inseparable in his view, and the latter always increased the strength of the former. To him reclamation appeared well nigh hopeless. Prevention of its further spreading was, he thought, the true policy. "Let those who are already marked with the leprous spot," said he, "go; but let us labor to prevent the plague from spreading. We must make examples of some of them to deter others."

Their conversation continued in this strain until they reached Mr. Bates's store, which they all three entered.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STORM THREATENING.

"WELL," said Endicott, addressing Mr. Bates, "how does our brother of the mill feel, since he met with that signal rebuke of divine Providence?"

"Rebuke?" replied Strongfaith, not perceiving the bearing of the question. "I did not know that he had received any."

"Perhaps," said Dudley, who fully comprehended the drift of the inquiry, "brother Bates does not regard it a rebuke."

"You are too deep for me," said Bates.

"As the water was for the drowning boy," immediately rejoined Dudley. Bates now understood them fully.

"I apprehend," said he, "that he does not view that event in the same light that you do."

"I see not," replied Dudley, "in what other light he can regard it than as a solemn admonition of him for his dangerous error. He insists upon it there must be a burial in water to render baptism valid; and has not his boy

been buried in water nigh unto death? Is it not an intimation that this tampering with sacred ordinances involves great peril?"

"Ay," said Pynchon, "even as the touching of the tottering ark of the covenant was a terrible offence in Uzzah, and brought down the judgment of Heaven upon his guilty head. We live under a milder administration, and hence our reproofs are the more tender."

Stephen now for the first time learned that the brother of the mill was Eaton, and that he was tainted with baptistical heresies. He listened, therefore, to the conversation with deep attention. He learned from it that from the first there had been some in the colony who rejected the popular doctrine of infant baptism, and some who denied the validity of sprinkling. But as they were members of the church, attended to all the usages of the Puritans, and were not forward to thrust their opinions upon others, they had not been disturbed. But now the subject was receiving greater attention than ever. The deep and wide-spread agitation which had been occasioned by the sentiments and conduct of Roger Williams, together with the severe treatment which he and others received, had been the means of directing the minds of men to the subject. They read what-

ever books upon this important topic they could find; they searched the Scriptures; they conversed freely upon it, so that there were many occasions of debate between those who cherished opposite sentiments upon this exciting theme. The result was, that a number were convinced of the truthfulness of Baptist sentiments. They refused to bring their children to the church to have them christened; or if they did, it was with great reluctance. Others were desirous that the ordinance should be administered to young and old by immersion; they did not believe that any other mode was valid; whilst a third class maintained not only the necessity of immersion, but insisted further, that the only proper subjects of baptism were those who had repented of sin and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ.

This conversation opened to Stephen new topics of thought and inquiry, and he resolved to imitate the example of his employer, and make the question of Christian baptism a subject of special investigation.

From this time these two inquirers after truth had long and frequent conversations upon this topic. All the passages of Scripture referring to it were examined and reexamined, many times. The arguments of the opposite

parties they discussed, and all the light which they could obtain they cheerfully received. Whatever books upon either side of the question they could find, they eagerly read. To their examination they added conscientious and earnest prayer.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHURCH AND STATE.

DURING this process of investigation, a circumstance occurred which would have deterred some minds from prosecuting the subject.

When Mrs. Painter, to whose sickness we have already referred, was sufficiently recovered to attend meeting, she, being a member of the church, naturally felt solicitous that her infant should receive the ordinance of baptism. She suggested the subject to her husband. Mr. Painter, being one of Bates's customers, had for some time been in the habit of conversing with Strongfaith and Stephen upon the baptismal question, and had become fully convinced of the impropriety of administering the ordinance to infants. Being a conscientious man, he was unwilling that his practice should be in violation of his principles. His wife differed with him upon this subject. It was her desire that their infant child should be carried to the church, and according to the customs of the Puritans, there receive the ordinance. Painter

would not consent. He strongly insisted upon it that infant baptism was not a divine ordinance, but an invention of men, and instead of being beneficial, or even harmless, was positively injurious. Frequent, and sometimes warm, were the domestic discussions between the two upon this subject. The wife was unwilling to disobey her husband, and the husband was equally unwilling to sanction by his own example what he believed was a religious error. Parson Cotton was kept informed of all the births that occurred in the town. And being a vigilant and faithful shepherd, he kept his eye upon all these tender lambs, to see that they were solemnly dedicated to God in baptism. He knew all the little ones in town who had received the seal of the covenant, and all who had not. The parents of these latter he did not fail to visit, and remind them of their duty to their offspring. Having noticed that Painter had delayed to bring his last child to the church for the ordinance, he made the family a pastoral call to ascertain the reason. He was not long in discovering that it was owing to the influence of the dreadful plague of heresy which was troubling the colony.

Painter frankly acknowledged that he had no confidence in the ordinance of infant baptism,

and did not believe that it was sustained by any scriptural evidence. This led the good pastor to enter into an argument with him upon the subject. He went over the whole ground, dwelling particularly upon the Abrahamic covenant, and urged every conceivable motive to induce Painter to bring out his child to the ordinance. He was unsuccessful in producing any change in his opinions, or of obtaining from him a promise that his child should be presented for the rite. Painter defended his own views with considerable adroitness and force. He insisted upon it that there was no command in the Scriptures enjoining it as a duty, and therefore he would not have his child baptized. The faithful pastor reminded him that if he persisted in his heresy, the consequences would be painful, and he had better pause, and not proceed further in a course which he would find was strewn with thorns.

"I will walk," replied Painter, "in the way which I believe is right, though I find it paved with coals of fire."

"Be not presumptuous, brother; remember you are arraying yourself against both the church and the civil power. To endure the keen edge of the sword of state, and the dread-

ful anathemas of Zion, you will find to be no easy service."

To this threat, which Painter knew was based upon truth, he firmly replied, —

"My trust is in God. I believe that his grace will be sufficient for me."

After a few words of sympathy and consolation to the mother, and an exhortation to her to remain firm in the truth, the parson patted the cheeks of the little infant sitting in its mother's lap, and took his departure.

A recollection of the sermon which he had preached a short time before, in which he had, with great cogency of reasoning and energy of manner, urged the importance of vigilance to detect the germs of heresy, and destroy them before they had time to grow, strengthened his determination to bring this case before the church at Boston, and have it settled, so that all others, who were in danger of being affected by the same error, might know what to expect, in case they caught the contagion.

At the next meeting of the church, the defection of brother Painter was presented. The matter was solemnly considered. Some were in favor of immediate exclusion; others urged forbearance, and the desirableness of making

efforts to persuade him to abandon his foolish and dangerous error. These latter counsels prevailed, and the pastor and two of the elder brethren were appointed to labor with him, and endeavor to convince him of the truth, and keep him in the bosom of the church.

These church officials were faithful to their duty. They visited Painter, sometimes together, at other times alone, and had with him long conversations. But they made not the slightest impression on his mind. Neither could they persuade him to say that his child might be baptized, provided that would insure him against ecclesiastical censure.

“No, rather than consent to what I believe to be an unscriptural and injurious practice, I will suffer any censures the church can pass upon me. I have nothing to fear if I do what I think is right, but every thing if I do what I believe is wrong.”

Finding it impossible to convince him of his error, or even persuade him to consent to the sprinkling of his child, his case was brought before the church for final action, and he was formally excommunicated for heresy, and for a contempt of the ordinance of God.

This act not only excluded him from the privileges of the church — it also disfranchised

him. For it was a law of Massachusetts at that time, that none but members of the church should be entitled to the rights and immunities of freemen. Consequently, Painter could no longer take part in the affairs of the colony, nor even vote for officers.

His case, however, was not allowed to rest here. This refusal of a poor man to have his child sprinkled was deemed a subject of too great magnitude to escape the vigilance of "the powers that be." Civil government was invoked to protect the interests of the church; and poor Painter was brought by a legal warrant before the court to answer for the great misdemeanor of refusing to perform a religious ceremony which his conscience and judgment both taught him was wrong. It was nowise difficult to find sufficient evidence to convict him. After the facts were all known, the court, with formal dignity, interposed its authority, and ordered Painter to have his child baptized. He, however, was no more disposed to obey this order of court, and conform to Puritan usage, than his judges were to obey the "orders of council," which required conformity to the church of England. In his defence, he maintained that the sprinkling of infants was an unchristian ordinance, and consequently carried

with it no obligation whatever. He was conscientiously opposed to it, and he would not violate his conscience to please any court or escape any penalty on earth. The august tribunal before whom he was brought, deemed this a matter of such great magnitude as to require the infliction of a healthful punishment, lest their leniency might encourage others, and thus increase the heresy; they therefore passed sentence that he should be publicly whipped.

At the appointed time, this theological criminal was taken to the public whipping post, there bound, and in the presence of a multitude, *cruelly whipped, because he refused to have his infant sprinkled.*

He endured the brutal infliction with great fortitude, and at the close, though faint and trembling from the effects, he thanked God for the grace and strength by which he had been sustained under the painful ordeal.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EFFECTS OF PERSECUTION.

THE public whipping of Mr. Painter created no small stir in the colony. There were those who fully approved the deed, and who considered it a truly politic, as well as just procedure. Others, though they regarded Painter as in great error, and justified his exclusion from the church, yet judged his punishment at the whipping post to be both cruel and unwise; a third class, who differed from "the standing order" on various points, considered the measure as a piece of tyrannical persecution, and had their sympathies deeply enlisted in behalf of the sufferer; whilst a fourth class, embracing those who were inclined to Baptist sentiments, instead of having their heretical tendencies corrected by this exhibition of ecclesiastical cruelty, were more firmly resolved than ever to adhere to what they believed was right. Intelligence of this punishment was soon circulated throughout the colonies, showing to all what

they must expect, in case they differed in opinion or practice from the Congregational standard.

The effect of this upon Stephen and his employer was, to make them more open and bold in the expression of any opinions they cherished which were not in harmony with the standing order. Especially were they more free to converse upon the subject of baptism. Many and long were the arguments which they had with different individuals upon this exciting theme—some of whom strenuously opposed them, while others were greatly moved by their arguments. Neither Mr. Bates nor Stephen was at this time fully converted to the sentiments of the Baptists. They were merely inquirers upon the subject, though it must be confessed that the farther they examined it, the more did they lean to the side of the heresy. The more they became acquainted with the arguments of the Baptists, and with their method of interpreting Scripture, the deeper became the impression upon their minds that this persecuted people were on the side of truth.

There was one point, however, on which Mr. Bates could not obtain satisfactory information. Although he was a man of strong mind, a

clear thinker and sound reasoner, yet he had not been favored with a liberal education, and was ignorant of the ancient languages. It seemed to him that a knowledge of the meaning of the original Greek word, which, in the English version of the Bible was rendered "baptize," was of great importance.

"If I only knew," said he to Stephen, in one of the frequent conversations he was accustomed to have with his clerk, "how the Greeks, in the days of the Saviour, understood the word which is translated 'baptize,' it would afford me not only relief, but great assistance."

"You know what the Baptists themselves say upon the subject?"

"Yes; but many of them are no more learned than myself, and what they assert they have received second-handed, and therefore cannot vouch for its accuracy. What I want is, for some one well acquainted with the ancient languages, to tell me the meaning of the original word 'baptize.'"

"Why not ask the president of Harvard College," said Stephen.

"True; I did not think of that. President Chauncy is admitted by all to be a very learned man, and is as competent to give in-

formation upon this subject, as any man in the new, or the old world."

The next day a small boat, with two men, was seen crossing Charles River, from Boston to Cambridge. At that time the appearance of the river and the country was widely different from that which now greets the eye. Instead of the numerous bridges which now span the stream for the accommodation of cars, carriages, and foot passengers, it was all open. Not a bridge had been erected, not a pile for the purpose driven. Instead of large cities and towns presenting themselves in every direction, the banks of the river, and the islands of the harbor, with the shores of the bay, were covered with green. Dense forests, beautifully rolling hills, or fertile plains, variegated with a few small villages, with here and there a cluster of Indian wigwams, completed the picture. Now and then, an Indian might be seen paddling his light bark canoe across the water, or pausing in the middle of the stream, engaged in fishing.

When the boat reached the shore of Cambridge, at a point not far from the present termination of Harvard Street, one of the men left it, and walked towards the college; the other,

who was the owner of the craft, remained to prevent it from being stolen by the Indians. The first, who was no other than Mr. Bates on his way to President Chauncy, was soon concealed by the thick underbrush which covered the land.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

It must not be supposed that either the pressure of business, or the theological fermentation of the colony, banished Priscilla from the mind of either her parents, or of her strongly-attached friend. After Stephen's novel introduction to the Eatons, no topic of conversation was more agreeable to them all than that which referred to the lost girl. It was natural that they all should cherish some slight hope that possibly she might at some time be heard from.

Every thing that either of them remembered she had ever said or done was told and retold many times. Innumerable were the conjectures respecting her fate, and constant their inquiries concerning her from strangers, who came from other parts of the country, and especially from Indians, of distant tribes, who occasionally came to Boston to trade with the English. To the usual discouraging character of the replies they obtained, there was one

exception. The slight gleam of hope which it furnished was before their eyes like a permanent rainbow, for many days. It strengthened the belief that the long-lost Priscilla was living, and that by perseverance and energy she might possibly be found. The event which created this expectation was as follows: Some Indians of the Algonquin nation, who were said to live near Canada, on the borders of Lake Champlain, came to Boston. They pitched their tents on the outside of the town, beyond the hill on which the State House now stands, on land included within the present limits of Boston Common. According to their custom, Mr. Eaton and Stephen visited them, not only for purposes of trade, but also to see if they could learn any thing of the missing girl. By means of an interpreter, they ascertained that white girls were sometimes seen among the interior tribes of Indians, but they knew of none then. As they were leaving the smoky encampment of these wild inhabitants of the forest, a young girl came out of one of the frail skin tents, and stood near the two visitors. Stephen was powerfully affected. He stopped, looked at the girl as though he were fascinated, and for some moments did not speak.

“What is the matter?” asked Mr. Eaton,

who saw that some unusual effect was produced upon Stephen. "Have you ever seen that squaw before?"

"No; but I think I have something else."

"What is that?" inquired Eaton, his own interest also increasing.

"Do you see that piece of cloth which is tied around her?"

"Yes."

"The last time I saw Priscilla, she had on a dress of the same kind of material."

"Is it possible? Then I must have this."

No difficulty was experienced in making the purchase, for Mr. Eaton made a liberal offer. It was a piece of blue calico with small white leaves.

"Yes," said Stephen, "the very evening on which she left our house, she had on a dress which she had frequently worn before, of those very figures and colors. I remember them well."

They now prosecuted inquiries to ascertain where this cloth was procured. But no further information could be obtained than that this young squaw brought it from her distant home. Where it came from no one knew. Mrs. Eaton received it as a rich treasure. After a careful examination of it, she pronounced it part of a

girl's frock. The belief, of course, was at once awakened that it was the identical one which Stephen had seen Priscilla wear. This opinion was strengthened, when, upon further inquiry, they could not learn that any of the Indians had ever seen any other piece like it.

When this article was shown to Mrs. Strangger and Mrs. Mitchel, they both testified that when they first saw Priscilla on board the Reindeer, on their outward passage, she had on a dress of this material. They expressed themselves with confidence upon this point. Hope was awakened that this was a part of Priscilla's own dress.

Still there was no certainty of this hope being well founded. For "cloth of a similar description," as Mr. Bates said, "might have been obtained by the Indians from the French in Canada, or from the Dutch who have commenced settlements on the Hudson River, and a single fragment might have passed from one tribe to another, and the last recipient not be aware of the existence of any other of the same character."

"But how, then," inquired the mother, "do you account for its being part of the pattern of a girl's dress? The Indians do not cut their garments after this fashion. It is sewed, too,

in English style ; examine the seams for yourself. The natives do not sew like this," continued she, as she held up the important article for exhibition.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

AFTER walking about a mile from the place where he left his companion with the boat, Mr. Bates arrived at the residence of President Chauncy.

After indulging for a few moments in some passing remarks upon the weather, the country, and the general health of the colony, Mr. Bates informed the president that he had come over to have a few minutes' particular conversation upon a subject in which he was greatly interested.

"Any assistance I can consistently render you shall cheerfully be given," said Chauncy.

Mr Bates then informed him of his troubles of mind respecting baptism.

"Ah," said the president, with a peculiar expression of countenance, in which seriousness and pleasantry appeared to be equally blended, "did you not know that that is a proscribed subject with me?"

"I knew," said Strongfaith, "that it was the

desire of those who called you to your present honored and responsible position, that you should not publicly preach what you conscientiously believed was the truth of God."

"Do you mean to signify," asked Chauncy, "that your impression was, that they expect me to preach or teach what I do not believe is truth?" at the same time rising and closing the door of the room, which answered the double purpose of chamber and study, that outer ears might not catch the conversation.

"By no means. They are too upright and honorable to ask you to practise such public hypocrisy."

"You do well to say that. The ministers and the government of the colony are noble-minded, godly men, who detest deception, especially in the discharge of the sacred functions of the gospel ministry. True, they do not wish me to propagate among the students and people what they are pleased to regard as my peculiar sentiments. But their tongue would cleave to the roof of their mouth before they would ask me to inculcate any doctrine which they knew I regarded as erroneous."

"I simply meant to say, in what I have just uttered, that I knew you were expected to keep

silent upon a certain subject in which you believe ——”

“And yet,” said the president, interrupting him, “upon that very subject you wish me to break silence.”

This remark placed Mr. Bates in an unpleasant dilemma. Conscious of entire rectitude in the object of his visit, he was pained at the thought of being suspected of a dishonorable motive. With the confession which he had just made, especially as coupled with the rejoinder of Chauncy, he saw there was enough to excite such suspicion, and he feared that he had trespassed upon the good nature of the president too far. The subject now presented itself in a new light to him. Although he came as an honest inquirer, he was not certain of the propriety of coming even in that capacity. He began to feel that it was an extremely delicate thing to ask so important a personage as the president of a college a question touching a subject on which silence was a condition of his retaining his presidency. Besides fearing that he was sinking in the estimation of Chauncy, he was also losing his own self-respect. Yet below all this was another element which mingled with his experience; it

was a feeling of independence arising from his conscious integrity, by which he was convinced that there was no reason for losing his self-respect, and that, by developing the purity of his intention to the president, he would rise also in Chauncy's esteem. These conflicting feelings of his heart alternated with each other, almost as rapidly, as the lights and shadows cast upon the ceiling of the study by the interrupted reflections of the sun's rays from the troubled surface of the river.

In a moment a new idea occurred to him, which assisted in extricating him from his embarrassing position. "I will converse with him as a scholar instead of a theologian," thought he; "perhaps he may then view the object of my visit more favorably." So soon as this thought had distinctly formed itself in his mind, he said, though in a somewhat hesitating manner, "Regarding you, sir, as a man of learning, well skilled in the ancient languages, I have come to ask of you the meaning of a certain Greek word, which is found repeatedly in the New Testament."

"O, ah, yes — I understand — you come to me as one of the faculty of this seat of learning, to ask me a question in philology; that alters the matter entirely;" and the good president,

letting both hands fall upon his knees, pushed back his great arm chair, raised himself in a more erect position, and appeared as much relieved as was Bates himself. "Philology," continued he, "is a legitimate subject of investigation. To translate the ancient languages, and especially those in which the Holy Ghost spake to prophets and apostles, is to me a precious privilege. I see not how any one can make it a ground of complaint. What word is it that you wish to have rendered?"

"It is that word which expresses the act of baptizing," said Strongfaith.

"As a philologist, my reply is, that the word which, in the New Testament, expresses the act of baptism, is the Greek word 'baptizo,' the first meaning of which is to immerse, dip, plunge, or overwhelm; out of this arise other secondary and subordinate meanings, such as to wash, cleanse, dye, &c., all of which, however, imply the idea of immersion, or its equivalents."

"How are we to know," asked Strongfaith, "when the word is used in its primary, and when in its secondary significations?"

"We learn it from the nature of the subject in connection with which the word is used. The general rule in the translation of one language into another is always to give to a word

its primary signification, unless such signification is incongruous with the context, or with the nature of the subject."

"Pardon me," continued Bates; "but as I wish to have this matter made as plain as possible, let me ask if this is what you mean—when I read any passage in any author where the word 'baptize' occurs, I must give to that word the meaning of immersion, unless such meaning is entirely inconsistent with the context."

"Precisely so. That you may understand the matter clearly, I will show you some instances of the use of the word from the ancient authors."

The president rose from his large, leather-bottomed arm chair, and opened the dark door of what Bates had supposed was a large closet, or wardrobe, but which, when opened, he perceived, was well filled with books. It was his library.

Chauncy stooped down, and took from the lowest shelf a large folio volume, bound in what appeared to be dried parchment, or sheepskin. Seating himself in his arm chair, he carefully opened the volume, saying, "This is a valuable edition of that old Greek author, Diodorus Siculus. I will read from it into English two

or three passages where the word 'baptize,' in some of its grammatical forms, occurs; but instead of translating that word, I will use 'baptize,' and yourself will readily see how it should be rendered. The first is the account of a confusion of a fleet of vessels; it is as follows: 'The admiral's vessel being baptized, the armament was thrown into great disorder.'"

"He doubtless means," said Strongfaith, "that the admiral's vessel was sunk, and that this circumstance threw the fleet into great confusion."

Turning over a few pages, he read another: "'Most of the land animals that are overtaken by the river, (that is, in time of a freshet,) being baptized, perish.'"

"Surely, 'being baptized' in that passage," said Bates, "must mean being overwhelmed, or sunk; for how otherwise could the animals perish?"

"Take another," said the president, opening the heavy volume at another place, and reading — "'The river, rushing down with an impetuous current, baptized many, (that is, of the soldiers,) and carried them away as they were swimming with their arms.' How would you understand their being 'baptized' in that passage?"

"I think," said Strongfaith, "it means that they were overwhelmed by the rushing waters."

The president now replaced this book, and took down another, somewhat thicker, and bound in dark-colored leather, with two large brass clasps.

"This contains," said he, "the lives of many ancient warriors and philosophers, written by the laborious and learned Plutarch." He placed it upon a small reading stand with three crooked legs, the top of which was in imitation of an open book, and having found the passage he wanted, he read as follows: "In this whole company there was not to be seen a buckler; a helmet, or a spear; but instead of them, cups, flagons, and goblets. These the soldiers baptized in huge vessels of wine, and drank to each other." Then pausing, he asked Strongfaith what act he supposed was indicated by the word 'baptized' in that passage.

"Undoubtedly dipping," was the reply. "They dipped out the wine with their cups and goblets, and then drank it."

"Here is another instance in this same author—it reads as follows: 'Even now, many of the weapons of the barbarians, bows, helmets, fragments of iron, breastplates, and swords are found baptized in the mud, though it is

almost two hundred years since the battle.' What do you think is meant by 'baptized' in that passage?" asked the president.

"I think the writer means to say that these weapons were *buried* in the mud."

"Certainly; and this idea of burying is expressed by the word 'baptized.' Let me now refer to a famous old Jewish writer, who lived in the days of the Emperor Vespasian, and was present at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, his general. In giving an account of the storm that overtook that unfaithful prophet, Jonah, Josephus says, 'that the sailors were not willing to cast the prophet overboard, until the ship was just going to be baptized.' How do you understand that?" asked the president in his usual professional style, as though Bates was one of his pupils.

"I understand him to say that those mariners hesitated about casting Jonah into the sea, until the vessel was just going to sink in the waves."

"Very good. Here is a similar use of the word," said he, as he opened the book to another place. "Speaking of a certain city, he says, 'The inhabitants left it as people swim away from a ship which is being baptized.'"

"Surely, he can mean nothing else than a sinking ship," replied Bates.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OPINIONS OF THE LEARNED.

VARIOUS other Greek authors were taken down by the president, and extracts read from them, in which the word "baptize" occurred, and which Mr. Bates saw, unlearned as he was, should be translated "immerse, overwhelm," or by something equivalent.

"Sometimes," said the president, "the word is used metaphorically, and sometimes hyperbolically, and then it must be understood according to the rules for the interpretation of such use of language. A little common sense is a great help in such cases. These uses of the word, however, do not nullify the fact that its primary and common meaning is to immerse, or dip."

"Pardon me," said Bates, "if I ask whether learned men generally admit that this is its original signification."

"As to that, I am willing that they should speak for themselves. Having investigated this word historically as well as philologically,"

continued the learned president, "I have had occasion to consult the opinions of others, and therefore can turn at once to the volume and the page where their decision is recorded." During the utterance of this language, he crossed the room, and reached from his library a volume which had the appearance of being greatly used.

"This is a work of Calvin, the eminent Genevan divine. In it I find the following passage, distinguished both for its clearness and strength." He then read as follows: "The very word 'baptize,' however, signifies to immerse; and it is certain that immersion was the practice of the ancient church.' You can have no doubt as to what was his opinion."

"I think not," replied Strongfaith.

"Hear, now, what Martin Luther, the great reformer, says." Opening a volume of Luther's works, he read as follows: "'The term 'baptism' is a Greek word. It may be rendered a dipping, as when we dip something in water, that it may be entirely covered with water. And though that custom be quite abolished among the generality, (for neither do they entirely dip children, but only sprinkle them with a little water,) nevertheless they ought to be wholly immersed, and presently to be drawn

out again. For the etymology seems to require it.'"

After replacing Luther upon the shelf, the president recrossed the room, and took from his study table a smaller volume, which had quite a fresh appearance. "Here," said he, "is a book written by a learned professor from the north of Holland. His name is Witsius. I was just looking it over as you came in;" and then turning over a few leaves, said, "He uses the following language: 'It cannot be denied that the native signification of the word "baptize" is to plunge, to dip.' Hear, also, what Vitringa says: 'The act of baptizing is the immersion of believers in water. This expresses the force of the word. Thus also it was administered by Christ and his apostles.' I could quote to you various other authors who bear similar testimony to the meaning of the word; but it is now the hour for me to meet my class at recitation. Stay with me and dine, and we will resume the conversation after dinner."

This kind invitation Bates declined. He had obtained all he came for, and was now desirous to depart. They walked together to the front door of the house, conversing as they went, and then respectfully took leave of each other.

Bates had withdrawn from the house but a few steps before Chauncy called after him —

“Hold; here is one other historical fact of too much importance for you not to consider. And that has reference to the practice of the Greek church. The Greeks, of course, understand their own language. Now, it is a significant fact that the Greek church has for ages been in the habit of administering baptism by immersion, because they understand that to be the meaning of the word. Where can we find better umpires?”

“A single question more,” said Bates, “which I meant to have asked before. Did not the Greeks have words which signified to sprinkle and to pour?”

“Certainly. ‘Rantizo’ means to sprinkle, and ‘cheo’ signifies to pour.”

“Are these words ever used in the New Testament in describing the ordinance of baptism?”

“Never, never!” said the president, with emphasis.

“It is certainly very strange,” added Strong-faith, “if baptism was anciently administered by sprinkling or pouring, that those words are never used in describing the act, but, on the

contrary, that word is always employed which signified to immerse."

"Very strange, very."

"Is it not likely, sir, that if sprinkling or pouring had, in any instance, been practised, that word would have been employed by the sacred writers to describe the scene, which signifies to pour or to sprinkle?"

"You are as able to answer that question as I," said the president; "so farewell, for I must be gone;" and away he slowly walked to meet his class.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

BATES retraced his steps through the underbrush, found the boatman where he left him, and soon recrossed the river.

During the remainder of the day, no opportunity was offered for conversation with Stephen; but in the evening, after the last customer had left the store, and when the first favorable moment for inquiring had presented itself, Stephen asked the result of the Cambridge interview.

“Close the store, and you shall know.”

Stephen shut the window shutters, and fastened them, then closed the door, and locked it on the inside. Strongfaith was sitting in an old, broken, rush-bottom chair, with the Bible in his hand; a rushlight, in a greasy brass candlestick, stood on the corner of the counter. The picture was completed by Stephen seating himself upon a rough sugar box in front of Mr. Bates.

“Now,” said he, “tell me all about it.”

Strongfaith related, as fully as he could remember, the details of the conversation.

“If all that the president told you is true, it certainly furnishes a strong argument for the Baptists.”

“I think as much; and suppose, now we are alone, that we examine some of the prominent instances of baptism recorded in the New Testament in the light of the information with which he has furnished us. Let us look at them, and see whether the various circumstances connected with them are in harmony with immersion, or whether they are more consonant with some other mode of administration.”

It is not necessary to give at length the conversation of these two sincere and earnest inquirers after truth. It will be sufficient for our purpose to say that the conclusion at which they arrived was, that the various circumstances which are related in connection with the New Testament baptisms, were absolutely necessary, in case immersion was the practice, whilst, on the other hand, they were not only unnecessary, but also incongruous with any other mode.

“It seems to me,” said Strongfaith, “that

the evidence is almost, if not quite, conclusive that primitive baptism was administered by immersion. Let us group these circumstances, which we have examined, together. The primary meaning of the word 'baptize' is to immerse. Christ was baptized *in* Jordan; after being baptized, he came up *out of the water*; John baptized at Enon, near to Salem, because there was *much water* there; when Philip baptized the eunuch, they went both of them *down into the water*, and after the baptism, they *came up out of the water*; and Paul says we are *buried* with Christ by baptism unto death; that as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. And here again, in his Epistle to the Colossians, he says, 'Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God.' Buried by baptism; the burial *is in the ordinance*, and in this also is the resurrection spoken of; for Paul is explicit in saying, 'Ye are buried with Christ in baptism, wherein, i. e., in which baptism ye also are risen with him.' The *burial* and the *resurrection* are *in the baptism*, and these, whilst they remind the believer of the burial and resurrection of Christ, as the grounds of his Christian



pp. 257 and 258.

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hope, are, at the same time, beautifully symbolic of the believer's death unto sin, and his resurrection to a new life. It cannot be denied that Paul's language on these passages is in perfect harmony with baptism by immersion, but it is entirely incongruous if the ordinance was administered in any other way. Where is there any burial or resurrection in the act of sprinkling or of pouring? There is none.

"All these circumstances, whether considered singly or together — this baptizing where there was much water — going down into the water — coming up out of the water — being buried and raised again — were not only harmonious with, but were absolutely necessary to, immersion, but not to any other mode. It is certainly very strange that all these circumstantial incidents should have been mentioned, if the ordinance did not require them; and it certainly would not have required them if it had been administered by sprinkling or pouring."

"Hark!" said Stephen; "did I not hear voices and footsteps by the door?"

"I should think not," replied Strongfaith. "It is now midnight. The colonists are in bed; probably not a family is awake, except where sickness exists." A slight noise at the door, like that of persons stepping on the

ground, caused him to pause. He then added, "You may be correct, but if so, they are probably some sailors who have wandered from their vessel, and on their return, have come this way to see whether the store was open."

"Perhaps our light shines through the crevices of the doors and shutters, and attracts them."

Stephen was correct. Pynchon and Endicott, who had been attending a conference at the house of Parson Cotton, to deliberate upon the best measures to be adopted for the suppression of heresy in the colony, and where, by the interest of the subject, their conversation had been continued late into the night, were on their way home. Seeing, through the chinks and crevices of Bates's store, a light, their attention was arrested.

"What does that mean?" said Endicott; "are thieves plundering Bates's store? He usually closes the trucking house and goes home early."

"It would not be surprising," said Pynchon, "if Bates himself were there, holding converse with some of the *suspected* ones, or perhaps trying to pervert to a baptistical use those passages of the Holy Scriptures to which I found the leaves of his Bible turned down the other day."

"He truly has selected an appropriate time for his deeds of darkness, if the case is as you suppose."

"It always has been so, brother; heretics love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Being children of the night, and not of the day, they shrink like owls and bats from the light."

The two Puritans had now reached the store. To gratify their curiosity, they paused at the door. Through one of the crevices, by means of which the light within had been betrayed, they could see the employer and his clerk in earnest conversation. It required no effort to hear what was said. The last words which we have recorded as having been uttered by Strongfaith, they heard with perfect distinctness.

"What think you of that?" asked Endicott.

"Think! It is just what I have supposed for some weeks," replied Pyncheon.

"Not satisfied with being infected by this loathsome leprosy himself, here he is, like some foul wizard, laboring at midnight to bewitch this unsuspecting youth, and infuse the contagion into his soul."

His voice arrested the attention of Stephen, as has already been described. They perceived

that they were heard, and, not wishing to be known, they hastily left the door, and pressed towards home. When Stephen opened the door, and looked out into the darkness, he could see nothing but the indistinct forms of two unknown men in the distance, who soon disappeared entirely from view.

The conversation having been in this manner interrupted, and the door being open, Mr. Bates told Stephen he thought they had better close the store for the night, and resume the conversation some other time.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A STRANGE LETTER.

THE language which Pyncheon and Endicott had heard Bates employ whilst they were standing by the door of the store, was sufficient to confirm their previous suspicions of his sympathy with the Baptists, if not to convince them that he was fully converted to their views. They informed Parson Cotton, and the prominent members of the church, of what they had seen and heard. It soon became noised abroad that Bates was a Baptist. - On the Sabbath, and on lecture days, when he attended meeting, especially when any allusions were made to the prevailing heresies, or when children were brought to be christened, many a furtive glance was cast towards his pew, to see what effect was produced upon him. If he closed his eyes, or turned away his head, or accidentally coughed, it was construed into strong evidence against him. It was not long before Strong-faith discovered the feelings and suspicions of the Puritans towards him. He saw that he

was an object of particular observation; that a coolness was growing up in the minds of former friends towards him; that his custom was falling off; and that the brethren of the church did not meet, as formerly, for conversation at his store. He plainly perceived that he was losing caste. This, however, did not deter him from prosecuting his inquiries upon the general subject of baptism. Since his conversation with Chauncy, his mind had become much clearer upon the mode. He saw that by translating the word baptize "immerse," in all the instances of baptism recorded in the New Testament, congruous and complete sense would be made; but if it were rendered "sprinkling," there was an incongruity. He frequently read those accounts, sometimes substituting one of these words, and sometimes the other. " 'The Saviour was sprinkled in Jordan, and when he was sprinkled he came up straightway out of the water.' I see no reason why he should have gone *into* the river for that purpose. 'John was sprinkling in Enon, near to Salem, because there was much water there; and they came and were sprinkled.' Surely much water was not required for sprinkling; yet that is assigned as the reason for his selecting that place. I know that others say that

a place of much water was selected for the accommodation of the camels, mules, &c., which came with the multitudes, and would require much water. But that explanation does not seem to me satisfactory. Again: 'We are buried with Christ by sprinkling into his death.' There is no burial in a slight sprinkling. The language is incongruous. But if we read it, 'We are buried with Christ by immersion,' that is consistent. There is always a burial in an immersion. It seems to me that immersion is the idea intended by the word baptism, and consequently that that was the mode adopted in primitive times." After a careful examination of all the arguments on both sides of the question, he arrived at the conclusion that immersion was essential to Christian baptism. He then turned his attention to the appropriate subjects of the ordinance. Whilst pursuing his investigations upon this point, it fortunately happened that Ex-President Dunster, who had retired to Scituate after his departure from Cambridge, visited Boston. Strongfaith, after much contrivance, finally obtained a private interview with him, and learned from him the reasons of his rejection of infant baptism. Dunster was a clear and forcible reasoner. He could present a sub-

ject in a strong light. His conversations with others upon the exciting topic of infant baptism had so shaken their faith, and troubled their minds, that they attributed it to satanic influence. At a time when he refused to have his own infant baptized, and came out publicly, in a sermon, "against the administration of baptism to any infant whatsoever," he was visited by Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, who was subsequently, if not at that very time, the Puritan minister at Cambridge. Instead of convincing Dunster that he was in error, he came near being convinced that he had embraced a false doctrine himself, for in his account of the results of this interview, Mitchel says, with a blending of simplicity and superstition, if not with a mingling of bigotry, "After I came from him, I found hurrying and pressing suggestions against pedo-baptism, and injected scruples and thoughts whether the other way might not be right, and infant baptism an invention of men, and whether I might with good conscience baptize children, and the like. And these thoughts were darted in with some impression, and left a strange confusion and sickness upon my spirit. Yet methought it was not hard to discern that *they were from the EVIL ONE*. First, because they were rather

injected, hurrying suggestions, than any deliberate thoughts, or bringing any light with them. Secondly, because they were unreasonable, interrupting me in my study for the Sabbath, and putting my spirit into confusion, so as I had much ado to do aught in my sermon.

* * * It was a check to my former self-confidence, and it made me fearful to go needlessly to Mr. D., for methought I found a venom and poison in his insinuations and discourses against pedo-baptism. I resolved, also, on Mr. Hooker's principle, that I would have an argument *able to remove a mountain* before I would recede from or appear against a truth or practice *received among the faithful.*" *

It need excite no surprise that a man whose powers of argument could produce effects upon an educated minister, which the latter attributed to satanic agency, should also have had considerable influence with Strongfaith. He presented such objections against the practice of infant baptism, that Bates found himself unable to reply to them. Not to render this account tedious to the reader, it must suffice to say in brief, that both Bates and Stephen embraced the Baptist views of the ordinance.

* This veritable letter Backus quotes from Mitchel's Life.

Still they attended meeting with the regular Congregational Church in Boston. Stephen, however, did not make a public profession of religion, though in other respects he lived an exemplary Christian life.

One Sabbath, when Parson Cotton was administering what he called the seal of covenant to one of the infants of the church, Strongfaith, to show his entire want of sympathy with the service, turned his back to the pulpit. He wished it to be understood that he had no faith in the authority or utility of the ordinance. He felt it to be his duty to bear, in some manner, his public testimony against what he now regarded as an unscriptural, human invention, and for this reason he resolved to turn his back whenever the service might be performed. His conduct created great excitement in the congregation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GRIZZLY BEAR.

OUR narrative now requires us to return and inquire after the fortunes of the missing girl.

During the time that Priscilla was in that retired grove, at the base of a high, precipitous rock, pouring out her confessions before God, and earnestly entreating for pardon, two pair of dark, brilliant eyes were peering down upon her from above. Unknown to her, she had been the object of observation to two tall, strong, savage Indians, some time before she reached her retired bower of prayer. They cautiously followed her course. When she betook herself to her place of concealment, they noiselessly crept to the top of the high rock, over the edge of which, as they lay upon the ground, they could watch all her movements.

When she left this tabernacle to return home, they quietly descended from their watch-tower and pursued her. Not knowing that danger was near, she leisurely retraced her

steps, singing as she went, when suddenly her steps were arrested by a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder. She turned her head, and saw two half-naked savages behind her. She was startled by the suddenness of the apparition, but not terrified. Having always treated the Indians kindly, and conscious of possessing benevolent feelings towards them, she could not think that these unexpected companions meditated injury, or if they did, she thought she could dissuade them from their purpose. Innocence lulls suspicion; benevolence inspires courage, especially towards those for whom it is cherished. Priscilla did not shriek; she calmly asked them what they wanted. The older of the two—who, in consequence of having slain, single-handed, a grizzly bear, a huge claw of which he wore upon his breast, was called after that animal—pointed to the woods, in a direction opposite to that in which Priscilla was going.

“No,” said the unsuspecting girl; “the settlement is in the other direction. Come with me, and I will lead you to it.”

She misunderstood them. They desired not to go there, but wanted her to accompany them. The savage shook his head, pointed in the same direction again, turned Priscilla with the

strong hand which still rested upon her shoulder, and gave her a rough push in the direction which he pointed.

"What do you mean?" said the insulted girl, with earnestness, the blood mantling her cheeks.

She received no other reply than another rude shove.

"Be off, and let me go home!"

The Indian drew out a cord made of a dried skin. Priscilla now saw that she was in danger. She attempted to run towards the settlement. Vain attempt! They seized her, and prepared to tie her arms behind her. She commenced pleading and entreating in a most pathetic manner to be released, but soon discovered that they understood not a single word she uttered. She was a helpless captive, in the power of two stalwart Indians! Escape was impossible. To arouse the settlement by her shrieks and cries was equally impossible. She fully realized her perilous condition; and when she thought that she might be led a slave in a distant captivity, be subjected to most cruel treatment, and perhaps never see her friends again, the prospect was too appalling; her natural fortitude gave way, and she burst into tears.

Having become somewhat acquainted with the Indian character from the narratives of their adventures which she had heard from the colonists, and knowing her own weakness, she considered it the most prudent policy to offer no violent opposition, which she thought would be sure to excite their anger and increase their cruelty. She allowed her arms to be tied behind her without resistance. She was then led back to the pond, her bonnet was thrown in the water, and her basket left upon the shore, to give the impression that she was drowned. She was then led into the pond, and all three walked along the shore for a considerable distance, with their feet covered by the water, so that their trail should not be discovered.

When Lightfoot, the Indian guide, had tracked Priscilla to the pond, and conducted her father there, his practised eye saw that she had not been alone. Imperfect prints of human feet, which neither of the Eatons saw, convinced him that she had been taken a prisoner. But, as his opinion of her destiny was not asked, he, with Indian taciturnity, withheld it. He was the more disposed to remain silent, lest a disclosure of the truth might arouse all the warlike elements of the whites,

and stimulate them to engage in a bloody crusade against the natives, in which he and his tribe, though entirely innocent, might suffer indiscriminately with the guilty. Besides, he thought that possibly he might, in his intercourse with neighboring tribes, obtain some trace of her, and perhaps discover the place of her captivity, for the disclosure of which to the colonists, he would receive a handsome reward, and be treated with as much distinction as though he were a great sagamore. Cupidity and the love of distinction are as natural to savage as to civilized men.

To return to Priscilla. After her captors had led her about a mile in the water along the shore, they reached a place where there was an opening in the woods. At this point they left the pond, and entered the open country through this gap. To have attempted it at any other point, they would have had to break their way through the thick underbrush, and thus leave a distinctly-marked trail, which could not fail to indicate to the pursuers the course they had taken. They pressed on rapidly, avoiding, as much as possible, the hills, and following the valleys and low land, so as to escape observation. Whenever they came to a brook, they entered it; and sometimes they

crossed directly over, leaving their footprints distinctly visible on the opposite shore, after which they would carefully reënter the stream, and follow its channel until they reached some place where they could leave it without the probability of detection. At other times they walked along some distance by the side of the stream, designedly leaving a clearly-defined trail behind them, and then entered it in the direction which they had been pursuing; but after proceeding a short distance in the water, they retraced their steps, and followed the bed of the stream a long way in the opposite direction. The object of these manœuvres was to deceive their pursuers, if they should have any, and put them on a false track.

Priscilla, with her hands tied behind her, was driven the most of the way before these demons. Any attempt to pause, or to make the least noise, was followed with a heavy blow from one or both of her drivers, accompanied by such threatening gesticulations and frightful expressions of countenance as effectually prevented a repetition of the attempt, except when the poor captive was almost driven to despair. Having eaten and drank nothing since she left her uncle's in the morning, and being driven at a rapid rate all

the day, without one moment's rest, with her arms tightly bound behind her, she became so exhausted as, towards the latter part of the afternoon, to stagger from side to side, like a person intoxicated. Still no compassion was awakened in the breasts of her captors. They would now and then take her by the arm when they came to a rough place, or when ascending an eminence, and assist her, but would not allow her to pause a single moment.

Poor girl! She endeavored to strengthen her heart by reflections upon the providence of God. A little sparrow hopping upon the grass reminded her of the sentiment of the Saviour, that even such diminutive, unimportant creatures could not be injured without her heavenly Father's permission; and so impressively did the language of her Saviour recur to her memory, that it seemed almost as if a voice in the air said, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." "My Father knows my condition. He, in his mysterious providence, has placed me here; why, then, should I murmur?" Such were her thoughts. She raised her tear-wet eyes to Heaven, and audibly said, —

"Thy will, O God, be done."

A blow from the hand of Grizzly Bear silenced her, and laid her insensible upon the ground.

CHAPTER XL.

A PAINFUL JOURNEY.

FINDING her unable to move, the two Indians seized her, lifted her up, and hurried on as rapidly as their load would allow. When Priscilla came to, it was night. How far she had been carried, or in what direction, she knew not. She was lying upon the grass. The stars were looking down upon her from the clear, serene heavens, and trembling as if in sympathy for her fate. The shrill, intermittent, grating notes of the cricket, the sounds of other insects, and the dismal hooting of the owl, combined with the noise of the wind as it rustled the leaves and swayed the branches of the trees, made mournful music in the ear of the stolen girl. Near her were the two Indians. Grizzly Bear was sitting at her feet, with his dark, piercing eyes fixed intently upon her. The other, whose name, when translated, signified Gray Eagle, because, perhaps, on some occasion, he had slain that bird, was prostrate upon the earth, sound asleep.

Priscilla now began to suffer extremely. Her fasting for so many hours, her great fatigue, and her constrained posture, arising from the binding of her arms behind her, became almost insupportable. The flesh of her arms was swollen and tender. Darting pains shot through her shoulders and breast, as though she was pierced with hot needles. Her lips and tongue were parched and cracked. Her blood coursed its way through her veins as though it were molten lead, and, so sensitive had she become, that the throbbing occasioned by the pulsations of the heart could be felt throughout her whole system. All attempts to disengage her hands, only served to increase her sufferings. To these was added her mental agony. She thought of the colony — of the excitement which her mysterious disappearance must have caused. She thought of her uncle, and of the good pastor who had been so faithful in his spiritual labors for her welfare; but with deeper interest did she dwell upon the bitter agony of her father. When she thought of their long separation, of the providential manner in which she was thrown into the family of her uncle, and thus got trace of her parents — when she reflected upon the delightful change of feeling which she had expe-

rienced in the secluded grove, and upon the delight which her dear father would have experienced to see her, and from her own lips hear the narrative of her conversion ; and, above all, when she pictured before her imagination the agony of her father upon his arrival at New Haven — his bitter disappointment, the sudden transition of his feelings from joy to sorrow, — her emotions became insupportable ; she burst into a flood of tears. She longed to cry aloud to God, but a recollection of the last blow which she had received from her ruthless captors prevented.

Whilst lying with one cheek upon the damp grass, and the other turned up, furnishing an attractive field for the bloodthirsty mosquitos which lit upon and pierced it with impunity, her thoughts wandered to Stephen. She pictured him before her mind as when she last saw him. “ O that he knew my condition ! O that he would prove himself my deliverer ! Dear, dear Stephen, whatever becomes of me, may the blessing of Heaven ever follow thee.”

The Indians now changed guard. Grizzly Bear roused Gray Eagle, and then threw himself upon the ground. In a few moments he was in a sound sleep. In the course of a couple of hours they recommenced their journey.

When Priscilla arose, she found her feet were so swollen and tender, that she could scarcely stand. When her unfeeling captors ordered her to march, she made the attempt, but finding it so painful, she paused and pointed to her swollen and bleeding feet, as her excuse. This appeal to the sympathy of her drivers was met only by a violent shove, which almost threw her to the earth. It was past midnight when the journey was recommenced. The moon and nearly all the stars were obscured by the clouds, rendering it impossible to see but a short distance. To prevent the captive from taking advantage of the darkness in an attempt to escape, the savages alternately held her by the arm, so that she was constantly in the grasp of one or the other.

CHAPTER XLI.

THREE STRANGERS.

ONE Saturday, in the month of July, three strangers, who had journeyed far, and were weary, hungry, and thirsty, arrived at Boston.

“Well pleased am I,” said one, whose name was Clark, “that Christian people dwell here, although in some points they differ from us.”

“Yes,” replied one of his companions, who wore a brown coat with long and broad skirts, and great pockets opening on the outside, “yes, this is one of the cities of Zion, and yonder I see their sanctuary,” at the same time pointing to the meeting house.

“No doubt, then, brother Holmes, the people will remember the words of the Saviour about a cup of cold water given to a disciple, for I feel as if a draught at this time would be exceedingly refreshing.”

“I sympathize with you in that feeling, brother Crandall,” said the first speaker, “and I never saw the force of that passage of Solomon as I do now — ‘As cold waters to a thirsty soul,

so is good news from a far country.' It seems to me I never longed for a good drink as I do at this moment."

"With me," said Holmes, "it is not so much thirst as hunger."

"Well, well, cheer up, brethren, for these Christian friends are doubtless given to hospitality, and will readily relieve our wants. And if not, we can go to the tavern, and pay for meals and a lodging, though we abound not in filthy lucre."

They now reached a house standing by itself on the outskirts of the town. As they approached it, they noticed that a woman closed the door, as if to signify that their approach was unwelcome.

"Perhaps," said Crandall, "she thinks we are thieves, or pirates, and that she would not be safe in our company."

"A word of explanation will remove her error."

They soon reached the house and knocked at the door; but no one opened it. They knocked again, louder than at first.

"Ye had better go long," said the shrill, cracked voice of an old woman on the inside.

"We are wayfaring strangers," said Mr. Clark, "faint and hungry, who wish merely to

rest for a few moments, and obtain some refreshments."

"Ye must go then to the magistrates," replied the shrill feminine voice, "for I have no license."

"License! license! What does she mean by that?"

"We are not acquainted with your magistrates," said Clark, speaking through the door.

"And we hope we never may be officially," added Crandall, in an undertone, which could be heard only by his companions, who smiled at the remark. "And we know not what you mean by a license," continued Clark.

The shrill, cracked voice now came from the window. It proved to be that of the short, crooked-back, loquacious Mrs. Strangger. Putting her head out of the window, she said, —

"Why, la, didn't you know that the Ginerall Court had passed a law that nobody should entertain strangers without a partickler license from two magistrates?*" Gracious, I thought every body knew that, for it has made talk enough. Why, no longer ago than yesterday, one of our godly elders refused to receive a trader, although

* Hubbard's New England, p. 413, edition of 1815. Benedict's Hist., p. 371.

he had every reason to believe him a good man — jist because he had no license, and said the laws must be obeyed."

"Well, can thee not furnish us a little bread and water?"

"If ye can make it appear that that is not entertaining strangers, I can," replied the prudent little lady.

"Do ye not remember what is said about entertaining strangers unawares?"

"I would do it, with pleasure, if I only had a license. Our magistrates are so afraid of entertaining Anabaptists, Familists, and other heretics, unawares, that they have passed this law for our protection."

The three strangers looked at each other with a singular but significant expression of countenance.

"Go ye, and get a permit from the magistrates, and I will give ye the best my poor house affords."

Mrs. Strangger would gladly have admitted them for the pleasure of having some one hear her talk, and for the opportunity which their visit would have afforded of picking up some new items which she could have converted into materials for gossip. But she knew that she was already a *suspected person*, and she feared

to increase these suspicions. Seeing, just at this moment, one of the colonists in the distance, coming along the road towards them, she said to the strangers, in a hurried manner, and in tones indicative of fear, —

“If ye would not get a poor, lone woman into trouble, ye had better go 'long. Here are witnesses at hand, and it might go hard with me if I let ye in my house.”

They felt the force of this appeal, and moved on.

“Strange place this,” said Crandall, “where a stranger cannot have given him a crust of bread, nor a cup of water without the permission of two magistrates.”

“If the magistrates happen to be absent when strangers arrive, I suppose they must fast, and sleep out doors until the magistrates return, and, in their great kindness, license some one to perform the first acts of hospitality.”

“In our case,” said Clark, “it is probable that no license would be given. If that timid old woman assigned the true reason of this law, it was designed as an embargo upon such as we. No one could get a license to entertain us without telling who and what we were ;

and to reveal that would be fatal to their application. They would be forbidden to harbor us."

"Our prospects are not the most flattering. But here comes a person who may perhaps help us."

CHAPTER XLII.

A SINGULAR INVITATION.

THE individual referred to at the close of the last chapter was no other than the brother of the mill, whom the old lady had seen in the distance, and who had now reached the travellers. They accosted him, told him they were strangers, and asked him where they could receive hospitality.

“As to that, our rulers are very jealous lest hospitality should be extended to unsuitable persons, and therefore require the license of the magistrates to authorize the virtue. But if ye will go with me, I will show you where there is a house which no one will prevent you from entering, and where there is food which no one will forbid your eating. If ye understand, follow me.”

There was something so original, hearty, and frank in this invitation, that they accepted it. They did understand, and were resolved not to compromise the stranger for his kindness. During the walk to the house, the conversation

assumed such a character that the parties found that they were in sympathy with each other in their religious views. The walk was not long. When they reached the threshold, the brother said, —

“This is my house. I will neither invite ye in nor forbid ye to enter; ye may do as ye please; but as ye have commenced following me, ye will probably continue.” They understood, and followed him in.

When the dinner was ready, he said, at the same time preventing, with difficulty, the smiles from playing upon his countenance, —

“Here is food. I will neither ask ye to taste it nor prohibit ye from eating it; ye may do as ye please; but hungry men, with a meal before them, are never at a loss.” They understood again, and were soon at work discussing, with a relish which keen hunger alone can give, the plain, but healthful diet before them. It is scarcely necessary to intimate to the reader that the object of this caution on the part of Eaton was to throw the whole responsibility of their proceeding upon the three men themselves, so that he might avoid the liability of a conviction under this arbitrary law.

During the conversation that ensued, the trio of travellers understood that the colony

was agitated upon the subject of baptism; the ministers and rulers were exceedingly fearful of Baptist sentiments, and were vigilant in discovering and severe in treating all of that sect.

Leaving this hospitable family, they prosecuted their journey towards Lynn, where they arrived in the latter part of the afternoon.

At a distance of two or three miles from the main village stood a small house, partly built of logs, in which resided an old man by the name of William Witter. He was a member of the Baptist church which had been gathered at Newport. In consequence of his age, he was unable to meet with his brethren at Newport, and therefore had requested his church to send some of its members to visit him. His request was complied with, and John Clark, Obadiah Holmes, and Crandall were appointed to that service. Clark and Holmes were both Baptist ministers. Clark was the pastor of the church. Subsequently, Holmes became his successor in that office.

Whether these representatives of the Newport church attracted attention and awakened suspicion by inquiring where Witter lived, or whether this brother had given notice that he was expecting some of his church to see him,

it is difficult now to tell; but certain it is, the magistrates were alarmed, and ordered the constable to be on the alert for the apprehension of any suspicious persons. The travellers found Witter's house, and received a cordial greeting. The old man was overjoyed to see them. He little thought of the protracted and painful trials which this fraternal visit would occasion. Both parties had so much to say that conversation was continued until late in the night.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RESULTS OF A MEETING.

THE next day being the Sabbath, and the meeting house being at so great a distance, it was proposed that they should have worship where they were, and that Mr. Clark should preach. Father Witter would thus have an opportunity of listening to his own pastor, whom he had not been privileged to hear for a long time.

Accordingly, in that rough-built, solitary private house, social religious services were observed. After the offering of praise and prayer, Mr. Clark announced his text. Believing, from his own experience, and from the indications of the times, that a period of unusual temptation and trial was about to befall the people of God, he had selected, as an appropriate passage from which to discourse, Rev. 3rd chapter and 10th verse — “Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try

them that dwell upon the earth." During the delivery of his introduction, four or five strangers unexpectedly came in, and quietly took seats with the little domestic congregation. Having finished his introduction, Mr. Clark said, "In opening this interesting passage of holy writ for your serious meditation, I shall in the first place show what is meant by the hour of temptation — secondly, what we are to understand by the word of his patience, with the character of those who keep it — and thirdly, the soul-cheering encouragement which is furnished by the promise that those who keep this word shall themselves be kept in the hour of temptation and trial."

He proceeded in his discourse with increasing earnestness, the little audience, in the meanwhile, giving the closest attention. Father Witter, sitting in an old, high-back arm chair, in one corner of the room, was listening with tearful eyes and open mouth, as though he had not heard the true doctrine for many months. It was to him a great luxury to hear his own pastor, in his own house, treat so appropriate and comforting a subject as the one he had announced. Alas! the sweetness of the occasion was soon converted into gall. These unknown, harmless strangers, observing Sab-

bath worship in a remote part of the town, for the especial comfort of one of their aged brethren, had (as we have intimated) attracted the attention of the magistrates, and were destined to furnish, in their painful experience, an illustration of the truth of the text. During the progress of the discourse, two constables entered the room.

"What does this mean?" said the first. "Why hold this unlawful assembly? Is not the meeting house good enough, nor the doctrines preached there pure enough for ye, that ye must hold a gathering of your own, to the scandal and injury of the place?"

Mr. Clark paused in his discourse. The little audience turned their eyes with surprise and grief upon the disturber.

"Ye have no business here," said the second. "Ye must disperse, or take the consequences; and they'll not be pleasant, I tell ye."

"We do not intend, friends," said Mr. Clark, calmly, "to break any good and wholesome laws of the land."

"No parleying," replied the first. "Come, shut up your book, and go with us; we have come to apprehend you."

"Apprehend us!" replied Clark, with astonishment; "we wish to know by whose authority. We should like to see your warrant."

"We come with authority from the magistrates; and as to our warrant, I will read it."

He then drew forth a document, and read as follows:—

"By virtue hereof, you are required to go to the house of William Witter, and so to search from house to house for certain erroneous persons, being strangers, and them to apprehend, and in safe custody to keep, to-morrow morning, by eight o'clock, to bring before me.

ROBERT BRIDGES."*

During the reading of this precious paper, the hand of the constable trembled, as though he were conscious he was engaged in a bad cause. After he had finished, Mr. Clark said,—

"It is not our intention to resist the authority by which you have come to apprehend us, but yet I perceive you are not so strictly tied but if you please you may suffer us to make an end of what we have begun; so may you be witnesses either to or against the faith and order which we hold."

"We can do no such thing."

"You may," repeated Clark, "in spite of the warrant, or any thing therein contained."

* In our account of the treatment of the Baptists by the civil government of Massachusetts, we have followed the statements of Clark, Holmes, Backus, and Benedict.

After as much uncivil disturbance and clamor as the pursuivants of the English bishops, under Claude, indulged in when they arrested the Puritans, and broke up their Conventicles in England, the two constables apprehended the two ministers, Clark and Holmes, with their brother Crandall, and led them away. There being no jail or other place of confinement in Lynn, the three prisoners were taken *to the alehouse*. It was a deeply affecting scene to old Father Witter to see his beloved pastor and brethren taken from his own house, prisoners, for no other offence than worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. A recollection of the fact that they had visited him (and had thus been caught in the snare) by his own invitation, added to his sorrow. As the three prisoners left the house, the pastor said to the venerable man, —

“The hour of temptation and trial has come, but let us keep the word of his patience, and He will sustain us in the time of trouble.”

At the tavern, whilst at dinner, one of the constables said, —

“Gentlemen, if you be free, I will carry you to the meeting.” To which they replied, —

“Friend, had we been free thereunto, we had

prevented all this. Nevertheless, we are in thy hand, and if thou wilt carry us to meeting, thither will we go."

"Then I will carry you to the meeting." To which the prisoners replied, —

"If thou forcest us into your assembly, then shall we be constrained to declare ourselves that we cannot hold communion with them."

"That is nothing," said the constable. "I have not power to command you to speak when you come there, or to be silent."

Seeing the determination of the officers to take them to the meeting of those whose principles and practices they disapproved, Mr. Clark repeated the course of conduct which they should feel themselves compelled to pursue.

"Since we have heard the word of salvation by Jesus Christ, we have been taught, as those that first trusted in Christ, to be obedient unto him, both by word and deed; wherefore, if we be *forced to your* meeting, we shall declare our dissent from you, both by word and gesture."

From this frank disclosure, the magistrates knew what to expect. They saw that if they took these strangers to meeting, it must be by compulsion. The prisoners would not go willingly to a meeting of those from whose

principles of state-and-church government they so widely differed ; they saw, moreover, that if they compelled them to go, a disturbance would be the consequence. The prisoners forewarned them that they should feel constrained, from a sense of duty, to express publicly their dissent, and the constables knew that this would at once kindle a conflagration. For a moment they hesitated ; but after consultation with the tavern-keeper, they decided to take them.

The three men, whose own worship had been broken up, were now taken, without their own consent, to the meeting of the *standing order*. The congregation were at prayers when they arrived. As they stepped over the threshold, they raised their hats, and civilly saluted them. A seat was then assigned them, which they occupied. After they had taken their seat, they put on their hats. Mr. Clark opened his book, and commenced reading to himself. Mr. Bridges, who had made out the warrant for their apprehension, seeing them sitting with their heads covered, became excited, and ordered the constable to remove their hats from their heads, who at once obeyed, but not in the most amiable manner.

After the prayers, singing, and preaching

were over, to which the prisoners listened without offering the least interruption, Mr. Clark rose, and, in a respectful manner, said, —

“I desire, as a stranger, to propose a few things to this congregation, hoping, in the proposal thereof, I shall commend myself to your consciences, to be guided by that wisdom that is from above, which, being pure, is also peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated.”

He paused, expecting, as he subsequently said, that if the Prince of Peace had been among them, he would have received from them a peaceable answer. But the pastor, probably fearing that some difficult questions might be asked, and a troublesome theological controversy ensue, replied, —

“We will have no objections against the sermon.”

“I am not about to present objections to the sermon,” answered Mr. Clark, “but as, by my gesture at my coming into your assembly, I declared my dissent from you, so, lest that should prove offensive unto some whom I would not offend, I would now, by word of mouth, declare the grounds, which are these: First—from the consideration we are strangers, each to other, and so strangers to each other’s inward standing with respect to God,

and so cannot conjoin, and act in faith, and what is not of faith is sin; and in the second place, I could not judge that you are gathered together and walk according to the visible order of our Lord ——”

“Have done!” cried Mr. Bridges, with the authority of a magistrate. “You have spoken that for which you must answer. I command silence.”

After the meeting, the trio of prisoners were taken back to the tavern, where they were as vigilantly watched during the night as though they had been guilty of robbery.

The next morning they were taken by the constables before Mr. Bridges, who made out their mittimus, and sent them to the prison at Boston, there to remain until the next County Court.

This mittimus charged them with “being at a private meeting in Lynn on the Lord’s day, exercising among themselves — offensively disturbing the peace of the congregation at the time of their coming into the public meeting in the time of prayer in the afternoon, with saying and manifesting that the church in Lynn was not constituted according to the order of our Lord, with *suspicion* of having their hands in rebaptizing one or more among



pp. 301 and 302.

them, and with refusing to put in sufficient security to appear at the County Court."

In addition to these charges, it was alleged against Mr. Clark that he met again the next day after his contempt, as they called it, of their public worship, at the house of Witter, and in contempt of authority, being then in the custody of the law, did there administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to one excommunicated person, to another under admonition, and to a third that was an inhabitant of Lynn, and not in fellowship with any church; and yet, upon answer in open court, did affirm that he never rebaptized any.

They were all three found guilty. Mr. Clark, the pastor, was fined twenty pounds, equivalent to about eighty dollars, or to be well whipped. He desired to know by what law of God or man he was condemned. The governor, who did not deem it beneath his dignity to be present on this important occasion, stepped up, and, with much earnestness, said to Mr. Clark, "You have denied infants baptism. *You deserve death.* I will not have such trash brought into my jurisdiction. You go up and down, and secretly insinuate unto those that are weak, but you cannot maintain it before our ministers. *You may try and dis-*

pute with them." To this violent harangue of the chief magistrate of the colony Mr. Clark would have replied at length, but the governor commanded the jailer to take the prisoners away. They were accordingly all three remanded to prison.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CHALLENGE.

DURING his confinement that night, Mr. Clark thought much of the insinuations which had been thrown out against him by the governor the day before, and especially of the challenge which had been given him to discuss the question of baptism. It seemed to him as if the great Head of the church had placed him in that position that there he might be a defender of the truth. He looked upon it as a most favorable opportunity to remove the various aspersions which had been unjustly cast upon the Baptists, and show that in doctrine and practice they were true Christian men. By speaking in behalf of his brethren, it appeared to him that he might possibly be the instrument of removing the unjust disabilities to which they were subject, but especially that he might, by presenting the arguments for their peculiar belief, and their objections to infant sprinkling, be the means of opening the eyes of others, and convincing

them of the truth. Yet when he thought of his own inability to do full justice to the subject, and of the disadvantages under which he would labor in having the ministry of the standing order and the government arrayed against him, his heart sunk within him. "But will not the Saviour be with me? Have I not faith to believe that, according to his own promise, it will be given me in that same hour what I ought to speak?" The taunting permit of the governor, "You may try and dispute with the ministers," was constantly ringing in his ears. He offered earnest prayer for direction and assistance, and finally resolved that, by the grace of God, he would accept the governor's challenge. He did not, as a Christian minister, dare to refuse.

Accordingly, the next morning he addressed a document to the court which had condemned him, accepting the governor's proffer of a public discussion of the points at issue between the Congregationalists and the Baptists, and asking the appointment of a time and place for the occasion. This threw the court into a peculiar position. A prisoner, who had been condemned and sentenced mainly for his religious views and practices, but to whom the governor had thrown down the gauntlet for a

discussion, had accepted the challenge. For the court to refuse its sanction would be a tacit rebuke of the governor, and a silent admission of the weakness, or their fear of the weakness, of their cause.

After much ado, therefore, Mr. Clark was informed by one of the magistrates that the disputation was granted, and the time fixed for it was the next week. When this became known to the ministers of the colony, it created great excitement among them. They disapproved the arrangement. They had no wish to enter upon the discussion; they desired to have it abandoned. They therefore saw the government, and earnestly besought them to avoid it; but it seemed too late. They had gone too far to make an honorable retreat. But finding the ministers so averse to a disputation, the magistrates had Mr. Clark brought into their chamber, and there endeavored to change the issues between him and them. They inquired whether he would dispute upon the things contained in his sentence, and maintain his practice; "for," said they, "the court sentenced you not for your judgment and conscience, but for matter of fact and practice." But Mr. Clark was not to be misled by any partial or erroneous statements of the matter; neither was he willing

that such statements should go unrebuted. He therefore manfully replied to these magistrates, —

“You say the court condemned me for matter of fact and practice; be it so. I say the matter of fact and practice was but the manifestation of my judgment and conscience, and I maintain that that man is void of judgment and conscience who hath not a fact and practice which correspond therewith.” He then continued, “If the faith and order which I profess is according to the word of God, then the faith and order which you profess must fall to the ground; but if your views of truth and duty are scriptural, mine must be erroneous. We cannot both be right.” To these statements the magistrates apparently assented.

Although Mr. Clark had been informed that the disputation had been granted, and the time appointed, yet it was all *informal* and *unofficial*. He desired to obtain an official permit, or order, for the discussion, under the secretary's hand. He would then, he felt, be protected; otherwise, the debate might be referred to as evidence of his being a disturber of the state, and a troubler of Israel. He therefore availed himself of the opportunity which was furnished by this private interview with the magistrates, to say to them that if

they would be pleased to grant the motion for the public disputation *under the secretary's hand*, he would draw up three or four propositions, embracing the points which he presented in his defence before the court, and would defend them against any one whom they might choose to dispute with him, until, by arguments derived from the word of God, he should be removed from them.

"In case your speaker convinces me that I am in error," said Mr. Clark, following up the subject so as to reach some definite practical point, "then the disputation is at an end; but if not, then I desire the like liberty, by the word of God, to oppose the faith and order which he and you profess, thereby to try whether I may not become an instrument in the hand of God to remove you from the same."

To this the magistrates replied, —

"The motion certainly is fair, and your terms like unto a practised disputant; but, as the matter in dispute is exceeding weighty, and as we desire that in the controversy all may be said that can be, we propose, therefore, to postpone it to a later day."

Poor Clark was therefore taken back to prison, to wait for the arrival of this "later day."

CHAPTER XLV.

FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITIONS.

DURING this period of delay for the accommodation of the Congregational clergy, Clark, though kept a prisoner, was not idle. He applied himself to the proposed service of drawing up the propositions which he had pledged himself to the magistrates to defend. These propositions, or theses, were four in number. The first asserted that Jesus Christ, the anointed one, was the great Head of his church; that as the anointed Priest, he alone had made atonement for sin — as the anointed Prophet, his teachings were authoritative; that as the anointed King, he had gone to his Father for his glorious kingdom, and would ere long return again; and that it is his *prerogative alone* to make laws and ordinances for the observance of the church, which *no one has any right to alter*.

The second asserted that baptism, or immersion in water, is one of the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that the only

proper person to receive this ordinance is the penitent believer in Christ.

The third maintained that it was both the privilege and duty of every such believer to improve the talents which God hath given him, and in the congregation, may either ask for information to himself, or may speak "for the edification, exhortation, and comfort of the whole; and out of the congregation, at all times, upon all occasions, and in all places, he ought to walk as a child of light, justifying wisdom with his ways, and reproofing folly with the unfruitful works thereof, provided all this be shown out of a good conversation, as James speaks, with meekness of wisdom."

The fourth was in the following language: "I testify that no such believer or servant of Christ Jesus hath liberty, much less authority, from his Lord, to smite his fellow-servant, nor yet with outward force, or arm of flesh, to constrain or restrain his conscience — no, nor yet his outward man for conscience sake, or worship of his God, where injury is not offered to the person, name, or estate of others, every man being such as shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and must give account of himself to God, and therefore ought to be fully persuaded in his own mind for what he

undertakes, because he that doubteth is damned if he eat, and so also if he act, beause he doth not eat or act in faith; and what is not of faith is sin."

These points Clark resolved, in the strength of Christ, to defend with all his ability.

The next day, as the first rays of the morning sun were gilding the hill tops, and drinking the early dew, one of the magistrates of Boston visited the prison. Having aroused the jailer, he asked to be admitted to an interview with Clark. After being introduced to the cell of the imprisoned Baptist, he inquired if the conclusions which he intended to advocate were drawn up. Mr. Clark informed him that they were. He asked for a copy of them. Mr. Clark demurred. No official sanction had yet been given to the anticipated controversy, and he was unwilling that his conclusions or propositions should be known until that point had been gained. The magistrate urged him with much importunity to part with a copy of them; but he refused until the promise was given him that the motion for the disputation *should be granted officially*, under the secretary's hand. He then complied with the urgent request of his early visitor. Whilst Mr. Clark was expecting this official permit, and was preparing

for the public discussion by the diligent study of the Bible, he was greatly surprised by being informed by the jailer that the order for his release from prison had come.

Some friends had, without his consent, and contrary to his judgment, paid his fine, and secured his discharge.

As it was generally known that a public disputation was at hand, in which the points of difference between the Congregationalists and Baptists were to be discussed, as rumor said, between Mr. Clark on one side and Mr. Cotton on the other, great expectations had been raised as to the result. Clark, being fully convinced that if this disputation did not come off, the responsibility of the failure would be attributed to him, and inferences be drawn unfavorable to his side, as if his brethren feared the results of the discussion, and therefore paid his fine, so that he might return to Newport, and thus not be on hand for the controversy, immediately prepared an address, in which he stated that if the honored magistrates or General Court of the colony would grant his former request, under the secretary's hand, for the disputation, he would cheerfully embrace it, and would come from Newport to defend the opinions he had professed. Having in this manner

evinced a willingness to meet his opponents at any time they might appoint, he threw the whole responsibility of the failure, in case there should be any, upon them. By so doing, he maintained his own manliness, and gave public evidence that neither he nor his friends had any fear of exposing their principles to the closest scrutiny.

CHAPTER XLVI.

POWER OF AN AMULET.

BUT we must not lose sight of the unfortunate captive. We left Priscilla in the power of two stalwart savages, who were leading her far away from her friends, and who, to prevent her escape in the darkness of the night, alternately seized her arm, so that she was constantly in the grasp of one or the other of them.

As the first gray streaks of the morning began to show themselves in the east, they came to a clear, cool, running brook. They here made a halt. As they were now so far from the settlement, they did not fear any successful attempt, on the part of their prisoner, to effect an escape.

They therefore concluded to unbind her arms. As Grizzly Bear went behind her for this purpose, his attention was suddenly arrested by a small object which he had not seen before; and by the utterance of the Indian guttural syllable "Ugh," he expressed his sur-

prise to his comrade. Gray Eagle was by his side instantly. During their examination of the newly-discovered article, the fears of Priscilla were highly excited. Being equally ignorant of the object of their scrutiny and of their motives, she was apprehensive that they were planning some great indignity or cruelty towards her. She listened carefully to their low conversation, and, though she understood not a sentence, yet there was one word which they occasionally uttered, that she had heard before, that revealed to her the object of their curiosity, and awakened in her despairing heart a gleam of hope. That word was "Omao," the name of the Indian whom Priscilla had sheltered and fed in her uncle's house. The little skin pouch, connected with the rude representation of a frog, which that Indian gave her as a testimony of his gratitude, she always carried with her when she went into the fields. She had the impression that it was something which the Indians highly valued, and that, if in her wandering she should accidentally meet any of them, by showing it she would conciliate their favor, and avoid ill treatment. When seized and bound by her captors, this pouch was suspended from her neck, but concealed beneath her dress. They therefore did not see

it. In her excitement, it did not occur to her to take it from her bosom and show it. What a pity! The disclosure of that bag would have secured her instant release, and prevented her from enduring these painful marches, and a dreadful captivity. She would have returned to her uncle's — have found her father — and the experience of her life, for years, would have been totally changed.

While she was lying upon the grass, this mysterious pouch changed its position, and worked around to her back. When Grizzly Bear commenced loosening the skin cords with which she was bound, his eye fell upon it. He instantly recognized it as the medicine bag and charm of his chief, which authoritatively demanded protection for its wearer from all the tribe. He called the attention of his companion to it. They were both disappointed and chagrined.

Priscilla was surprised to perceive the difference in their treatment of her after this discovery. They gently removed her cords, carefully bathed her swollen arms and hands in water from the cool stream, and gave her cakes of baked corn meal, and a piece of dried buffalo meat for her breakfast. Believing that this favorable change in their deportment was occa-

sioned by her possession of the pouch, she thought it good policy to intimate to them that she knew its value. She therefore held it up before them, and pronounced, —

“Omao.”

The two savages nodded their heads, and uttered their comprehensive, guttural “Ugh,” accompanied with a forced smile, to indicate that they understood her.

Priscilla was ignorant of the reason that the discovery of this dried leathern pouch, and awkwardly-made frog, produced such an entire alteration in the deportment of her captors towards her; but if she had known what we are now about to relate, she would have understood it fully.

CHAPTER XLVII.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

AFTER Omao recovered from the effects of intoxication at New Haven, and recalled to his recollection the sensations which he had experienced whilst under the influence of his potations, it seemed to him as if he had experienced a remarkable deliverance. So strange had every thing seemed — so wonderful were the mysterious motions — the heaving and pitching of the ground beneath his feet, as though it were a liquid mass, troubled by some mighty internal commotion, and the unnatural gyrations of all surrounding objects — the apparent whirling of houses, trees, and hills, as if the earth had formed itself into an immense Maelstrom, and was bearing all things irresistibly around and towards some fatal centre; and when, on the morrow, he found that Nature had resumed her usual appearance, and not a single object was displaced, he thought he had been under the influence of some mighty incantation, which would have proved

fatal if it had not been for the timely interference of the white squaw, whom he almost regarded as a goddess of superior power to the being who had thrown nature into such wild confusion.

As he attributed his deliverance to the unsolicited kindness of this pale-faced squaw, he was desirous of leaving with her some testimonial of his gratitude. Nothing appeared to him more appropriate for that purpose than his medicine bag and charm. To these he attributed a mysterious power, in warding off diseases, preventing accidents, revealing secrets, and thwarting the efforts of sorcerers. They were the most valuable articles he possessed, and were always worn about his neck, as a protection against sudden evils. These, therefore, he gave to Priscilla, on the morning after she had favored him with a night's lodging, by means of which he recovered from the effects of his enchanted spell. He gave them also for another reason, which he would have gladly explained, if he could have made himself understood; and that was, as a token of his protection. It was his intention to guaranty his guardianship to the full extent of his power, at any future period, to any individual who should possess this talisman, and by its presentation should claim his assistance.

This being his design, he made arrangements, after his return to his distant home, for its fulfilment. He called a meeting of the whole tribe; and, after informing them of his visit to the pale faces, and of the manner of his reception among them, not forgetting the strange effects of the cup of enchantment, which they put to his lips, and of the kind treatment extended to him in his troubles by the young white squaw, he charged them, with that stern authority natural to the haughty and despotic chief of the wild red men of the forest, to show themselves friendly to any individual, in any circumstances, who should be in possession of his medicine bag and charm, and that, in case its possessor should prove to be a pale-faced squaw, he declared, with the impassioned and earnest eloquence for which the Indian, when thoroughly aroused, is distinguished, that any individuals, who should do her the least injury, or refuse to do her any kindness in their power, should be bound to a tree, and be shot at, until the arrows, sticking in their flesh, should cover them as thickly as quills do a porcupine.

The whole tribe knew that that was no idle threat. Omao was a stern chief, and exacted the obedience of his followers with great severity.

When, therefore, Grizzly Bear and Gray Eagle discovered his medicine bag and charm upon Priscilla, they were startled. They feared the consequences. They would willingly have gone back with her to the place of her seizure, if they had not been fearful of meeting their pursuers, with whose fire-arms and balls their own wooden arrows were poor weapons to contend, and to whom, in consequence of their ignorance of each other's language, they could make no explanation which would secure them against severe treatment for their abduction of the girl.

As the best thing they could do, they resolved, from that time, to treat her with great kindness; to conciliate, if possible, her friendship, and then make a full statement of the affair to Omao, upon their arrival at their encampment, and throw themselves upon his mercy. They knew that the simple stealing of a captive would not be regarded as any great offence, and they believed that the kindness of their treatment after the discovery of the medicine bag, would convince their chief of their disposition to obey, and would thus prevent any painful results. Besides, they thought it possible that Omao might be gratified to find the pale-faced squaw in his pos-

session, provided she was placed there without any agency of his own, as he could then effect her deliverance in an imposing manner, and thus furnish her with the most conclusive evidence of his deep sense of gratitude for her former kindness. An event, however, soon occurred, which induced them to change their plans.

After resting by the side of the cool, flowing stream, until the sun had been above the horizon more than an hour, they recommenced their march. As they ascended a slight elevation of land, they were surprised to find, seated in a valley, on the other side of the hill, a party of Indians. They knew they were not their own tribe, but who they were, or whether friends or enemies, they could not tell. They would have retreated at once, if they could have done it without detection. But they had been seen, and the whole company had sprung to their feet. The two Indians indulged for a few moments in earnest, though in low-toned, conversation, in which Priscilla could distinctly detect the name of "Omao." He was evidently the principal topic of discussion. As there now appeared to be some warlike movements on the part of the newly-discovered Indians, Grizzly Bear drew from his belt a

pipe, decorated with white feathers, and advanced towards them, holding it high in the air, so that it might be distinctly seen. It was his offer for a peaceful parley. It was soon responded to by one of the others stepping some distance in advance of his party, with a similar calumet, elevated in his hand. This was the acceptance of the proposal for a friendly interview.

The two parties now came together. Fortunately, there was one among these strangers who understood the language of the two kidnappers, and who officiated as their interpreter. As the negotiation progressed, Priscilla became alarmed. She discovered that she was the principal subject of conversation; and by the display of skins and wampum, she suspected that offers were being made for her purchase. She was not deceived. After more than an hour's interview, the terms of the bargain were settled. A dozen beautifully-ornamented robes and a long string of white and blue wampum were placed before Grizzly Bear. These he rolled up in two packages, and gave one to Gray Eagle; after which they speedily took their departure, leaving Priscilla in the possession of her new purchasers!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

PARTING with Priscilla for the present, let us return and inquire after the events which followed Mr. Clark's address to the governor and General Court, in which he offered to come from Newport and discuss the question of baptism, provided they would appoint a time and place.

The day following the preparation of this address was Commencement day at Cambridge. The governor, council, ministers, and leading citizens of Boston were there in attendance upon the exercises. The aspects of the place were very different then from their present appearance. Where now are commodious and elegant edifices for the accommodation of the students, for the library, chapel, dining hall, and lodging rooms — where beautiful streets are laid out, with elegant residences bordering either side, then stood, in impenetrable grandeur, the primeval forest, or lands and swamps covered with thick shrubbery, elegantly festooned

with various native vines, and ornamented with a great profusion of fragrant, wild, nameless flowers. Those sturdy Puritans could not have dreamed that within the brief limits of two centuries such wonderful changes could transpire as have taken place — that in that retired jungle a city would spring into existence, surrounded by a group of sister cities, with numerous school houses, churches, public buildings, and myriads of inhabitants. Much less could they have imagined the political and national changes which have occurred, by which the two feeble colonies of New England and Virginia have grown into a sisterhood of thirty-one independent states, yet bound together in one beautiful, harmonious whole, and constituting one of the largest and most powerful nations upon earth.

During the progress of the exercises at Cambridge on that day, a man was wandering along the shore on the Boston side of Charles River. He was anxious to cross, but unfortunately all the spare boats that belonged to the citizens of the little town were on the Cambridge side, having been used in conveying visitors to the college. Finally an Indian, who had been out fishing in the harbor all the morning, came, on his way home, sufficiently



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near the shore to be hailed. The man called to him, and by signs engaged him to paddle him across the stream in his birchen canoe. Having arrived on the other side, the passenger hastened to the college, and placed in the hand of one of the magistrates a letter; it was the offer of Clark to come from Newport, and engage in the much-talked-of discussion. It was not a welcome document. The advocates of infant sprinkling did not wish to meet Mr. Clark in an oral argument. They knew that that rite was safe so long as it was protected by the sword of state, but they could not foresee what results would grow out of a public disputation. Still, as the governor had been the first to propose such a disputation, and the magistrates had assured Mr. Clark it would be granted, they were in a dilemma what course to pursue so as to avoid the discussion without a compromise of character, or without a tacit implication of the weakness of their own side. The ministers and magistrates conversed upon the subject after the reception of Clark's letter at Cambridge with great interest. The object of the consultation was, to devise some way to extricate themselves from their position without yielding any advantage to the Baptists.

Finally the minister of Boston, Mr. Cotton, who was more strongly opposed to the public controversy than some of the others, drew up a reply to send back, in which he stated that Mr. Clark had misunderstood the governor, who had not enjoined or counselled a public disputation, but had simply expressed the opinion that if Mr. Clark would confer with the ministers upon the subject of infant baptism, they would satisfy him of the propriety of the practice, and he would not be able to maintain his own views before them; that this was intended for Clark's information privately, but by no means as a challenge to dispute publicly upon the subject. "Nevertheless," continued this ingenious divine, "if you are forward to dispute, and that you will move it yourself to the court or magistrates about Boston, we shall take order to appoint one who will be ready to answer your motion, you keeping close to the questions to be propounded by yourself; and a moderator shall be appointed, also, to attend upon that service; and whereas you desire you might be free in your dispute, keeping close to the points to be disputed on, without incurring damage by the civil justice, observing what hath before been

written, it is granted. The day may be agreed if you yield the premises."

This was signed by the governor, Mr. Endicott, the deputy governor, Mr. Dudley, and three others. Mr. Clark regarded it as a singular document, and understood its practical bearing. He viewed it as an attempt to change the entire ground of procedure, and shelter the governor from the charge of having proposed the discussion. In the expression of a willingness to grant the discussion, provided Clark would move it himself to the court or magistrates about Boston, he discovered an attempt to throw the whole responsibility of the disputation upon himself, and to make it appear to result from his "forwardness to dispute."

Two other remarkable features connected with this affair, which increased the cautiousness of Clark's movements, were — first, that whilst this letter of Cotton's was signed by five colonial dignitaries, it was not an order of court; it was not an official document. It was signed by them in their private capacity, and had not the signature of the secretary. Mr. Clark therefore did not regard it as a reliable state paper.

The other remarkable circumstance was,

that this attempt to throw the whole responsibility of originating the discussion of infant baptism upon Clark was made, when they knew that there was a law of the colony which ordered that "if any person or persons shall openly condemn or oppose the baptizing of infants, and shall appear to the court wilfully and obstinately to continue therein, after due time and means of conviction, every such person or persons shall be sentenced to banishment."

Clark knew that their unofficial document would afford him no legal protection, and that in case the disputation went on in the manner they proposed, it would be an easy thing for some one to enter a complaint against him, and secure his conviction. He therefore wrote the following frank and manly epistle, and forwarded it to them:—

To the honored Governor of the Massachusetts and the rest of that honorable society, these present.

Worthy Senators:—

I received a writing, subscribed with five of your hands, by way of answer to a twice-repeated motion of mine before you, which was grounded, as I conceive, sufficiently upon

the governor's words in open court, which writing of yours doth no way answer my expectation, nor yet that motion which I made ; and whereas (waving that grounded motion) you are pleased to intimate that *if I were* forward to *dispute*, and would move it myself to the court or magistrates about Boston, you would appoint one to answer my motion, &c., — be pleased to understand that, although I am not backward to maintain the faith and order of my Lord, the King of saints, for which I have been sentenced, yet am I not in such a way so forward to dispute, or move therein, lest inconvenience should thereby arise. I shall rather once more repeat my former motion, which if it shall please the honored General Court to accept, and under their secretary's hand shall grant a free dispute, without molestation or interruption, I shall be well satisfied therewith ; that what is past I shall forget, and upon your motion shall attend it ; thus desiring the Father of mercies not to lay that evil to your charge, I remain your well-wisher,

JOHN CLARK.

To this fair and honorable proposal of Mr. Clark, the governor and magistrates to whom it was addressed thought it the wisest policy

to return no answer. The matter was accordingly dropped by their silent retreat. Thus ended the unfortunate challenge of the governor and the persecution of the pastor of the Newport Baptist church.

Mr. Bates and Stephen, who had from the first deeply sympathized with Clark, were greatly rejoiced when the affair had reached its end.

CHAPTER XLIX.

INWARD LIFE.

It is time that we inquire into the fate of Mr. Clark's companions. Mr. Crandall, who was sentenced to a fine of five pounds for being one of the company, was released upon promising that he would appear at their next court. But they did not let him know when the next court would sit until it was over; and as he was not present according to his promise, they obliged the keeper to pay his fine.

With poor Holmes it fared far worse than with either of the others. He had been sentenced to pay a fine of thirty pounds, by the first day of the next court, or else to be *well whipped*, and to remain in prison until he provided sureties for the fine. Sureties he would not furnish, because he was determined not to pay the fine. Consequently, he was kept in prison. At the time of his trial before the Court of Assistants, when the above cruel sentence was passed against him, he replied, —

"I bless God I am counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus;" at which one of the ministers (Mr. John Wilson) so far forgot the sacredness of his office, and the sanctity of the place, as to raise his hand, and strike him in open court, at the same time saying, "The curse of God go with thee."*

During the continuance of the imprisonment of Clark and Crandall, Holmes enjoyed their company. This was a source of unspeakable comfort. The conversation, the sympathy, and the prayers of his fellow-prisoners assisted to banish the despondency and gloom which would otherwise have oppressed him. But after their deliverance, and when he was left alone, he was greatly distressed in spirit. In his own account of it, he said, "After I was deprived of my two loving friends, the adversary stepped in, took hold of my spirit, and troubled me for the space of an hour, and then the Lord came in, and sweetly relieved me, causing me to look to himself; so was I staid and refreshed in the thoughts of my God."

As friends had paid the fines of the other two prisoners, and had secured their release, it seemed a hard case that he should be left to

* Holmes's Letter, in Backus and Benedict.

feel the scourge. Brethren who sympathized with him resolved that he should not. Strong-faith Bates, Stephen, the brother of the mill, and a few others, raised, by a contribution among themselves, enough to pay his fine. But Holmes would not permit it. In reply to their kind offer, he said, —

“I dare not accept of deliverance in such a way. And though I greatly thank you for your kindness, and would acknowledge, with gratitude, even a cup of cold water, yet I desire not that you should yield to the unrighteous demands of my persecutors. Having committed no crime, I will not permit my friends to pay a single farthing for me.”

The first day of court was drawing near, when, if the fine was not paid, the substitute would be exacted in stripes, and groans, and blood.

Though Holmes was strongly convinced of the truth of Baptist sentiments, for which he was imprisoned, and was conscientiously opposed to the payment of the fine, or to the doing of any thing else voluntarily, as a penal requisition, yet he was nowise ambitious of the honors of the whipping post. He shrunk with dread from the sufferings of the scourge. He knew that, when the Court of Assistants sentenced

one to be "well whipped," it meant something, and would be executed to the very letter. Yet the night preceding the infliction of the sentence he passed in sweet, refreshing sleep. In the morning, notwithstanding they knew that they would provoke the wrath of "the powers that be," Strongfaith and Stephen, with several other friends, called at the prison, to comfort and encourage the *criminal*! After appropriate religious conversation and prayer that God would give strength to suffer, and especially that he would open the eyes of the persecutors to see and love the truth, Strongfaith took from a basket, in which he had stowed a variety of comforts for the poor prisoner, a bottle of old Madeira wine. Pouring out some in a glass, he offered it to Holmes.

"No, brother. I thank you for your kindness, but I shall take no strong drink until my punishment is over, lest, if I have more strength, courage, and boldness than ordinarily could be expected, the world should say that I was drunk, or that I was carried through by the strength and comfort of what I had taken. No; let me so suffer that, if I am sustained, God shall have the glory."

Still, the prisoner was by no means certain that he would not shrink, faint, or show signs

of physical cowardice, though he thus spake. Instead, however, of strengthening himself with wine and other luxuries, which had been brought, he left his friends to be entertained with each other, whilst he withdrew into another room, to hold communion with his Lord. So soon as he had retired by himself, he was overwhelmed with the deepest gloom. He was tempted to question his own sincerity and the purity of his motives. A something within, which he attributed to satanic agency, said, "Remember thyself, thy birth, thy breeding, thy friends, thy wife, children, name, credit. Thou art dishonoring all these by thy public scourging. Is this necessary when others are ready to save thee from suffering, and thy friends from disgrace?" His heart sunk within him. The idea of dishonoring any who were dear to him was more painful than the anticipated punishment; but presently the thought occurred to him, or, as he afterwards expressed it, "There came in sweetly, from the Lord, as sudden an answer: 'Tis for my Lord; I must not deny him before the sons of men, (for that were to set men above him,) but rather lose all; yea, wife, children, and mine own life also.'" This, however, did not afford him permanent peace; for soon a series of questions

rushed into his mind, creating confusion of thought, and reviving his disquietude of feeling. "Is it for the Lord that you are about to suffer? Have you his glory alone in view? Is it not rather for your own, or some others' sake? Is it not obstinacy or pride? Is it not resentment or bigotry? Is not selfishness at the bottom?"

These unwelcome, and, as they seemed to him, involuntary queries increased his distress; but after a jealous and careful scrutiny of his motives, he was convinced, as he said, that, "It was not for any man's case or sake in this world, that so I had professed and practised, but for my Lord's case and sake, and for him alone; whereupon my spirit was much refreshed."

He was also greatly comforted by the following passages of Scripture, which were sweetly suggested to his mind: "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" "Although I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "And he that continueth to the end shall be saved." But anon, the thoughts of the terrible scourge occurred to him, and he feared that the severity of the dreadful punishment

would be too much for his sensitive flesh. The disgrace of the punishment he regarded not. That belonged to others, and not to himself. Like his Lord and Master, he despised the shame. But the anticipated pain of the heavy blows made him shrink. He knew his weakness and sensitiveness, and feared that he would be overcome. Again he betook himself to the throne of grace. He prayed earnestly that the Lord would be pleased to give him a spirit of courage and boldness, a tongue to speak for him, and strength of body to suffer for his sake, and not to shrink from the strokes, nor shed tears, lest the adversaries of the truth should blaspheme, and be hardened, and the weak and feeble hearted be discouraged. His prayer was followed with fresh consolation and strength. It produced a state of trustful submission to God, causing him to yield himself, soul and body, into the hands of his Saviour, and leave the whole disposing of the affair with him.

CHAPTER L.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

WHEN the time arrived for the condemned Baptist preacher to be led forth to punishment, and the voice of the jailer was heard in the prison, Holmes listened to it with a degree of cheerfulness. Taking his Testament in his hand, he went forth with him to the place of execution. As he approached the whipping post, around which were gathered a crowd of spectators, he calmly saluted them. Two of the magistrates were present to see that the whipper did his duty—Mr. Increase Nowel who had signed his sentence, and Mr. Flint. After waiting some minutes in expectation of the governor's coming, Nowel commanded the executioner to do his office.

“Permit me,” said Holmes, as the executioner seized him, “to say a few words.”

“Now is no time to speak,” replied Nowel. But Holmes was unwilling to suffer in silence. He desired to declare to the multitude the grounds of his belief, and the reasons of his

punishment. He therefore lifted up his voice and said, —

“Men, brothers, fathers, and countrymen, I beseech you give me leave to speak a few words, and the rather because here are many spectators to see me punished, and I am to seal with my blood, if God give strength, that which I hold and practise in reference to the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus. That which I have to say, in brief, is this: although I am no disputant, yet, seeing I am to seal with my blood what I hold, I am ready to defend by the word, and to dispute that point with any that shall come forth to withstand it.”

Magistrate Nowel told him, “Now is no time to dispute.”

“Then,” continued Holmes, “I desire to give an account of the faith and order I hold.” This he uttered three times. But Magistrate Flint cried out to the executioner, “Fellow, do thine office, for this fellow would but make a long speech to delude the people.”

In compliance with this authoritative mandate, the executioner roughly seized Holmes, and began to strip off his clothes. The sentence was to be inflicted upon the prisoner, not upon his garments. But Holmes was deter-

mined to speak if possible. Whilst therefore the whipper was removing his clothes and preparing him for the lash, he said to the people, —

“That which I am to suffer for is the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.”

“No,” replied Magistrate Nowel, “it is for your error, and going about to seduce the people.”

“Not for my error,” said Holmes, “for in all the time of my imprisonment, wherein I was left alone, (my brethren being gone,) which of all your ministers in all that time came to convince me of an error? and when, upon the governor’s words, a motion was made for a public dispute, and upon fair terms so often renewed, and desired by hundreds, what was the reason it was not granted?”

This was a close and significant question. As all the multitude knew that a public disputation had been anticipated, but had not yet taken place, the inquiry of Holmes seemed to demand an answer. Nowel therefore replied, —

“It was the fault of him who went away and would not dispute,” referring to Clark. But this, as we have already shown, was not the case.

Flint became impatient at this colloquy, and repeated his order to the executioner, —

"Fellow, do thine office." Holmes, however, would not remain silent. Whilst being disrobed, he said, —

"I would not give my body into your hands to be thus bruised on any other account whatever; yet now I would not give the hundredth part of a wampum-peague* to free it out of your hands."

"Unbutton here," said the executioner, as he gave his jacket a jerk.

"No," said Holmes; "I make as much conscience of unbuttoning one button as I do of paying the sentence of thirty pounds. I will do nothing towards executing such an unjust law."

Faithful to his word, he would not voluntarily assist the executioner in the least in removing his garments from his back.

He was as helpless as if he were asleep, and the executioner had to handle him as though he were a statue. Still he continued addressing the people.

"The Lord," said he, "having manifested his love towards me, in giving me repentance towards God and faith in Christ, and so to be baptized in water by a messenger of Jesus, in

* The sixth part of a penny.

the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, wherein I have fellowship with him in his death, burial, and resurrection, I am now come to be baptized in afflictions by your hands, that so I may have further fellowship with my Lord, and am not ashamed of his sufferings, for by his stripes am I healed."

The executioner, having removed so much of his garments as would hinder the effect of the scourge, and having fastened him to the post, seized a three-corded whip, raised his hands, and laid on the blows in an unmerciful manner. Stroke followed stroke as rapidly as was consistent with effective execution, each blow leaving its crimson furrow, or its long blue wale in the sufferer's quivering flesh. The only pause which occurred during the infliction of this barbarous punishment was when the executioner ceased a moment in order to spit in his hands, so as to take a firmer hold of the handle of the whip, and render the strokes more severe. This he did three times. During the infliction of his painful scourging, Holmes said to the people, —

"Though my flesh and my spirit fail, yet God will not fail." The poor sufferer did not fail. He found that his strength was equal to his day. Though the lash was doing its

bloody work upon his sensitive flesh, yet his spirit was sustained by heavenly consolations. In his own account of his experience during this dreadful ordeal, Holmes subsequently said, —

“It pleased the Lord to come in and fill my heart and tongue as a vessel full, and with an audible voice I brake forth, praying the Lord not to lay this sin to their charge, and telling the people that now I found he did not fail me, and therefore now I should trust him forever who failed me not; for in truth, as the strokes fell upon me, I had such a spiritual manifestation of God’s presence as I never had before, and the outward pain was so removed from me that I could well bear it, yea, and in a manner felt it not, although it was grievous, as the spectators said; the man striking with all his strength, spitting in his hand three times, with a three-corded whip, giving me therewith thirty strokes.”

After the requisite number of blows had been given, equalling the number of pounds that he was fined, (from which we learn that, according to the Puritan standard of penal measure, one blow of a three-corded whip, well laid on, was an equivalent to one pound sterling,) the cords which fastened him to the

whipping post were untied, and he was set at liberty. With joyfulness in his heart and cheerfulness in his countenance, he turned to the magistrates Flint and Nowel, and said, —

“ You have struck me as with roses.” But not wishing them to imagine that he regarded the punishment as literally light, nor that he was sustained by his own strength, he added, —

“ Although the Lord hath made it easy to me, yet I pray God it may not be laid to your charge.”

The crowd now gathered around him, some from mere curiosity, others inwardly rejoicing that the heretic had been scourged, whilst a third class were filled with mingled emotions of sympathy with his sorrows, and indignation at his wrongs.

CHAPTER LI.

EFFECTS OF PERSECUTION.

AMONGST those whose feelings of sympathy and indignation were aroused at the barbarous treatment of Holmes, were two individuals who were so rejoiced that the sufferer had been sustained under his cruelties, and that he left the ignominious post with so much composure, and even with pleasantness of countenance, that they shook hands with him; and one of them, whose name was John Spur, a freeman of the colony, said to him, "Blessed be God for thee, my brother," and walked along with him to the prison. The other, who simply shook hands with him, was another freeman, Mr. John Hazel. Many others testified their friendship for him, and glorified God on his account. To some, however, who were present, these expressions of sympathy were extremely displeasing. They looked upon it as a connivance at the crime, and a contempt of the government. As informers, they immediately made complaint of what they had wit-

nessed, and a number of warrants were issued for the apprehension of these sympathizing offenders.

When Holmes reached the prison, his body was found to be in a terrible condition — his body, not simply his back, for the lashes of the whip were so long that they lapped over his back, and left their gory marks upon his side.

Eaton, who had been a spectator of all the proceedings, ran home immediately after the whipping, obtained some rags and oil, and hastened to the prison, where, like the good Samaritan, he dressed the wounded man's sores. When it was known that Holmes had received such kindness, the inquiry became general, who was the surgeon. And the report was soon circulated that he was to be arrested.

So severe was the chastisement of the prisoner that for many days he could not endure the pain occasioned by the wounded parts of his body touching the bed. All the rest that he experienced was such as he obtained by supporting himself upon his knees and elbows.

The day after the whipping, whilst Spur and Hazel were attending to their business, they were surprised by a constable calling

upon them, and telling them they were prisoners. As his authority, he showed them the following document: —

“To the keeper or his deputy :

By virtue hereof, you are to take into your custody and safe keeping the body of John Spur, for a heinous offence by him committed; hereof fail not. Dated the 5th of the 7th month, 1651. Take also into your safe keeping John Hazel.

By the court,

INCREASE NOWEL.”

They were accordingly both taken to prison, the *heinous offence* consisting of the act of shaking hands and speaking with Holmes after his punishment, and, consequently, after he had satisfied the law, and was no longer an involuntary prisoner.

They were afterwards taken to the court, and examined. They had no trial, neither were they allowed to meet their complainants face to face, but were condemned upon the evidence furnished by the depositions of two individuals, the stronger of the two documents being as follows: —

“I, — Cole, being in the market-place

when Obadiah Holmes came from the whipping post, John Spur came and met him presently, laughing in his face, saying, 'Blessed be God for thee, brother;' and so did go with him, laughing upon him, towards the prison, which was very grievous to me to see him harden the man in his sin, and showing much contempt of authority by that carriage, as if he had been unjustly punished, and had suffered as a righteous man under a tyrannical government. Deposed before the court the 5th of the 7th month. INCREASE NOWEL."

They were sentenced to receive ten lashes each, or pay a fine of forty shillings. The latter they could not conscientiously do. A Mr. Bendal, who was a friend to Hazel, offered to pay his, but he refused, saying, —

"I thank you for this offer of love; but I believe it will be no acceptable service for any man to pay a penny for me in this case." Yet, notwithstanding his refusal, the court accepted the proffer, and gave him his discharge. Hazel was upwards of sixty years of age, and died soon after his release.*

Spur was kept in prison nearly a week, ex-

* Benedict's History of the Baptists.

pecting every day to be taken to the market square, tied to the whipping post, and receive his ten lashes; but, without his permission, some sympathizing friend paid his fine, and secured his deliverance.

These persecutions were the means of attracting the attention of many to the doctrines of the sufferers. Sympathy elicited inquiry, and inquiry produced conviction. The sentiments of the Baptists spread. Many were convinced of the scripturalness of their views of baptism, and desired to be buried with Christ in that beautiful and significant ordinance. Their desire could not be refused. The ordinance was administered repeatedly, though with the greatest privacy, for fear of prisons, fines, and scourgings.

CHAPTER LII.

A REPULSIVE OFFER.

WE left Priscilla in the possession of her purchasers. The principal motive which Grizzly Bear and Gray Eagle had in selling her was, to prevent all knowledge of her capture from reaching Omao. The two robbers feared the result if their stern chief should discover their deed.

The Indians who now had possession of the unfortunate girl were a party of the Iroquois, a numerous and powerful tribe, who occupied a vast extent of country to the west and south of the present Hudson River. They had been on a marauding expedition, and were on their return. During their homeward journey, which lasted for several days, Priscilla was so constantly and vigilantly watched that not the least opportunity of escape was offered her. She was led on through forests, swamps, and brooks, over high hills, and through deep glens covered with rough, loose, sharp stones, until, with dreadfully lacerated feet, and her arms

and face torn with the thorns and briers through which she had been compelled to force her way, she was finally introduced into the midst of the village of tents and rude huts which her owners called their home.

Leaving for the imagination of the reader to picture the great joy which the return of this party occasioned, and the great curiosity which was manifested by the old and young, male and female, in their examination of the white squaw, we shall confine our narrative to the captive herself.

When Priscilla found herself, to all appearance, in hopeless and perpetual bondage, she resolved that, with assistance from on high, she would endeavor to maintain a close walk with God, conscientiously observe secret prayer, and would make herself useful to the full extent of her ability. She thought that perhaps she had been sent there, in the mysterious providence of God, for the conversion of some of that people. She resolved, therefore, that she would maintain a Christian character, evince a spirit of meekness, and avail herself of every opportunity to do them both temporal and spiritual good.

A spirit of sincere benevolence will find, even in the most unpropitious circumstances,

means for its practical development. If it cannot indulge itself in one form of usefulness, it will seek another. So numerous are the various classes of the ignorant and the suffering that a philanthropic disposition need never be at a loss for objects of compassion.

Without entering into a minute account of Priscilla's course at this period of her history, it must suffice to say, that by availing herself of every means in her power, she soon became sufficiently acquainted with the language to understand and speak it, after which she made rapid progress. By her attention to the sick, the aged, and the infirm, she secured their confidence and esteem. When those for whom she prescribed, recovered their health, their restoration was ascribed to her treatment. Being skilful in the use of the needle, she assisted in ornamenting moccasins, and in embroidering robes of dressed buffalo and deer skins. She was useful in the culinary department, and suggested new modes of preparing food, which proved very acceptable to the epicures of the forest. She was especially interested in the children, with whom she was a great favorite. She talked with them about God, about their own sinfulness, about the sufferings and death of Jesus, about heaven and perdition. Upon

the minds of others, too, she inculcated, as opportunity offered, the prominent truths of the Bible. * * *

Time passed on. Priscilla continued to increase in the confidence and affection of the people. Some of them regarded her with almost religious veneration, as though she had come from some other world. During all this time, however, she was the acknowledged slave, or property, of the chief who had purchased her from the two kidnappers. He had the power of life and death over her. In his cabin she made her home; to him she was bound to be obedient. Unfortunately for the captive, the favorite wife of her owner was taken sick. Every method that could be devised for her recovery was adopted, but without success, and after lingering a few weeks, she died.

After this the bereaved chief treated Priscilla with more than usual attention. He lightened her labors, gave her beautiful pieces of dressed skins, and beads with which to ornament them for moccasins or robes, and in various other ways he manifested a particular interest in her welfare. As Priscilla feared, all this was but preparatory to the repulsive proposal for her to become his wife, which he urged by every

motive in his power. Promises and threatenings were equally unavailing; and when, in his anger, he declared that if she persisted in her refusal he would put her to death by slow tortures, she calmly replied, that death in any form would be preferable to a life with him.

"My trust," said she, "is in the Great Spirit. He will be my protector. I do not fear what man can do unto me."

CHAPTER LIII.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

THE treatment which the persecuted Baptists had received from the government of Massachusetts produced a decided effect upon Strongfaith and Stephen. It brought them to a decision. After repeated conferences with each other upon the subject, they resolved to apply to Mr. Holmes for baptism before he returned home to Newport. After, therefore, he had sufficiently recovered from the effects of his whipping, these two candidates visited him, and presented their request for the ordinance.

“I must first know,” said he, “what evidence there is that you are the disciples of Christ. I find, from the New Testament, that those only were baptized who had repented of their sins, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have no authority to administer the ordinance to any other.”

The two candidates then related to Mr. Holmes their Christian experience, and their

views of religious truth and of gospel ordinances. Believing them to be proper subjects for baptism, he agreed to administer the ordinance to them the next Lord's day.

As quite a number of individuals, convinced of Baptist sentiments, and others known to be dissatisfied with infant sprinkling, who were investigating the subject, were then in Boston, information of the anticipated baptism was privately circulated amongst them.

In respect of Mr. Bates, the step he was about to take was one of great importance, and, as he foresaw, would involve consequences of a disagreeable kind. He was a member of the Congregational church. By voluntarily coming out from them, he was condemning, in a most decided manner, their practice. He was separating himself from many whom he tenderly and strongly loved. He knew that his case would be taken up in church meeting—that it would not be strange if his motives should be impugned, and his character aspersed. Public excommunication would be unavoidable, and perhaps, also, a trial before the Court of Assistants. But he had made up his mind to relinquish all, and suffer all for the truth's sake. An important principle was at stake, and he was determined that it should not be

compromised from any personal consideration whatever.

With Stephen the case was widely different. He had united with no church. His act, therefore, would not subject him to ecclesiastical discipline, though it would necessarily prevent him from becoming a freeman in the colony, as that was the exclusive privilege of the members of the Congregational church. His position in the community would be far from pleasant, and would probably subject him to the necessity of a removal to some other place. Besides, he had every reason for believing that when his parents heard of his course, they would be exceedingly displeased, and perhaps would write for him to return home. Still he resolved to go forward, leaving the consequences with Him whose law he was obeying.

CHAPTER LIV.

A DISCUSSION.

THE Sabbath came. It was a beautiful, warm, clear day. The place selected for the occasion was a small cove on the west side of the neck that united Boston to Roxbury. No houses were in the vicinity, and they had no reason to fear an interruption. Very early in the morning, individuals, singly and in couples, began to approach the place. Presently Mr. Holmes came, and soon after, Strong-faith and Stephen. The little assembly rapidly increased. It was much larger than had been expected. As Mr. Bates looked round upon them, he saw a number whom he knew were strongly opposed to Baptist sentiments. He whispered the fact to Mr. Holmes.

"No matter," said he. "He who is for us is more than all they who are against us."

"If we are brought before the court, there will be plenty of witnesses against us."

"The more important it is for us to observe apostolic order in our service," replied Holmes.

When the appointed hour arrived, a hymn was sung, after which Mr. Holmes addressed the company, presenting the various scriptural reasons for administering the ordinance by immersion, and to believers only. It was his previous intention to have said not a word; but knowing that a number were present who had never seen the ordinance before, and who were ignorant of the reasons of Baptist sentiments, he considered it his duty to express the grounds of their belief. Having done so, he urged them to search the Scriptures for themselves.

“The Bible,” said he, “is a plain book, and written for the benefit of plain people. All its fundamental truths we may all discover if we only search it with a humble, teachable spirit. Receive not the sentiments you have now heard simply upon my declaration, but search the Scriptures for yourselves, and see if you can find any command to baptize infants, or any instance of the baptism of such; see if the circumstances which are narrated in each case of baptism do not either express or imply penitence and faith in the candidate.”

“Whole households were baptized,” said some one in the company of spectators; “were there no infants amongst them?”

"We do not read of any," calmly replied Holmes. "You who believe in infant baptism are bound to show that there were such; but where the Scriptures are so utterly silent upon a point as they are upon that, you will find it difficult to press from them any testimony whatever. Furnish a single clear instance from the Bible of any infant being baptized, and the question is settled in your favor. But this never has been, and never will be done."

"It is not necessary to find such proofs, seeing that baptism has taken the place of circumcision; for, as circumcision was administered to infants, so must baptism be, which is its substitute."

"But where, friend, dost thou find in the New Testament that baptism is a substitute for circumcision? Neither the Saviour nor his apostles ever taught such a doctrine. Circumcision, like the rest of the Jewish ritual, has answered its end, and is done away."

"How do you make that out?" continued the interlocutor, who proved to be Cole, who had given his deposition against John Spur.

"Very easily, friend: and if thou wilt permit me to ask thee a few questions, I will show thee. Did not God make a covenant with Abraham?"

“Certainly.”

“In that covenant there were two parties, both of whom were to do something; these parties were God and Abraham. Now, what did God promise to do, as his part of the covenant? Read the account in the seventeenth of Genesis, and you will see that he promised that he would make Abraham the father of numerous descendants—that nations and kings should spring from him, and that he would give him the fruitful land of Canaan for a possession. Having made these promises, what did he require of the patriarch as his part of the covenant?”

“He required him to have all the males of his family circumcised.”

“Very well; now, what was circumcision the sign of?”

“It was the sign, or the token, of this covenant.”

“That is to say,” continued Holmes, “circumcision was the visible sign or evidence that such a covenant had been formed; and doubtless it was to be continued upon all the male descendants of Abraham, and male proselytes, until it was either changed or abrogated. Here is the account,” said he, as he opened the Bible, and commenced reading.

"But," said Cole, after Holmes had closed his book, "circumcision was a seal, as well as a sign."

"I admit it; it was, as Paul says, the seal of the righteousness of his faith; that is, it was the seal, or attestation, which God gave to Abraham, that his faith was a righteous act—that God accepted it. But what we contend for is, that circumcision has answered its purpose, has accomplished its end, and is done away."

"How do you make that appear?"

"In the first place, God did make the descendants of Abraham very numerous; in the second place, he gave them the land of Canaan for a possession; and in the third place, by giving them the revelation of his will, a religious ceremonial, and granting them, on various occasions, his special protection, he proved himself to be their God. He has, therefore, in these various respects, fulfilled his part of the covenant, and Abraham, with his descendants, by the universal adoption of circumcision, has fulfilled his. Circumcision is now abolished. Under the Christian dispensation, it is prohibited."

"Changed, you should say, for baptism."

"Changed for baptism!" replied Holmes,

with much earnestness: "why, then, did not the Saviour say so? or why do not the apostles tell us this? It is marvellous that they should have kept such impenetrable silence upon a subject of such great importance. But I can convince ye, if ye are open to conviction, that that was not the case—or if it was, that the inspired apostles were entirely ignorant of it."

"How wilt thou do that, friend?"

"In this way: There were several occasions in the early history of the church when the question was earnestly discussed, whether circumcision ought or ought not to be continued. If baptism had come in the place of circumcision, those were occasions which demanded the statement of that fact; its statement would have settled the question authoritatively and forever; and if it had been a fact, the apostles could not, at those times, have omitted to mention it. In the fifteenth chapter of Acts is an instance. It occurred at Antioch, and is as follows," said Holmes, reading from his Testament: "'And certain men which came down from Judea taught the brethren, and said, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved. When, therefore, Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and disputation with

them, they determined that Paul and Barnabas, and certain other of them, should go up to Jerusalem unto the apostles and elders about this question.' That was their specific object, namely, to ask the apostles and elders at Jerusalem whether they ought to continue the practice of circumcision. When they arrived there, and stated their object, it occasioned 'much disputing.' Parties were formed; some contended for the negative, others for the affirmative, of the question. Peter and James both delivered addresses on the subject, in which they opposed the practice of circumcision. Finally, a letter was written to the church at Antioch, answering their inquiry in the negative. Now, in all that discussion, as narrated in the New Testament, *not a word was said about baptism having come in the place of circumcision, when, if such had been the case, the statement of that fact was the very answer to have been given*, and, without doubt, would have been given. It is altogether improbable that if baptism had supplanted circumcision, the apostles and elders of the church at Jerusalem would have omitted to state so important a fact on that occasion. The question at issue demanded the statement; the answer would have been defective

without it. But, as there is not the least reference to such a change, the conclusion is unavoidable that it did not exist. Indeed, nowhere is it said in the New Testament to the Judaizing teachers, who desired to continue circumcision, that that institution must no longer be continued, *because it had given place to baptism*. It is wonderful that there should be no statement or record of such a remarkable change if it had ever occurred. Entire silence upon the subject, when its statement was so imperatively called for, is conclusive evidence against it."

After a few more words between the parties, the conversation ceased.

CHAPTER LV.

A BEAUTIFUL SERVICE.

THE morning sun was now fairly above the horizon, and was shining in all its strength. The hills and woods were arrayed in drapery of the richest emerald. A few summer flowers timidly showed themselves here and there, as if fearful of attracting attention, lest they too should be persecuted for not *conforming* to the deep green of the *standing order* of trees and plants around them. Not a breath of wind was stirring. The water was an immense mirror, reflecting, with perfect minuteness of detail, every hill, rock, tree, and plant, which fringed its borders. A few Indians, who had been attracted to the spot by this unusual gathering, appeared to be singularly reduplicated—their light and graceful canoes, with their gay occupants, appearing as distinctly, though inverted, beneath the surface as above it. The birds, as if rejoicing at the return of the Sabbath, or as if glorying in their own freedom of opinion and practice, made the

groves vocal with their charming melody — they offered sinless matins to their Creator. Above, the deep azure was relieved by heaps of fleecy clouds, some of snowy whiteness, others of golden hue, which appeared fixed upon the surface of the sky, as if they had been so many solid bowlders.

After the offering of prayer, appropriate to the specific object and the peculiar circumstances of their assembling, Mr. Holmes took the arm of Mr. Bates, and slowly led him into the transparent stream, at the same time saying, —

“We read that when Philip baptized the eunuch, ‘they went both of them down into the water, and he baptized him.’”

Having reached a sufficient depth, he paused; then laying his right hand on the candidate’s back, and placing the other on his breast, over the crossed hands of Mr. Bates, he said, —

“On a profession of thy repentance of sin and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize thee, my brother, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,” at the same time gently laying him backwards in the water until he was entirely immersed — the water covering him like a transparent veil. When he arose, the administrator said, —

“The apostle Paul tells us we are ‘buried with Christ by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.’ He speaks of baptism as a burial, from which also there is a resurrection; and in the ordinance, as you have now seen it administered, were there not both of these — a burial and a resurrection? Again he says, ‘For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.’ In planting is there not burial of the seed?

“In his Epistle to the Colossians, ‘buried with him in baptism, wherein,’ i. e., in which baptism, ‘also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.’ The burial is in the baptism, in the visible ordinance, and this burial has a twofold reference: first to the death and resurrection of the Saviour, and secondly to the moral transformation of character which has been experienced by the candidate, where there was a death in respect to the reigning power of sin, and a resurrection to a newness of life. How beautifully are all these symbolized by the ordinance as you have now seen it administered! And hence how



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impressively significant is baptism when properly administered! but how entirely void of all appropriate significance is it when sprinkling is adopted! for in that case how totally diverse is the symbol from the thing symbolized! Where is there any burial in sprinkling, or where is the resurrection?"

After reaching the shore with Mr. Bates, he then took Stephen, saying, —

““Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? even by taking heed thereto according to thy word,”” and baptized him in the same manner.

“We have now,” said Mr. Holmes, “followed the New Testament examples as closely as was in our power. John baptized Jesus in Jordan; we have baptized in a river: John baptized at Enon, near to Salem, because there was much water there; we have come to this place to administer the ordinance because there is much water here: when Philip baptized the Ethiopian, they went both of them down into the water, and after the baptism they came up out of the water; we have done the same; and in those primitive baptisms we are informed by the apostle Paul, in different Epistles, that there was a burial — buried in baptism; in the ordinance as administered on

this occasion there was a burial — both of these disciples have been buried in baptism, by which act they acknowledge their dependence upon the death and resurrection of Christ, as the grounds of their Christian hope, and by which also they profess that they have died unto sin, and have arisen to a newness of life. Add to all this, friends, what is generally admitted by learned divines of other denominations, that the original meaning of the word ‘baptize’ is to immerse, and is not the evidence conclusive, that we have now imitated the example of Christ and his apostles? The baptism of these candidates was the answering of a good conscience towards God. They will now go on their way rejoicing.” And then, lifting his hands and raising his eyes towards heaven, he added, —

“Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.”

Pausing a moment, and looking around upon the spectators, he continued, —

“May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ descend upon you, and lead you all to the knowledge and the acknowledgment of the truth; and to his name shall be the glory forever. Amen.”

“Well now,” said the little, bent, talkative

Mrs. Strangger, who was one of the few women present, to another who stood by her side, "well, now, that raaly looks kind o' reasonable, don't it?" But without waiting for any reply, she continued, "I never considered on it in that light. I don't know as I ever heern a point made plainer. Why, la! if it had been Parson Cotton who had said all that, I should believe every word; for our minister is a learned man. But there, la! I must be careful what I say, or they will have me before the court. I wonder if the poor man's back is healed yet. If it isn't, I should think he'd take cold by going so far into that wet water, and have a dreadful time. I hope, even if he is a heretic, they won't catch and whip him again. It was dreadful to see the poor man lashed so."

"It would not be strange if they did, for here is the honorable Secretary Nowel, who has seen and heard all this morning, and it would not be wonderful, (as he is a great hater of heretics,) if he should have this man arrested again for disturbing the public peace."

That was precisely what Holmes and his friends feared. They saw Nowel there, and, judging from his previous conduct, they thought it improbable that he would allow

this to pass with impunity. It was to them a mystery how he and the other Puritans had heard of the administration of the ordinance, for it was thought by those interested, that successful precautions had been adopted to preserve secrecy. The facts in the case were these: Little Abel Eaton slept in a trundle-bed, in the same room with his parents. One night, after he had retired, and the parents supposed him sound asleep, they entered into conversation upon the anticipated baptism of Strongfaith and Stephen.

“When will it take place?” asked the wife.

“Next Sabbath morning, at sunrise,” answered Mr. Eaton.

“Where?”

“In the sandy cove, on the west side of the neck, just beyond Philemon Brown’s.”

This Abel heard. The next day, he called at Mrs. Strangger’s, and, in childish thoughtlessness, told her. This was a piece of information too rich, too important for the little curved-back woman to keep to herself.

After getting through with her work, and brushing up her house, away she trudged to some of the more important families of her acquaintance, and communicated the news. From them it circulated to others, and was

thus the means of bringing a number of unexpected persons to the baptismal scene. This, however, operated favorably, as it gave them an opportunity of witnessing the ordinance, which they had never seen before, and was the means of awakening, in the minds of some, a spirit of inquiry upon the subject.

The fears which had been cherished were not groundless. Holmes was earnestly advised to make his escape, as it was rumored that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, and he could not remain long concealed. Not being at all ambitious of the honors of imprisonment, nor in the least degree solicitous to have his wounds reopened with the three-corded whip, to the gaze of a gaping multitude in the market square, he decided to escape.

"It will be," said his friends, "according to the instruction of the great Head of the church, who said, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.'"

Accordingly, on Monday night, so soon as it was sufficiently dark to avoid observation, he left the house of Mr. Bates, where he had stopped, and started for home. It was well he did so; for on the next day, a constable came to the house with a warrant, and searched the

house from top to bottom for "the body of Obadiah Holmes." But it could not be found.

When his friends at Newport and Providence learned that he was on his way home, they went several miles into the woods, to meet him. The greeting was one of tender and affectionate interest. The old forest echoed with the voice of prayer, and with songs of gladness and praise that God had sustained him under the dreadful severities through which he had passed, and had granted him, at last, deliverance from his persecutors.

CHAPTER LVI.

PRUDENTIAL MOVEMENTS.

AFTER the baptism of the two candidates, Strongfaith and Stephen found their condition far from being pleasant. The former, as he anticipated, was excluded from the church, and disfranchised as a citizen. Stephen soon learned that many of his former friends were estranged from him. He was looked at askance, and treated coldly. Both knew that their movements were closely observed, and that, if they were guilty of violating the law which prohibited opposition to infant sprinkling, they would be compelled to suffer the penalty. As all meetings of the Baptists were forbidden, they could not assemble with their own brethren, except by stealth; and even then, these secret meetings were always attended with danger. The ministers, the magistrates, and the members of the church, except those of the latter who were investigating the subject, were strongly opposed to the sentiments of the Baptists, and felt themselves bound to do all in

their power to prevent the spreading of what they believed to be such dangerous doctrines. All suspected persons were marked, and their course carefully watched. They were constantly subjected to a kind of social quarantine. In respect to sympathy and intercourse, a healthful distance was maintained between them and the standing order — the laws of this social quarantine being regulated by the latter. The practical operation of all this was any thing but agreeable to those who were under the ban. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton resolved to go where they could breathe freely. Their condition was about as fatal to their happiness as before they left England. Persecution from the established church in England, because they were Puritans, seemed to them no worse than persecution from the standing order in New England, because they were Baptists. In both cases there was equally a violation of the rights of conscience — a disregard of religious liberty. It was to them a matter of astonishment that, when the Puritans had suffered so severely on account of their religious opinions at home, and when they had expressed such strong condemnation of the cruelties of the episcopal government, that, in the new world, they should adopt similar princi-

ples, and pursue a similar course towards those who differed from them. It seemed to the sufferers that, if the persecuting principles of the Puritans were carried out, they would compel them to be as severe upon the Episcopalians, if they should ever come into the colony, as the latter had ever been upon them. Parties only, and not principles, would then be changed.

Believing they could have no peaceful enjoyment of their religious views in Massachusetts, Mr. Eaton and his wife resolved to emigrate to Providence, where Roger Williams tolerated religious opinions of every kind. For similar reasons Stephen determined to accompany them. Some days were required for them to get ready. As Mrs. Eaton was unwilling to go by land, her husband was obliged to obtain a boat, store it with water and provisions, and get his furniture and other property on board. In the mean time, the rumor was circulated, that a number of warrants had been issued for the apprehension of others, besides Spur and Hazel, who had expressed kindness and sympathy for Mr. Holmes, after his whipping. As Stephen was one of them, and as he had visited Holmes in prison, and ministered to his wants, and as he had recently been baptized, he, with good reason, supposed

that he was one of those for whose "body" the constables were seeking. He therefore changed his mind, and resolved to start off secretly for Providence, by land, rather than, by waiting to go by water, increase the danger of being seized. He kept himself, concealed, therefore, by day ; but when the shadows of evening arrived, he left his hiding-place, took a gun and a small pack containing some food and a few garments, and started over Boston neck towards the only spot on the whole of the American continent where perfect toleration of opinion existed.

CHAPTER LVII.

A MOMENTOUS OCCASION.

* * * It was a great day amongst the Indians. They had been visited by a distinguished chief and a number of braves from the distant east. Out of respect to these strangers, several successive days had been spent in dancing, wrestling, shooting for prizes, and feasting, and the whole was to be closed by one of their most exciting and horrid scenes, yet one in which they were accustomed to take infernal delight.

The whole tribe were collected together, painted, plumed, and otherwise ornamented, according to the most approved Indian style. In the centre of an extensive, prairie-like lawn was a large tree, whose trunk, from the ground to its first branches, was straight, and comparatively smooth. This was the centre of attraction. Groups of the young warriors were there assembled, some sharpening their tomahawks, which had been obtained by traffic with the French settlements in Canada, others

preparing their bows and arrows, whilst others, whose preparations were all completed, were lounging upon the grass, or standing in small companies, engaged in conversation. Presently the tent of Thundercloud, as her imperious master was called, was opened, and Priscilla was led out, and conducted towards the fatal tree. Having arrived there, her owner made one more effort to obtain her consent to become his companion, and preside over the domestic arrangements of his wigwam. He pointed to the young warriors with their tomahawks and bows, and told her that they were only waiting for a word from him to pounce upon her like so many wolves upon a helpless fawn—that they had assembled to assist in her tortures, and unless she complied with his wishes, he would give command for the horrid sport to begin.

Nothing daunted by the dreadful array around her, the noble girl still repulsed his offer.

“I will never be your wife. It is not right for a daughter of the pale faces to marry one of the red men of the forest. Choose a companion from your own tribe, and I shall be willing to continue your servant.”

"I choose you," said Thundercloud; "you must marry me or die. What say you?"

"I say, as I have from the first, that I can never comply with your request. My trust is in the Great Spirit, who made the sun, and moon, and earth; and remember, if you kill me, that almighty Being will be angry with you, and will torment you forever. I look to him for deliverance."

He pushed her rudely from him towards the young warriors, who were waiting with impatience for their colloquy to end, and then strutted off towards the distinguished visitors, who were sitting at a considerable distance, under a tent which had been erected for their special accommodation.

Priscilla was now seized, and tightly bound to the tree. The young braves then amused themselves by casting at her their tomahawks, to see how near to her head they could fasten their weapon in the tree, without actually hitting her. It was an amusement at which they were extremely skilful. Several of the tomahawks came whirling through the air, and as they entered the tree, cut from her head one of her beautiful black ringlets. Others entered the tree immediately above her head. Occasionally they would strike her garments; and

one came so close as to wound her ear, causing the blood to flow freely over her face and neck, like a crimson veil.

During this dreadful ordeal the captive was engaged in prayer. Her confidence in her Maker was unshaken. She prayed for herself, that deliverance might come — for her friends, whom she expected never to see again — for her tormentors, that they might be forgiven of their cruelty, and might become the followers of the Saviour. No cry, no complaint escaped her.

When the sport with the tomahawks had continued sufficiently long, they resorted to their bows and arrows, and amused themselves by placing her small Bible, which had always been her constant companion, upon her head, and shooting it off. When wearied of this, they began to pile fagots around her, to consume her in a slow fire. Priscilla watched all these movements with calm fortitude. She expected to die. She saw no way of escape except by union with one whom her soul loathed. She continued, however, to warn them, to talk to them about God and Christ, heaven and hell. She said she would meet them again at the day of judgment, when they would be called to account for their cruelty

towards her, and exhorted them to repent of all their sins, and prepare to meet the Great Spirit.

During the preparation for this *auto da fe*, the medicine bag and amulet of Omao had been removed from her neck, and had passed from one to another as an object of curiosity. It was examined by the Indians, especially by the young men, with much apparent interest.

When the arrangements for the dreadful holocaust were all made — the prisoner being bound to the tree, and the fuel heaped around her ready to be kindled — Thundercloud left his distinguished guests, and approached her, to renew once more his revolting proposal. With a flaming pine knot in his hand, he stood before her, and promised her instant deliverance if she would consent to be his wife, but if not, “I will touch you,” said he, with a demoniac expression of countenance, “with this torch, and change you into smoke and ashes. What say you?”

The victim was silent; she could not utter a word. She was not certain of its being right for her to sacrifice her life for such a reason. She had some scruples of conscience, besides dreading the fire. It seemed to approximate too nearly to suicide. Yet the conditions of deliverance

were so odious — to be the bride of a savage, with the pledge of a perpetual wild life in the forest — that she knew not what to say. Her destiny hung upon the word she was about to utter. What should it be? Alas! she knew not. Thundercloud became enraged at her silence, touched the torch to the fagots, and then walked slowly away, taking with him the medicine bag and charm, which had been handed to him by one of the young braves whom he passed. In a few moments the smoke and sparks were circling round the head of the captive. All kinds of taunts and gibes were poured into her ear by the young Indians, though those who were the best acquainted with her kept silent, and looked upon the horrid scene with countenances sad and solemn. Gladly would they have delivered her if they had dared to interfere; but the stern customs of their tribe forbade. Priscilla behaved with heroic fortitude. She lifted her eyes heavenward, and prayed, —

“O, Father, send deliverance; if not, Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Just as the flames had reached her thin garments, and were making rapid headway towards her sensitive flesh, and whilst many of the young men were leaping and dancing around the stake, with violent and frightful

gesticulations and grimaces, accompanied by those unearthly yells which Indians only know how to utter, the distinguished sagamore from a distance, who had been sitting with the chiefs and elders of this tribe, suddenly started from his place, and, contrary to all rules of Indian decorum, rushed towards the stake, dashed through the circle of dancing braves like a madman, with his hands and feet scattered the burning fagots from the captive, and then severed the cords that bound her arms, and that fastened her to the tree. Instantly the character of the whole scene was changed. The dancing was abandoned. The Indians who had with them their weapons immediately bent their bows, and placed an arrow upon the string; those who had not their arms ran to their tents, and obtained them. The whole tribe was thrown into the highest state of confusion and excitement. If a war party of their enemy had suddenly sent a shower of arrows amongst them, it would not have created greater consternation. Whilst the attention of the warriors was directed towards this strange chief, who had dared, in such a high-handed manner, to interrupt their proceedings, and whilst a violent dispute was in progress between him and Thundercloud, in which the whole com-

pany was interested, and which it was expected would result in a bloody fight, attention was entirely diverted from Priscilla herself. All had fled from the fatal tree. One of the wives of her owner, to whom the captive had rendered many acts of kindness, seeing this, threw over her an old skin robe, and then seizing her by the arm, hurried her off to the tent, unopposed by any one. Here Priscilla hastily clothed herself. The friendly squaw then conducted her down a shelving bank of rocks to a brook, and, after giving her general directions how to proceed, told her she was now free, and must take care of herself. She then went back to the Indians to assist in the confusion, and, if possible, to prevent their pursuit of Priscilla.

The strange chief, who had so unexpectedly interfered in the captive's behalf, was Omao. He had visited this tribe for the purpose of having a friendly understanding respecting certain hunting grounds, which were in dispute between them; and when Priscilla's master, after lighting the fire with his pine knot, returned from the stake with the medicine bag and amulet, Omao instantly recognized them as his, and hence his immediate interference in the captive's behalf.

It was a long time before the whole matter

could be explained to the enraged Thundercloud; and when it was, he was not satisfied. Still, as Omao appeared to be governed by a high sense of honor, and made liberal offers of restitution for what he had done, the angry chief, who knew he had nothing to gain from Priscilla, at last became pacified.

"Bring the pale face here," said he. But she was not to be found. She had made good her escape before she was missed. Will she find her way home?

CHAPTER LVIII.

A HASTY FLIGHT.

THE horrid scenes which we have narrated in the preceding chapter transpired a number of days before the hasty flight of Stephen from the intolerant settlement at Boston. We now return, to follow the adventures of the persecuted young Baptist. After crossing over the narrow neck, which united the peninsula with Roxbury, he entered the woods, and concealed himself till night. He was fearful of being seen by some one who might report him to the magistrates and secure his apprehension. After the shadows of the evening had fallen, and covered all the landscape like a dark pall, he left the place of his concealment, and cautiously proceeded on his journey. Not knowing the exact course to take, in a short time he lost his way, and wandered about in the darkness for hours, not knowing whither he went. In the morning, he found he had made but little progress in the right direction.

Still he pressed on. Instead of reaching

Providence on the second day, as he had hoped to, he found himself on the third day far to the north-west of it. The small amount of food which he had taken with him became exhausted, and he had to resort to his gun to obtain a supply of game. After finishing his rude supper that evening, he knelt and prayed, and then laid himself down by the side of a prostrate tree, with his head upon his small bundle for a pillow, and soon fell asleep. He was aroused from his slumbers by the joyous birds, who were making the dim old woods echo and re-echo to the brilliant notes of their early matins. Arising from his rustic couch, our lonely traveller drew from his pocket a small Bible, and after reading a portion of the Epistles, appropriate to his present condition, he knelt and poured out his soul before his Maker. He prayed for the friends whom he had left behind, and who were exposed to the cruel treatment of the government; for his persecutors, that the truth respecting the design and mode of the ordinances of the gospel might be clearly unfolded to them, and that their hearts might be softened towards those from whom they differed. He prayed for his parents beyond the sea. He did not forget Priscilla. Indeed, she had been in his thoughts more during this

solitary journey through the woods of Massachusetts, than for a long time before. He besought the Lord, if she were yet living, that he might learn of her residence, once more enjoy her companionship, and that Heaven's richest blessings might descend upon her.

After his devotions, he made a hearty breakfast upon some fresh game which he had brought down with his gun, and then resumed his march. After rapid travelling all day, he ascended an eminence just as the sun was sinking in the west. Great was his joy as he saw, but a few miles off, its last rays, lingering, like friends unwilling to depart, around the little settlement of Providence. He hastened on, and in a short time received from Roger Williams, the father of the colony, a cordial greeting. The venerable man, being accustomed to entertain strangers, soon provided him with a substantial supper; after which the evening was spent in Stephen's relating minutely all the events which had occurred in Boston, in connection with the recent persecutions. Mr. Williams was deeply interested in the narrative. He knew from personal experience what it was to suffer for conscience sake, and therefore he deeply sympathized with his young brother.

CHAPTER LIX.

AN UNEXPECTED SCENE.

LATE in the evening, an Indian called at the house of Roger Williams.

"Ah, Lightfoot, I am glad to see you," said Mr. Williams; "come in and sit down."

"No," replied the copper-colored son of the forest; "I only come to ask if you 'member a young girl lost from New Haven some years 'go?"

"What was her name?" asked Williams.

"Silla, I tink, and Eton to it."

"Yes, yes; Priscilla Eaton. I remember it well, and the anguish, too, of her parents, when they learned she was drowned."

"She no drown," said Lightfoot.

"Not drowned! Did they not find her basket and bonnet by a pond?"

"Yes; but she no drown. She led away a pris'ner. I knowd it when I followed her trail to the pond. I see more track dan her foot make."

"What then, Lightfoot?" asked Mr. Wil-

liams, who believed, from the lateness of this call, and from the manner of the Indian, that he was in possession of important information.

“What den? Why, me fine her to-day, when hunting,” replied Lightfoot.

Stephen, who had listened to this colloquy with the deepest interest, anxiously asked, as he heard this last announcement, —

“Was she dead or alive?”

“She was alive and lost; and asked where de white men lived.”

“And why did you not bring her here?” asked Stephen, in emphatic tones of voice, in which there was a blending of grief and anger. The Indian, not accustomed to that stern mode of address from the colonists, calmly looked at the young man, but deigned no answer. Stephen was tortured with suspense.

“Did you answer her question, Lightfoot?” mildly asked Roger Williams.

“I did better,” was the Indian’s reply; but before he proceeded farther, the door again opened, and two females entered, one of whom was plainly an Indian squaw. It was the wife of Lightfoot. The other was a young woman, from whose appearance it was difficult to tell whether she was a native or not. She was of

a dark complexion, with long black hair; and though she was clothed in embroidered skins, yet they were not thrown on loosely, in Indian style, but were cut somewhat to her form, after the fashion of the English. They were soiled and torn, and had the appearance of hard usage. As soon as she was fairly in the room, she hastily approached Mr. Williams, and, seizing his hand between hers, exclaimed, with deep emotion,—

“O sir, I rejoice to see a white face once more!”

“Indeed; and are they then so scarce where you have lived?” replied he.

“I have not seen a white person for years,” said she, “and feared I should never see one again. But the Lord hath been better to me than my fears.”

“Who *are* you, my friend, and where are you from?” kindly inquired Mr. Williams.

Stephen’s eyes had been fastened upon the young woman, as if he were fascinated, ever since she first entered the room. There was something in her features and tones of voice, which awakened old associations; and when she answered Mr. Williams, saying,—

“My name is Priscilla Eaton, and I have just escaped from a dreadful captivity,” it was

to him like a clap of thunder from a cloudless noonday sky. Springing to his feet, he placed himself directly in front of her, and asked in a tremulous tone of voice, —

“Priscilla, don’t you know me?”

The astonished girl looked and looked, but replied not.

“Don’t you know me? I am Stephen—Stephen Williamson.”

The two young friends rushed into each other’s arms, and gave vent to their feelings in a flood of tears. So unexpected, so singular was their meeting, that to both of them it seemed more like a dream than a reality. Mr. Williams and the Indians looked on with astonishment, not knowing what this outburst of emotion signified.

“You seem to be old friends,” said the venerable missionary.

“We are,” replied Stephen; “but it is a long time since we last met. We were children then;” at the same time wiping the tears from his eyes.

“I thank God that your meeting has occurred under my roof. I love to see the young happy.”

After the first gush of feeling was over, Priscilla inquired, —

“Are my parents yet living?”

“They are,” said Stephen; “and, Providence permitting, you will soon see them.”

So many questions were to be answered, and so much to be related on both sides, that conversation was continued till late into the night, when, after an earnest thanksgiving from the beloved missionary, all retired till morning.

CHAPTER LX.

HOMeward JOURNEY.

It is not necessary to describe minutely the details of Priscilla's flight from the Iroquois. It must be sufficient to say that it involved haste, caution, stratagem, anxiety, and fatigue. At first she concealed herself by day, and travelled only at night, in order to avoid apprehension in case she were pursued. Afterwards, when she supposed it safe, she travelled by day, and rested during the darkness of the night. She ascended hills, traversed valleys, forded brooks, floated across rivers upon logs bound together by withes, and threaded her way through forests which had never been penetrated by a white person before. Her food consisted of fruits, berries, nuts, and roots, which, during her captivity, she had learned could be eaten with safety. This was a subject to which, from the first of her enslavement, she had devoted special attention. As she had always contemplated an escape by flight, she had been particular to observe, on all

occasions, the kinds of natural productions, especially the fruits and roots, which the Indians used for food. She was at no loss, therefore, to find enough on which to subsist during her journey homeward.

She had noticed at the time she was carried off that the general direction which her kidnappers pursued was north-west. She therefore, on her escape, followed a south-easterly direction as nearly as she could. Her impression was, that if she could reach the sea, it would not be difficult to learn from some friendly native whether she was to the north or south of the English settlements; and then, by following the direction of the coast, she could easily find one of them, from which she could probably communicate with her parents or uncle. Fortunately, she fell in with an Indian who could speak English; and when she found that he was friendly to the whites, and that he was willing to conduct her to the nearest colony, she regarded it as a special providence. It was not long before she learned that her guide was well acquainted with the story of her mysterious disappearance, and had followed her trail to the pond in search of her. After reaching the settlement, her guide left her in his own wigwam to take some simple

fare, which she greatly needed, whilst he hastened to the house of the good missionary, whom he loved as a father, to reveal his happy discovery. He was soon after followed, as we have seen, by his wife and delivered captive, when the two long-separated friends were once more brought together.

CHAPTER LXI.

A SATISFACTORY BARGAIN.

So soon as it was known among the Iroquois that the prisoner had escaped, Thundercloud gave immediate orders for her pursuit.

“Strike the trail of the pale face, and bring her here like light. There is fire enough left to send her in smoke to the clouds.”

“Stop, stop,” said Omao; “be not too quick. Let me pay for her escape.”

“Hold!” cried Thundercloud to the young braves, who had started in pursuit of Priscilla like yelping hounds after the frightened fawn; “hold! she cannot get far to-night. We will hear the offer of the stranger, and if it is not enough, you shall seek her to-morrow; and then,” continued he, in menacing tones, “whoever interferes with our doings shall be sent to the hunting grounds of the red men, on the other side of the dark river.”

The negotiation went on. Omao's first offer was not accepted. Thundercloud was angry, and his demands were large.

"Give me fifty yards of wampum peague, and fifty dried deer skins, and the pale face may flee unpursued. Not a single red skin shall track her. Say no, and to-morrow she shall burn as surely as fire can be kindled."

As Omao was determined to prevent the pursuit of Priscilla, he accepted the proposed conditions, and so closed this whole affair.

Priscilla was not pursued. If she had been, she would no doubt have been discovered, taken back, and put to death by slow fire.

A trivial kindness to an unfortunate Indian in her uncle's house, years before, was, in this remarkable manner, the means of saving her from a most horrid death.

CHAPTER LXII.

GREAT JOY.

A FEW days after the arrival of Priscilla at Providence, the boat containing her parents made its appearance.

Great was their joy at meeting. Many were the expressions of delight and thanksgiving which fell from their lips.

“O, the goodness of God, the goodness of God!” exclaimed the mother, almost insane with joy. “My lamb has returned to the fold, my bird has come back to its nest!”

“Yes,” responded her husband, “the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

It was a day of joyous excitement throughout the whole colony. Priscilla had to relate again and again her history; no part of which was more interesting to her parents than her self-consecration in the retired grove by the lake at New Haven.

“O, how often,” said she, “have I thought of that hissing serpent! Why did I not take

the alarm? And that spider, too; many and many a time, when I have been devising plans of escape, did I derive encouragement from the poor fly. I thought it was the symbol of myself. Like that weak and harmless insect, I had been taken and carried off by a cruel and powerful enemy. The fly escaped — why could not I?"

"You have, you have, my dear!" the mother would interrupt. "You have escaped like a bird from the fowler; the snare is broken, and the bird has escaped."

It was not difficult after this for Priscilla and Stephen to come to an understanding respecting their deep personal interest in each other.

The consent of the parents was a matter of course. They rejoiced in the opportunity of regarding him as a son who had saved their boy from the water, and who was a fellow-sufferer with them for the truth's sake.

In a few months the two attached friends were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony. And as Priscilla harmonized in her religious views with Stephen, they were both, like Zachariah and Elizabeth, found walking together in all the commandments and ordinances blameless; no one daring, under the wise and tol-

erant government of Roger Williams, to molest them or make them afraid.

Stephen found no difficulty in obtaining employment. His father, after recovering from the displeasure which was awakened when he first heard of the conduct of his son, was pleased to consign to him large quantities of goods, which he sold at fair profits to the natives and the colonists. He thus acquired a comfortable competency, and lived in great happiness with the friend of his youth.

With reference to the other characters of our story, it must suffice to say, that Mrs. Stranger, by her inquisitive and loquacious habits, became exceedingly unpopular. Suspicions were excited against her. It was said that strange lights were seen, and mysterious noises heard about her house at night. Children were forbidden to purchase articles from her little store. She was shunned as a leper. Under the excitement of anger at what she considered such unkind treatment, she predicted that judgments would fall upon the people. These were construed into threats; and if, soon after, any calamity did happen, she was suspected of having something to do with it.

One morning a few highly valued sheep, which had but recently been imported from

England, and which had frequently leaped over the fence into her garden, giving her much trouble, were found dead. It was soon rumored that she had bewitched them. This increased public odium against her to such a degree, that she was obliged to leave the colony secretly, and in great haste, to escape apprehension and trial. It was not known that in a swamp, near her house, grew a species of low laurel, which was poisonous to sheep, and that the eating of this had produced the fatal results that were attributed to her power of witchery.

The unfortunate woman passed into the jurisdiction of Plymouth colony, where she lived and died in comparative retirement.

It was not long after the flight of the Eatons, those Puritan Baptists who, having escaped the persecutions of the establishment in England, found their condition but little improved under the intolerant proceedings of the standing order of Massachusetts—it was not long after their exodus from Boston, before Strongfaith Bates and a number of others who had embraced similar sentiments, being obliged in like manner to flee from Massachusetts, placed themselves under the same discreet and liberal government of Providence, where they

found perfect freedom to worship God, and observe the ordinances according to their own convictions of truth and duty.

Our narrative is now finished;—and if it should be the means of creating, or increasing, in any mind, a repugnance to the union of church and state; of deepening the love of religious liberty; of showing the importance of perfect toleration of religious opinions; of impressing upon the conscience and the heart the great truth that the Bible, and the Bible only, should be our guide in matters of faith and practice, or of diffusing correct views respecting Christian experience, and the right observance of the initiatory ordinance of the gospel, it will not have been written in vain.





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